AN RAY KELLY HOLD THE LINE ON CRIME?
BY CRAIG HOROWITZ

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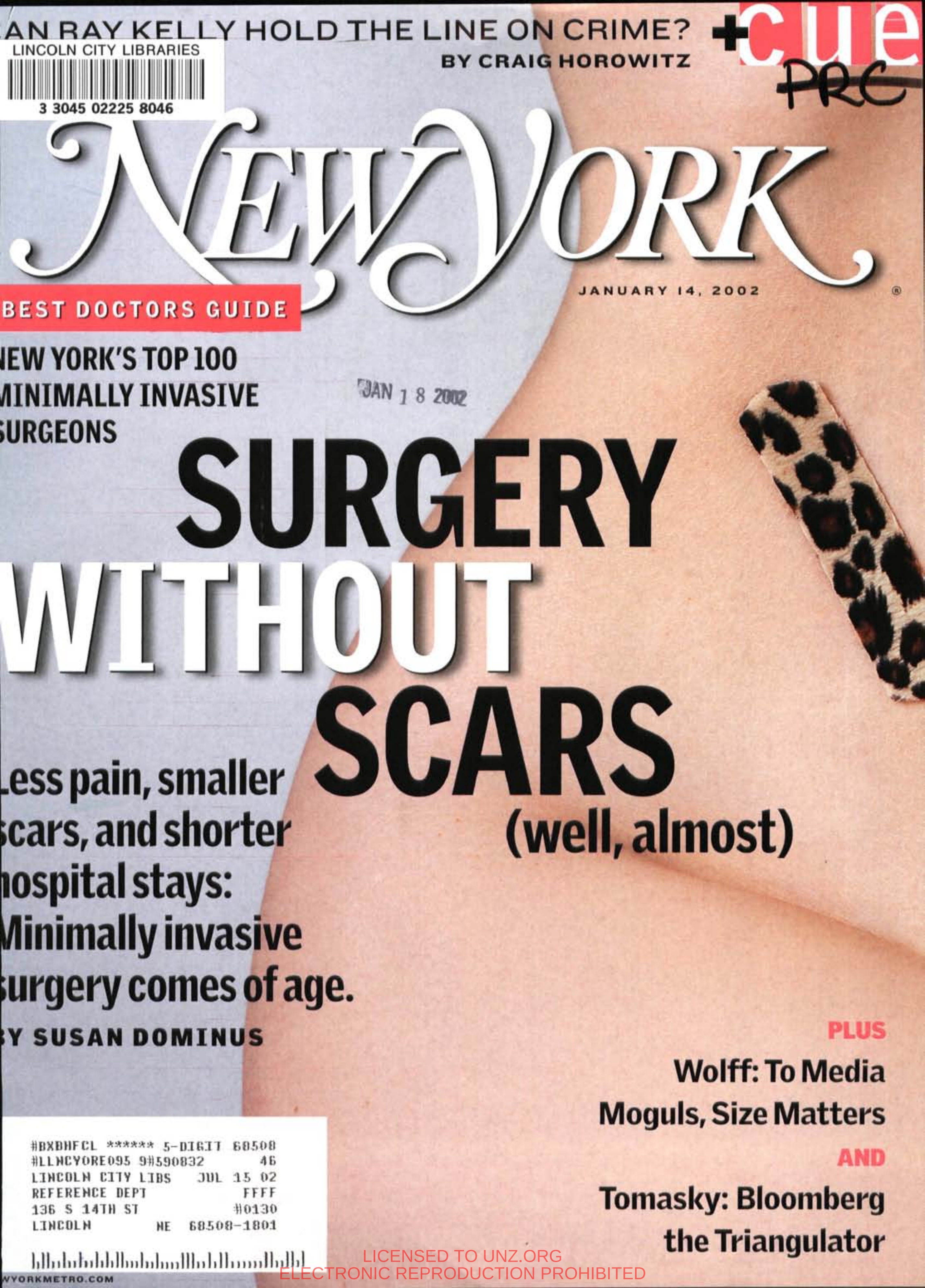

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Y SUSAN DOMINUS

PLUS

Wolff: To Media Moguls, Size Matters

AND

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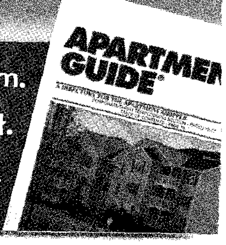

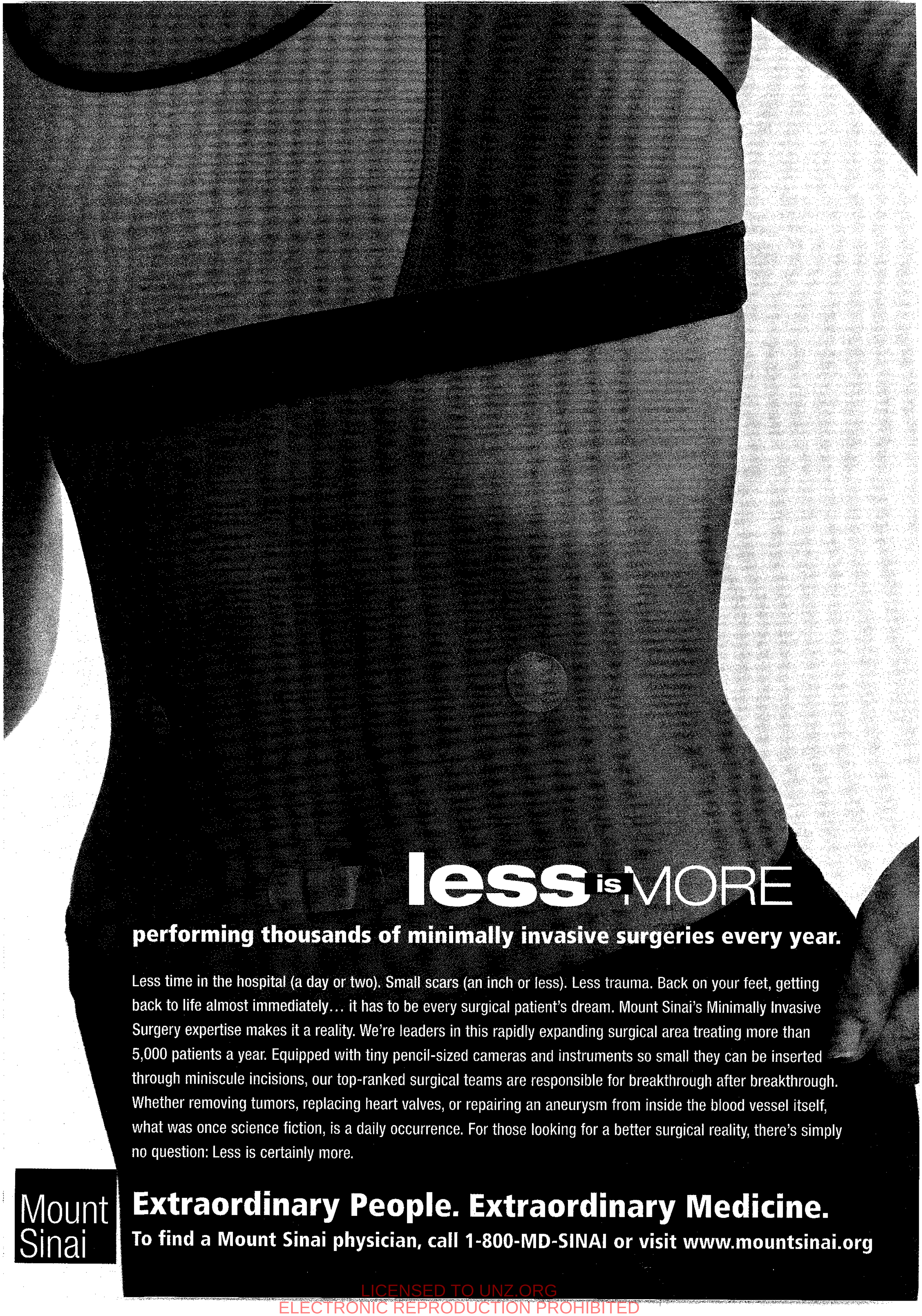

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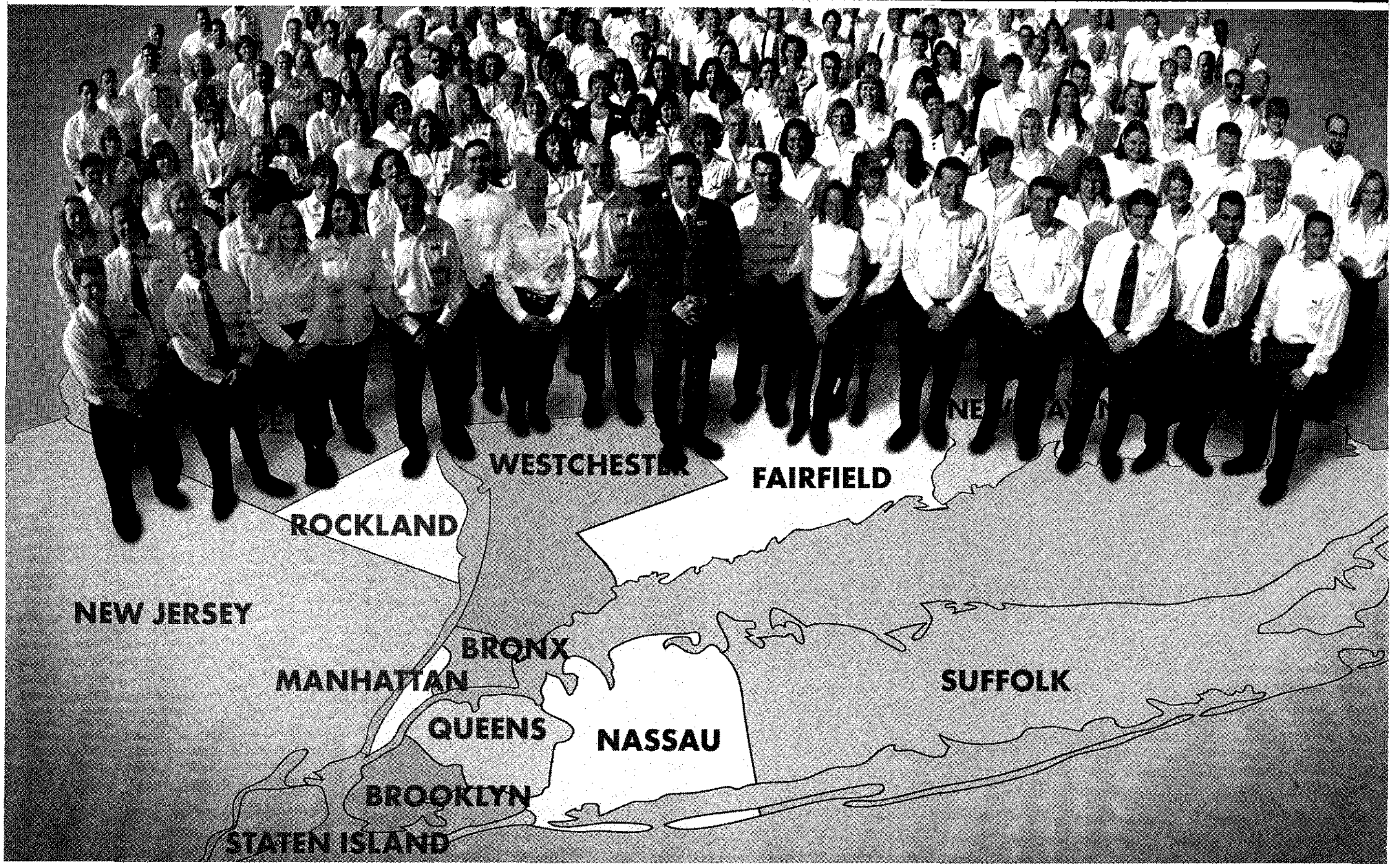
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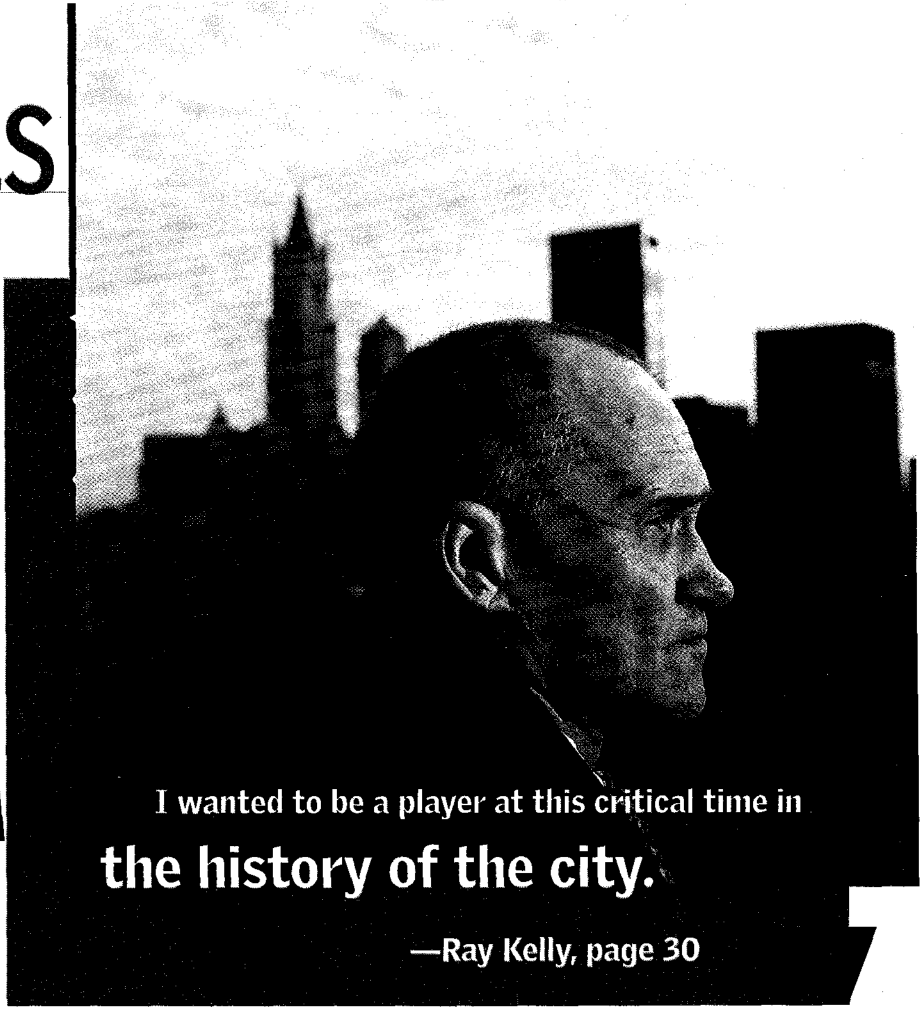

I wanted to be a player at this critical time in **the history of the city.**

—Ray Kelly, page 30

20 A Cut Above By Susan Dominus

Time was when most major surgeries meant a long scar and a longer hospital stay. But cutting-edge surgeons using high-tech tools and video imaging have been transforming surgery as we know it, doing remarkable work through tiny incisions to repair and even remove organs. Now they're gaining clout in New York hospitals, despite stiff resistance from old-line (don't say obsolete) colleagues. Plus: 100 top minimally invasive surgeons to look for in New York.

30 Top Cop II By Craig Horowitz

On paper, New York's new police commissioner, Ray Kelly, is the most qualified man ever to hold the job. But he last served under David Dinkins—just before Giuliani's commissioner Bill Bratton "saved" the city from runaway crime. Was Kelly part of the problem or part of the solution? With crime across the country showing signs of spiking, a deflated economy, and a disaffected department, we're about to find out.

36 Hot Weld By Meryl Gordon

You may remember William Weld as the governor of Massachusetts and a dark-horse presidential hopeful—but that was several lives ago. He's since had a highly public, if quixotic, battle with Jesse Helms over the ambassadorship to Mexico, left his wife of 26 years, moved to New York's Upper East Side with a new woman friend, become a venture capitalist, and written (he hopes) a great American novel. Can a man this restless be this good?

ON THE COVER: PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAY GULLIXSON.

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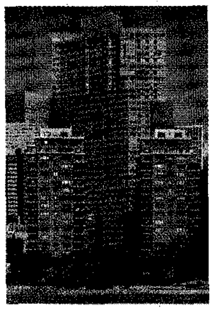

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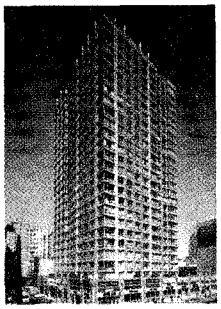

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Letters

> **“When I spoke with Howard that morning, the conversation immediately gravitated to his concern for the victims.”**
>
> —Boomer Esiason

Feeling the Crunch

I can’t find it in my heart to feel sorry for the people in your recession cover story [“The Big Chill,” by Sarah Bernard and Ralph Gardner Jr., December 10]. No more $16 appetizers? I am also learning to live with less: My brother, Christian, 28, was a firefighter who was killed in the World Trade Center. Christian was my only sibling and an extraordinarily accomplished and inspiring young man. I’d give up a hell of a lot more than a summer house and a private-school education to get him back.

Christina Regenhard, YONKERS, N.Y.

Wow! And I thought Afghanistan had it rough. New Yorkers who are compelled to forgo $475 hair appointments, $20,000-a-year private schools, choosing between SUVs or Mercedeses (what a dilemma!), and European vacations—my heart aches with pain . . . and utter disgust.

Brian C. Robinson, MANHATTAN

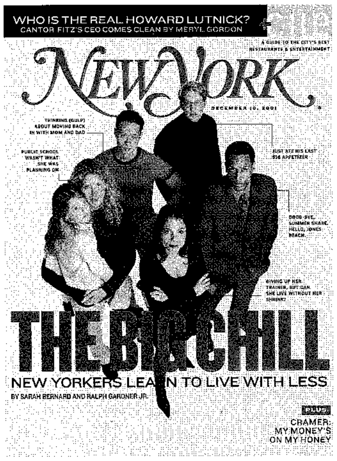
Keeping Promises

Whoa—what an awesome piece. I just got off the subway, literally wiping my tears, after reading Meryl Gordon’s moving, complex portrait of Howard Lutnick [“Howard Lutnick’s Second Life,” December 10]. It is a well-crafted portrayal of the pain Lutnick endured, both in childhood and after September 11, and the myriad issues he faces dealing with the many Cantor Fitzgerald families suffering loss. Some days you think you’re over the grief, and then you read a story like this and realize that day is still a long way off.

Margit Detweiler, BROOKLYN

Your article on Howard Lutnick doesn’t adequately convey the very deep commitment that Howard and Cantor Fitzgerald have shown to the loved ones left behind after September 11. As one of those, I want to share some of my thoughts. I didn’t expect help from Cantor Fitzgerald after my husband, a Cantor employee, was killed on that day. I assumed Cantor would be consumed with its own problems. Cantor surprised me, and I am grateful: grateful for Howard Lutnick’s promise to continue the families’ health benefits for ten years, for Cantor’s distribution to the families of 25 percent of the partnership’s earnings, for the payments my two young daughters and I have received from the Cantor Fitzgerald Relief Fund, and for Cantor’s decision to pay out this year’s bonuses. Beyond financial generosity, Cantor has also shown a commitment to keeping in touch with the families: informing them in numerous mailings about other forms of relief, including counseling and scholarships, and holding “town hall” meetings to educate itself about families’ needs. I can’t say I’m completely prepared to deal with the aftermath of September 11, but I thank Cantor for the comfort I find in the belief that they’ll be there to help.

Kelly Colasanti, HOBOKEN, N.J.


WHO IS THE REAL HOWARD LUTNICK?
CANTOR FITZ’S CEO COMES CLEAN BY MERYL GORDON
A GUIDE TO THE CITY’S BEST RESTAURANTS & ENTERTAINMENT
NEW YORK
DECEMBER 10, 2001
THINKING (GULP) ABOUT MOVING BACK IN WITH MOM AND DAD
PUBLIC SCHOOL WASN’T WHAT SHE WAS PLANNING ON
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GOOD-BYE, SUMMER SHARE. HELLO, JONES BEACH.
GIVING UP HER TRAINER, BUT CAN SHE LIVE WITHOUT HER SHRINK?
THE BIG CHILL
NEW YORKERS LEARN TO LIVE WITH LESS
BY SARAH BERNARD AND RALPH GARDNER JR.
PLUS
CRAMER: MY MONEY’S ON MY HONEY

I was glad to read a mostly favorable description of my compassionate friend Howard Lutnick, but I don’t think the piece conveys the magnitude of the situation he faced on September 11 or how he has handled it since. When I spoke with Howard that morning, the focus of the conversation immediately gravitated to his concern for the victims and their families. In a remarkable show of focus, Howard has continued his quest not only to rebuild his company but to never lose sight of the pain that the victims’ families are enduring and will continue to endure for a lifetime.

I can speak from experience when talking about the compassion the Lutnicks possess. They have supported my foundation for cystic fibrosis during the past six years and have helped raise millions of dollars. It is because of such benevolence that my son Gunnar and thousands of cystic-fibrosis patients like him have a bright future.

In an act of fatherly love and responsibility, Howard attended the first day of kindergarten for his son on the morning of September 11. It was that fateful decision that saved his life. It is also that decision that may save the financial future for the 1,000 or so children who lost parents at Cantor Fitzgerald that morning. These children have a trusting advocate and ally in Howard Lutnick.

Boomer Esiason, GARDEN CITY PARK, N.Y.

Memorial Service

I was overcome with pride to read that Father Mychal Judge was gay [“The Fireman’s Friar,” by Jennifer Senior, November 12]. What a hero and role model he remains. Retired FDNY deputy chief Joseph Curry’s assertion that Ms. Senior included this fact in her article for “shock effect” is laughable [“Letters,” December 17]. How many readers were shocked to learn that a priest was gay? As for its being a disservice to Father Mychal’s memory, the cleric’s life speaks for itself. The disservice is that Mr. Curry would deny the true history of the man.

S. M. Hingston, MANHATTAN

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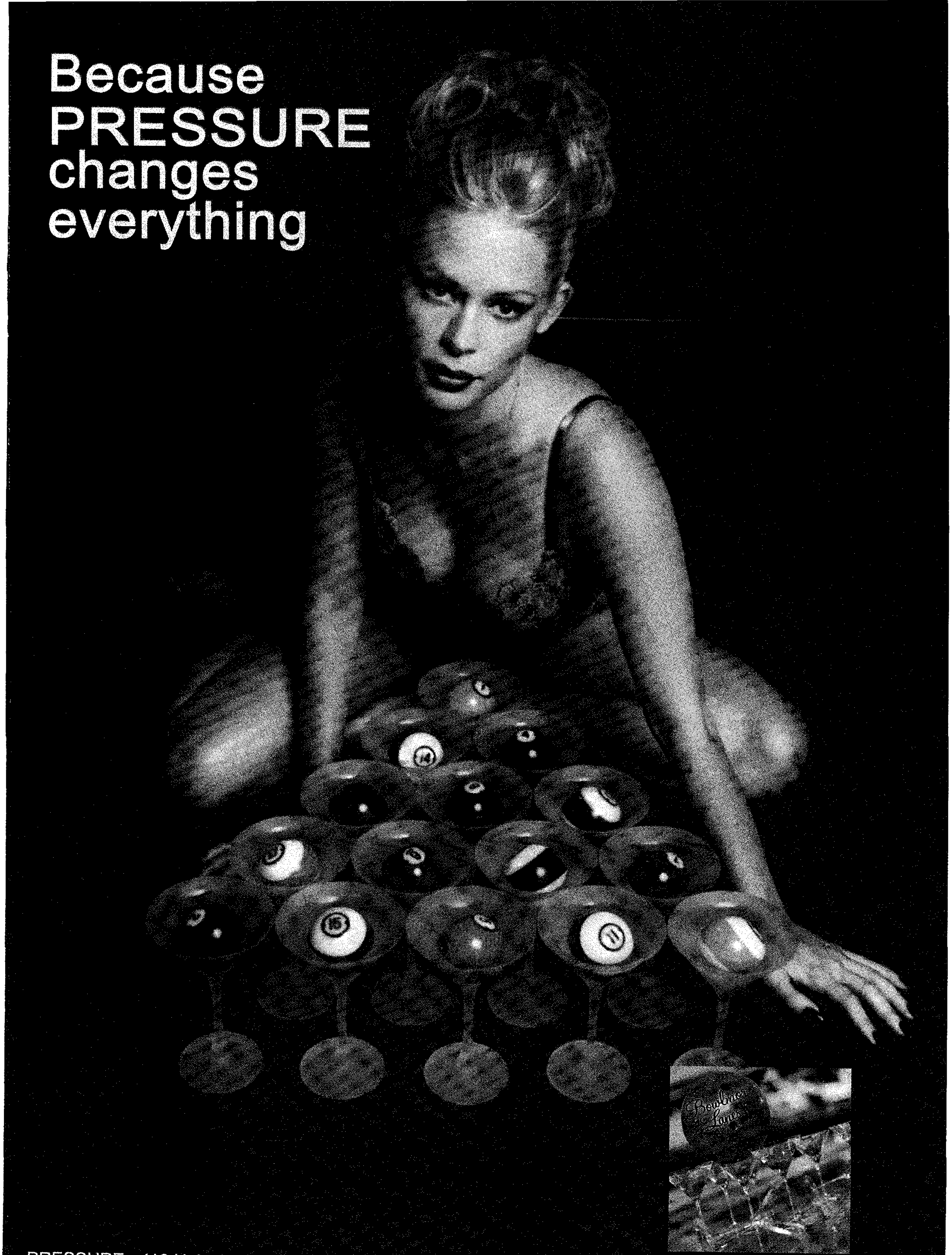
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By Marc S. Malkin

Ben Affleck's Southern Exposure

It seems like **Ben Affleck** wants to take a break from the fast pace of Hollywood and New York. We hear that the Oscar winner is looking to buy a home down South. One source tells us he's looked in Virginia, and another says he's been spotted making the rounds with real-estate agents in the Savannah area. In particular, he's shown interest in Tybee Island—about fifteen miles out of Savannah—where his *Forces of Nature* co-star **Sandra Bullock** reportedly bought a three-story beachfront compound for $3.8 million. The two came to know the area while filming *Forces* there in 1998. He's also checked out at least one property in Bellinger Hill, just across the Savannah River in South Carolina. Affleck is still trying to sell the three-story Hollywood Hills home that he put on the market in February for $2.3 million. At the time, he said he was planning to spend more time in New York, where he owns a TriBeCa loft.

Dan Rather, Journalist and a Gentleman

Dan Rather doesn't mind helping out the competition. The CBS News legend was waiting to board a plane for the U.S. at the Bagram air base when he overheard CNN reporter **Patricia Sabga** and her camerawoman, **Margaret Moth**, asking one of his staff if he had happened to see a CNN truck that was supposed to have picked them up for their 90-minute drive to Kabul. Rather not only directed one of his drivers to take Sabga around to the three checkpoints guarding the air base to look for the CNN truck but also sent his translator with her. While they waited for Sabga to return, Rather played host. "He kept asking Margaret if she wanted water and Power Bars," an onlooker reports. "This is a time when things are so competitive and journalists aren't really nice to each other. Most people in the media wouldn't do this." When Sabga returned with her truck (it had been delayed at a checkpoint) and offered Rather her thanks, he just smiled and said, "I'm sure you would do the same for me."

Spacey, Hallström Kick Behr Butt

There was definitely no Hollywood-style pampering going on when director **Lasse Hallström** relocated the cast and crew of *The Shipping News* to the small Newfoundland town of New Bonaventure (population 75) for two months. **Jason Behr**, the young hottie from TV's *Roswell* who plays Dennis Buggit in the movie, had to shack up with co-stars **Scott Glenn**, **Pete Postlethwaite**, and **Rhys Ifans**. "It was sort of like a frat house," Behr tells us. "We had one phone, one answering machine, one TV, and one couch." They spent most of their free time playing Ping-Pong and hanging at Rocky's, the one local watering hole. "**Kevin Spacey** taught me how to take a nice ass-whupping in Ping-Pong," Behr says. But it was Hallström who really got cutthroat about the sport: "One night, Lasse walked in and said, 'Ping-Pong! I have, how you say, a killer slice.' He gets up there and you see this very calm and very passionate man turn into this Viking. His pirate roots came up for blood, and he kicked my ass."

Things Are Shaping Up for Alexis Stewart

Martha Stewart's daughter, **Alexis**, is back in the gym business. She sold her East Hampton Gym in April 2000 to fitness trainer **Bruce Cotter**, but now we hear that she has partnered with Cotter and they've bought the American Fitness Factory gym in Sag Harbor from real-estate developer **Patrick Malloy**. Cotter told us that the 13,000-square-foot space is being completely renovated and will open in the spring with a new line of cardiovascular equipment, a yoga studio, and day-care facilities. Members of the much smaller East Hampton Gym will be able to upgrade their memberships to use the new gym for a yet-to-be-determined fee.

With Catherine Townsend and Aric Chen.

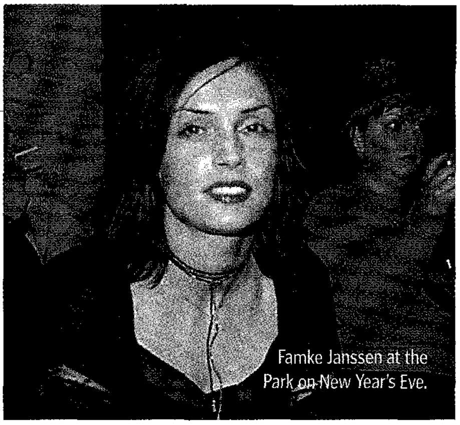
Kathleen Turner Falls Out of the Picture

Things were less than picture perfect for **Kathleen Turner** after she took a nighttime fall recently in her apartment. The actress was scheduled for a photo shoot for *Talk* magazine with **Alicia Silverstone** and **Jason Biggs** in conjunction with their upcoming Broadway run of *The Graduate*, but just hours before the session with famed fashion photographer **Melvin Sokolsky**, she called to cancel. A source tells us Sokolsky was first told that Turner would be late because her face was swollen as a result of some sort of accident she'd had the night before. Turner asked that only the right side of her face be shot because her left side was bruised, so Sokolsky's crew began rebuilding the set in order to accommodate her request. An hour later, Turner's people called to cancel the shoot altogether, explaining that Turner actually had stitches on her face. "We first heard her face was swollen, then we heard she had stitches," our source tells us. "It was very strange." Turner's rep confirmed the canceled shoot but insisted there's no mystery: "She slipped and fell and hit her mouth on a table. She had a couple of stitches on her bottom lip." The stitches were removed a couple of days later, and the shoot was rescheduled.

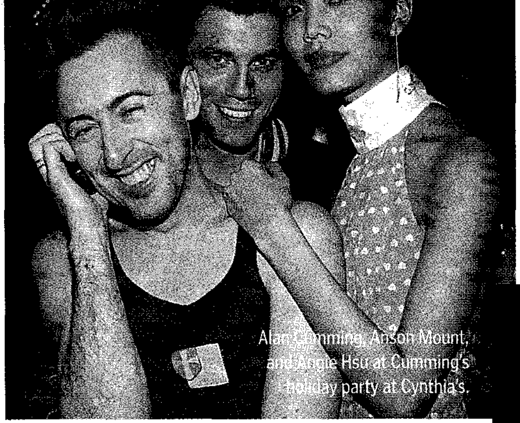
PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, ANDREA RENAULT/GLOBE PHOTOS; RJ CAPAK/WIREIMAGE.COM.

Scene

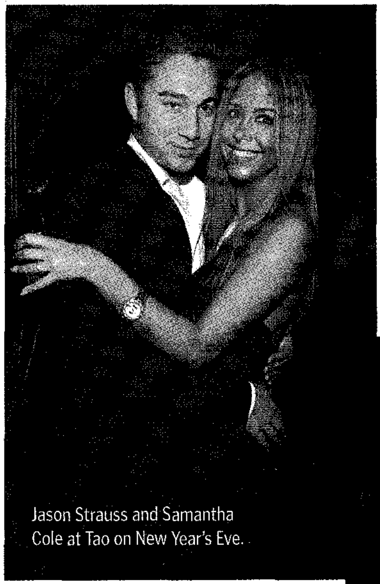
Scott Speedman and Dash Mihok at Tao on New Year's Eve.


Famke Janssen at the Park on New Year's Eve.

Sean MacPherson, Gina Gershon, Ellen DeGeneres, and Alexandra Hedison at the Park on New Year's Eve.

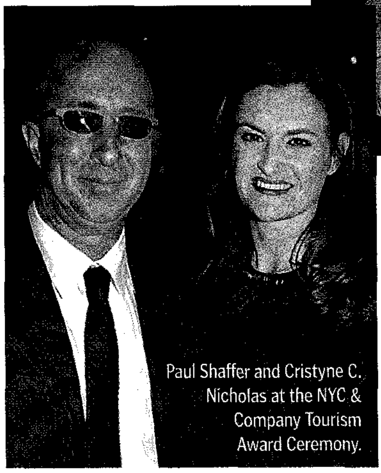

Alan Cumming, Anson Mount, and Angie Hsu at Cumming's holiday party at Cynthia's.

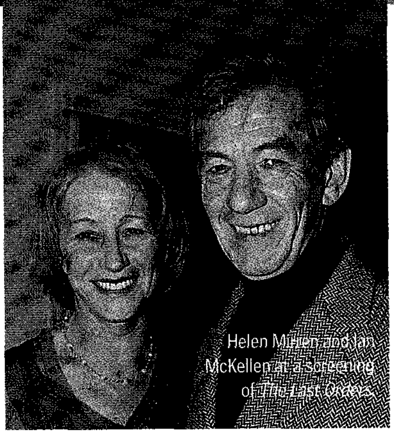
Kevin Spacey, Julianne Moore, and Harvey Weinstein at a screening of *The Shipping News*.

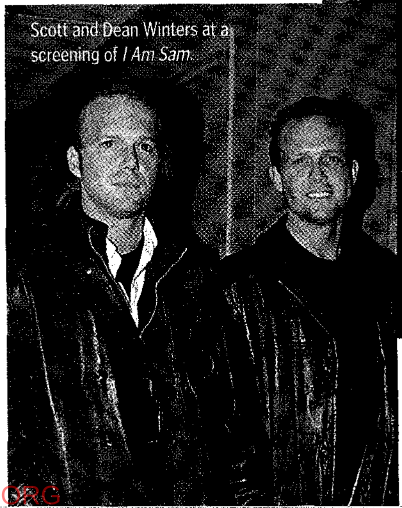

Jason Strauss and Samantha Cole at Tao on New Year's Eve.

Anand Jon, Elizabeth Kielstein-Cord, and Jason Behr at the reopening of Serena Bar.

Sylvia Miles, Dave Zinczenko, and Susan Magrino at the reopening of Serena Bar.


Paul Shaffer and Cristyne C. Nicholas at the NYC & Company Tourism Award Ceremony.


Helen Mirren and Ian McKellen at a screening of *The Last Orders*.


Scott and Dean Winters at a screening of *I Am Sam*.

Peter and Loraine Boyle at a screening of *Monster's Ball*.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

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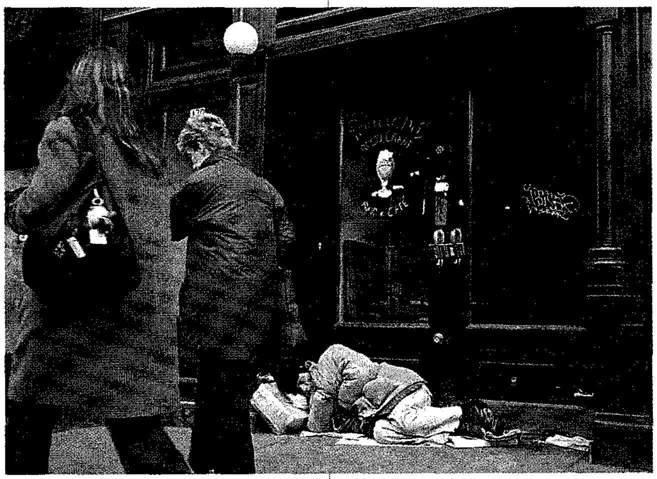
Life in the New City

Quality-of-Life Control

When it comes to squeegee men and other urban menaces, can Bloomberg stay tough—and have a heart? By Robert Kolker

Remember Larry Hogue, the trash-talking, ice-pick-wielding Wild Man of 96th Street, whose reign of terror over a swath of the Upper West Side in the early nineties (pushing a girl into traffic, trying to set parked cars afire) brought him in and out of mental hospitals and prisons? Hogue had serious brain damage, doctors said, but his crack habit and less-than-social behavior made him into a symbol of everything uncontrollable and fearsome about Dinkins-era New York—its revolving-door justice, its menacing homelessness.

A decade later, at the start of a new mayoralty and new recession and fairly new war, the old icons are in play again. Crime is down, yes, but everything else is up. When Mike Bloomberg talks about anecdotal reports of quality-of-life incidents, he knows he's really talking about the public's fear of a time warp—the notion that what's been undone can be done again. Squeegee men are back on Houston Street for the first time in recent memory. More vagrants are on the subways, and for good reason—shelters haven't been this full since 1987. Mary Brosnahan Sullivan, the head of the Coalition for the Homeless (and, like Hogue, a superstar of New York's old homeless-crisis media circus), has encountered a city that seems sadly familiar: "People defecating on the subway, someone threatening to attack people—there is this sense of 'What's going on here?' "



The recession and the terrorists have, of course, rope-a-doped us into a new economic crisis—and the end of welfare, triggered by last month's five-year expiration of benefits, threatens to create a new generation of homeless people. Bloomberg says aggressive street people are a high priority, yet the situation he's inheriting is different—and in some ways potentially worse—than the one Giuliani started with.

Today's homeless population has fewer single adults and more families. "Replace your stereotype of the alcoholic man," Sullivan says. "It's much more likely to be a 7-year-old." This makes a straight law-and-order approach to homelessness a little outdated, and politically risky. But housing families is expensive: Last year, city spending on welfare hotels for families spiked 43 percent—and this year, as layoffs mount, that's the number to watch.

How can Bloomberg stay tough and also move beyond the Rudy strategy? For advocates like Sullivan, the real answer isn't shelters but housing, something Giuliani benefited from (Dinkins- and Koch-era housing was completed in his first term) but failed to fund more of. Again, Bloomberg is at a disadvantage there—he knew his new-housing hopes were dashed when the Trade towers crumbled.

But he can still economize while addressing street people who cause most of the problems. For two and a half years, the city has been resisting a lawsuit brought by activists that would provide more assistance for thousands of mentally ill people released from city jails. Settling would cost money (as the Giuliani administration argued), but it could also *save* money. Well-placed social services cost less than jails, and once these people's lives improve, studies suggest that their cells won't have revolving doors.

City lawyers were still fighting a contempt motion as late as December, but the judge has scheduled a conference for this week. We'll find out soon if this mayor knows a bargain when he sees one—and can keep the Larry Hogues of the world off the streets and safely tucked away in people's nightmares.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE SCHLECHTER.

Dialing for Dollars

hortly after he returned from a month's vacation to Greece—and just before taking off for Palm Springs—a young Harvard M.B.A. had some business to attend to: He needed to call the New York Department of Labor to register for unemployment. The task filled him with some trepidation.

"I thought the people I'd be dealing with would have no idea what investment banking was," says the laid-off financier. "I thought they would be encouraging me to read the want ads and take a job ringing a cash register." Instead, a nice woman signed him up, told him how to file for benefits by phone, and sent him on his way.

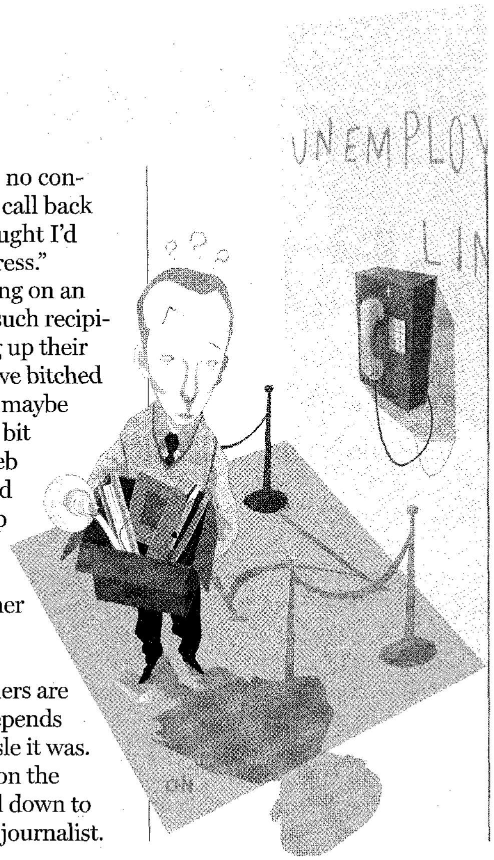
Has the government made it *too* easy for some not-so-needy recipients to collect unemployment? With the fall of the New Economy (and of much of the old), many former execs are discovering that not only are they eligible for benefits, but—thanks to the Labor Department's telephone service—they don't have to wait on an *Oliver*-like line to get them. In fact, if the system weren't so simple, some money might well go uncollected by New Yorkers who until very recently were pulling in hefty salaries.

"The phone call takes 30 seconds," raves one journalist who was earning six figures. "It's easier than a lot of voice-mail systems." To receive benefits—which top out at $405 a week for a maximum of six months—all one has to do is hit 0 or 1 in response to basic "Did you work this week?" questions. Dan Goor, a 26-year-old Emmy-winning comedy writer who used to work for *The Daily Show*, calls the process "painless. I only messed up one time. I tried to do it while I was watching TV. I got all the 0's for yes and 1's for no confused and had to call back because they thought I'd changed my address."

So would waiting on an actual line deter such recipients from picking up their checks? "I would've bitched about it a lot and maybe looked for a job a bit harder," says a Web designer who used the money to help make mortgage payments on her Hamptons summer home. "But I would've gone nonetheless." Others are not so sure. "It depends on how big a hassle it was. If you saw $400 on the street, you'd bend down to pick it up," says a journalist. "But if it was some all-day yucky line, then maybe not."

Of course, that answer could change as time goes on and money gets tighter. For now, though, the weekly cash has mostly helped soften the psychological blow of losing a job; it's almost a perk, if not quite as fulfilling as those gravy-laden expense checks of yore. "I am an Ivy League graduate, I've been working for ten years, and I was making a high-six-figure salary. To lose all that can leave you feeling worthless," explains a former advertising executive. "But the pleasant experience of collecting unemployment has mitigated the experience of actually being unemployed."

LARA COHEN



The *Sun* King vs. the Gray Lady

Ira Stoll chuckles as he finishes posting to Smartertimes.com—his Website dedicated to exposing what he considers to be errors, mischaracterizations, and outright untruths in the New York *Times*. It's only 9 A.M., and the phone won't stop ringing. For the past nineteen months, Stoll has been best known as a rather obsessive Internet gadfly, a Drudge with only one target. But now he's got a newspaper of his own to run, and résumés litter his tiny Brooklyn apartment. "An economic downturn might not be the best time to start a new paper," Stoll admits. "But it is a great time to hire talent."

The paper, backed by Canadian media baron Conrad Black and other investors, will reportedly be called the *Sun*, with an estimated circulation of 6,000 to 10,000 and a conservative outlook. So far, no one involved with the project is saying much, except that it'll be a weekday broadsheet focused on New York, launching this spring. Stoll will be part owner and managing editor. "Ira is the key," says editor-in-chief Seth Lipsky. "He is going to run the news department; he's going to write, edit, hire, design, set policy."

Before he started Smartertimes.com, Stoll, 29, was the managing editor of *The Forward*, a Jewish weekly edited by Lipsky, who resigned in 2000, under fire for his conservative views. (Stoll quit the same day.) According to colleagues, he is an aggressive reporter and editor. "A master story-idea guy," says Julian E. Barnes, a writer at *U.S. News and World Report*. But—as befits someone who has scolded the *Times* for referring to an "anti-Taliban commander" as a " 'warlord,' a word that is laden with negative connotations"—he also has a reputation for being a prickly boss. Beth Pinsker, a former *Forward* freelancer, says that she always got on with Stoll but that he was tough, especially on younger writers. "He has that grumpy-old-man attitude to editing—like you'd find in a paper in the thirties."

At the *Sun*, he'll continue keeping tabs on the *Times*, taking the Gray Lady to task for, say, how its "nearly slavish devotion to the Communist dictatorship on Cuba can descend to the point of self-parody." Though many at the *Times* dismiss his site—"Oh, that bitchy little thing?" snorts one insider—others insist that quite a few editors subscribe to it. And how would Stoll feel if someone started Smartersun.com? "I'd be thrilled."

EDWARD LEWINE

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAK FUNG WONG. ILLUSTRATION BY MARCOS CHIN.

Michael Wolff THIS MEDIA LIFE

Mogul Dreams

For boys like EchoStar's Charlie Ergen and Comcast's Brian Roberts who want to grow up to be Rupert Murdoch, there's only one endgame: Control distribution *now*—at any cost!

LEVIN EXITED; PITTMAN FALTERED; PARSONS ascended. Murdoch resigned his satellite ambitions—but not before EchoStar's Charlie Ergen usurped them. AT&T's Michael Armstrong surrendered his cable and convergence dreams. The Roberts family in Philadelphia assembled a near-national cable monopoly—and hired the humiliated Armstrong. Vivendi's Jean-Marie Messier moved to America (like Murdoch before him) and offered Barry Diller an attractive retirement package.

This has been perhaps the single most momentous season in the transformation of the modern media business. But these deals came so fast and furiously at year-end that it was hard to appreciate their vast reach. No doubt, too, after a decade or more of momentous media deals, they stop seeming so momentous. What's more, there was Osama on the run, the fate of the rat Walker to consider, and the man with the plastique sneakers.

Here, then, is an effort to score who's up and who's down—and who owns what portion of our media life.

THE PRESS-RELEASE VERSION OF THE TRANSItion at AOL Time Warner has it that Gerry Levin, having accomplished all of his professional goals, was now, in the wake of September 11, resigning to do good works, leaving behind his chosen successor, Richard Parsons. Publicly, almost nobody offered a different scenario; privately, everybody was spinning alternative versions.

There was at last a sense that after a year of mostly following the upbeat party line (actually two years since the announcement of the deal), AOL Time Warner had awakened to the oddness, even the embarrassment, of its existence.

At the height of Internet mania, Levin, high on concepts (or at least words) like *disintermediation* and *digital transformation,* had married Time Warner to the most low-down, ruthless company this side of Microsoft. By the time the deal closed, it was evident (but too late to do anything about it) that Levin and his shareholders and employees were the biggest dupes of the Internet-stock-market bubble. The value they'd placed on AOL would have been cut in half three months later had they not agreed to merge, and cut in half again six months later, and half yet again by the time the deal was done.

TWENTY-FIRST-CENTURY FOXES: Ergen and Roberts.

Things only got worse. Within a few months of the merger, it was clear AOL couldn't make its advertising numbers and that its subscription growth had seriously slowed; what's more, Time Warner's own broadband service, Road Runner, was becoming a significant competitor to AOL. And yet AOL's lightning rod, Bob Pittman, was taking over the combined company. Then, too, the AOL guys were talking about spinning out the Time Warner cable business—Gerry Levin's *raison d'être.*

This was the elemental dish: It was Pittman against Levin. There was even a proxy war: It was Levin's P.R. guy, Ed Adler, in New York, against Pittman's P.R. guy, Ken Lerer, in Dulles.

The battle became pitched over a spring 2001 Pittman cover story in *Business Week* that had a crystal-clear subtext: Levin doesn't count; Parsons doesn't count; *I am the heir apparent.* Levin fired back with a story in Time Inc.'s own *Fortune* and one in *The New Yorker* by mogul Bosworth Ken Auletta about the triumph of Gerry Levin. (Then there was *another* story in *Fortune*—this one included Levin on the cover as one of the most brilliant thinkers of the age.)

At the same time, there were other rumors out of the rumor-mad Time Warner camp (never many rumors out of the AOL side): Levin couldn't get the support of an ambivalent board to buy AT&T's cable system (which would make AOLTW *the* national media monopoly); Levin was having trouble getting that same ambivalent board to extend his contract.

Here is the Talented Mr. Ripley Theory about Gerry Levin: He seems harmless enough until he kills you (e.g., Nick Nicholas, Terry Semel, and Bob Daly). The weapon of choice against Bob Pittman was Levin's surprise early retirement and the sudden inevitability of Richard Parsons—Levin was out, but he had scuttled Pittman.

Everybody said "Huh?" about Parsons—but if you were a member of the AOL Time Warner board, there was something absolutely perfect about Parsons. The media business, after all, isn't an operating guy's business anymore. A good operator or a bad operator is going to get the same results: grim ones. That grimness can be offset only by the next chapter of monopolistic growth—what big, audacious, controlling deal can you do?

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM LEFT, STEVE MARCUS/REUTERS; LISA ROSE/GLOBE PHOTOS.

Parsons was a deal guy. A Washington guy. A regulator's dream. A Republican (his wife is actually named Laura Bush!). The message of his elevation was clear: The real life of a media company takes place outside the company. Success or failure will be determined by how a company maneuvers in the next few winner-take-all, last-man-standing years.

NOW, MOST OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE modern media business is the result of other people trying to do what Murdoch did. It's not enough to own one kind of media; you have to own all kinds. Not enough to own content; you have to own a network too. Not enough to own networks; you have to own the pipes through which the content and the networks flow.

So there's going to be a particular poignancy when others do Murdoch one better. Or, perhaps, it's not so much that Murdoch has been outdone, but that Murdoch, possibly weary of all this, is letting others march by. Murdoch, at 70, having spent the past two years attempting to buy DirecTV from General Motors, having staked the future of News Corp on becoming the world's satellite megalopolis (News Corp combined with DirecTV would have been *the* national media monopoly), at the ultimate hour, gives up. He's outhustled by EchoStar's Ergen, or the advertising slowdown has weakened News Corp too much, or the risk just isn't worth it anymore.

The entire focus of the media world is now on who owns the way into your house. The combination of EchoStar and DirecTV means that Charlie Ergen controls 17 million viewers. The possibilities of that kind of control, the current view holds, are limitless. You're the man. The monopolist. The next Mr. Gates (indeed, Gates had been one of Murdoch's backers and hovers behind many of these media-consolidation deals). In the world of modern geopolitical media shifts, EchoStar-DirecTV becomes a superpower. If this deal gets done—at first, Ergen's chances were rated as remote; now, because he is already perceived as *the man*, his chances seem very good—then there are no limits, it is thought, on what he'll next acquire. Disney, which without any way into your house is now thought of as a rather pathetic thing, is a likely target (Disney just had to go to court to keep EchoStar from knocking the ABC Family Channel off the air).

And then there's News Corp itself, of course—if it can't acquire, it must be acquired.

POSSIBLY THE STRONGEST PLAYER IN THE MEdia business at this moment is Vivendi Universal's Messier. He has the good fortune of being less dependent on the currently devastated U.S. advertising market than his mogul brethren. Still, he understands that this is an anomalous advantage, that he needs this market—it's the *sine qua non* of moguldom (will he, like Murdoch, become an American citizen?). So now he's using the leverage of his independence from this market to become more dependent. In a cost-be-damned deal, he's bought back control of Universal's television properties along with Barry Diller's USA Networks—along with Diller himself, who will now run Vivendi Universal's movie studio. What's more, Messier has deftly placed himself, by investing a timely billion and a half in EchoStar, at a key spot in the new satellite distribution universe. Messier, whose company began as a monopolistic utility, controlling the French water pipes, no doubt has media pipe dreams of his own.

"Consolidation makes **Michael Powell**, chairman of the FCC and son of the secretary of State, **the most powerful person in the media business.**"

While the U.S. press has spun the Diller story as triumphant, it is, as likely, a cautionary tale. In the ten years since he left Fox, having chafed under Murdoch's control, he failed to get into the ultimate game. The deals he might have done, possibly almost did—AOL, CBS, QVC among them—floated out of his grasp. The media company he built—worth $10 billion or so—never was more than an eccentricity. Now here he is, at 60, a few billion richer, back in harness, running a movie-and-television business for an ambitious, and meddlesome, foreigner who knows less than he knows.

ONE MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT THAT THE UNmitigated failure of AT&T and its vast cable strategy would have sorely tested the great faith in consolidation and the power of distribution. But the failure of AT&T, and, indeed, of the telcoms in general, along with every dot-com would-be media mogul, hasn't undermined the central strategy as much as it has purified the idea of a media mogul. Only a media mogul can be a media mogul. Bill Gates can't be one; telephone guys can't be one; the technology boys can't do it, either (Excite@Home RIP).

What you need are cable guys—with monopolizing skills. The Roberts family (backed by Microsoft), representing two generations of cable guys, will now unite its Comcast cable system with the AT&T system and control the pipes that reach into 22 million American households.

The Robertses, together with Charlie Ergen, will control 40 percent of the U.S. television audience, thereby turning the media business into your basic duopoly.

Comcast and EchoStar are—regulators willing—the two poles. The rest of the media will be like magnets toward them.

Comcast and EchoStar will be taken over, or they will take over. Inevitably, AOL Time Warner, Viacom, Vivendi, Disney, News Corp, which have already vastly, and ridiculously, overconsolidated the American media business, will collapse into the duopoly.

THE CONSOLIDATION IMPERATIVE, THIS LAST-man-standing theory, makes Michael Powell, chairman of the FCC and son of the secretary of State, the most powerful, or at least the most necessary, person in the media business. In some sense, he sets the timetable, too. He's demonstrated and expressed an altogether frictionless level of tolerance for media consolidation. If you're a media consolidator, you want to get as much consolidated as you can during the next three years that Michael Powell will reliably be around. So do it now.

THIS EAGERNESS TO OWN ALL OF THE MEDIA oddly belies the fact that this has been the most disappointing era in the modern media business. Consolidation itself, while generally good for moguls, has largely been unkind to the shareholders in consolidated companies (no media giant has kept pace with the S&P 500), and to the various core media businesses (most of which are weaker now than they were a generation ago). But the largest, most horrifying factor, which the entire media business is engaged in a conspiracy to obscure, is that advertising—what it can do, how it should do it, and at what cost—is undergoing a crisis of faith. This may be the ultimate fallout of dot-comdom. The promise of the Internet was that you could measure the value of your advertising dollar. As it happens, that value turned out to be next to nothing—raising existential questions about advertising everywhere.

The monopolist, however, believes he can use his power to fix the market—or at least hold on until it becomes somebody else's problem. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com.

Michael Tomasky THE CITY POLITIC

Rudy Who?

Mayor Mike's delivery may have left something to be desired, but his message came through loud and clear: *Everyone* needs to get real about the budget shortfall—even the Yankees.

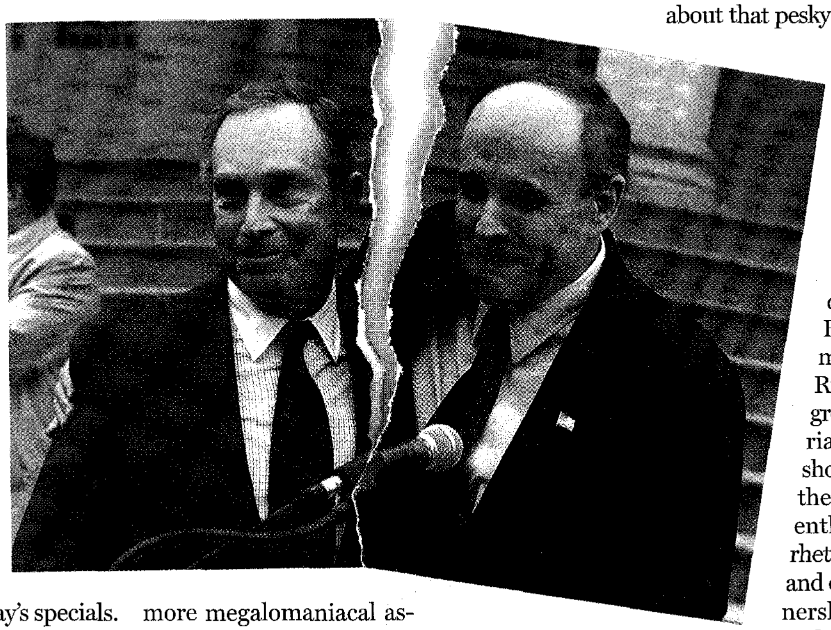
SO, I BEGAN TO THINK LAST WEEK, MAYBE Mike Bloomberg is a smarter politician than his campaign gave us reason to think. In a few short days, he has already—diplomatically, adroitly—placed a lot of distance between himself and Rudy Giuliani while at the same time putting Democrats, unions, and bureaucrats on notice.

I don't think many people would have said, even as recently as a few weeks ago, that he could manage this. As a candidate, he did nothing adroitly, except spend. In the debates, he was all over the lot. He repeatedly demonstrated that wide swaths of this city were alien to him. He stood next to the Republican governor and declared himself a liberal. He seemed to have no idea what he'd gotten himself into.

In some ways, he still doesn't. If you watched his inaugural address looking for inspiration, my guess is you were onto the Gator Bowl or the Lifetime channel within moments. He read an unexceptional text with less panache than most waiters bring to the recitation of the day's specials. It may be that after Rudy's ceaseless paroxysms, people are yearning for a little boredom. But not *that* much boredom.

And yet: The debut week was a success, no? There is something about his bland matter-of-factness that feels appropriate to the situation at hand. To be sure, he is the beneficiary of necessity—everyone knows that austerity is in order, so when he calls for it, in his gray-flannel way, no one wails (yet). They will, of course, eventually. But one suspects that histrionics won't perturb him; that he won't be baited by his enemies, as Rudy often was (Rudy loved this, of course); that he'll be so rigorously calm and non-ideological that he won't even *have* enemies, in the sense that New Yorkers have come to understand them, and in the sense that Rudy consistently made them (cabbies, artists, his wife).

Meet Mike Bloomberg, Triangulator.



PHOTOGRAPH: BRAD RICKERBY/REUTERS.

I COUNT EIGHT FRONTS, LARGE AND small, on which Bloomberg has already signaled a break with the harsher and more megalomaniacal aspects of Rudyism.

First, there was the stadium thing: Bloomberg has made it clear that he did not appreciate Rudy's last-minute $800 million gift to the Yankees and the Mets. Next came Lincoln Center. He's been a board member and major benefactor, and it represents everything about Citizen Bloomberg's social aspirations. But not even his friendship with "Bubbles" Sills could dislodge his determination that Giuliani's deal with Lincoln Center, under which the city would contribute $240 million to a ten-year renovation, might have to be put on hold (despite Rudy's promise, even post–9/11, to deliver the money). Third: Bloomberg's announcement that less sacrifice would be expected of the Board of Education than of most city agencies. Imagine Rudy saying *that*. Number four, imagine Rudy asking the Police and Fire Departments for 10 percent cuts. In the early Giuliani years, when he was cutting budgets, those departments were untouched by cuts. But Bloomberg asked for exactly that. Five is Bloomberg's insistent rhetoric directed at W. about that pesky $20 billion. It was polite, but it was an obviously intentional contrast to Giuliani's November statement that the city couldn't use the money now.

The sixth degree of separation is Bloomberg's dramatic reversal of Rudy's plan to make ground zero a memorial, suggesting that should be only part of the site's future. Seventh: Bloomberg's rhetoric about diversity and openness and partnerships was very un-Rudyesque. Finally, I throw in the presence of Al Leiter as inaugural emcee. If you think Rudy Giuliani was, deep down, pleased about having a *Met* take center stage, you've been reading too much Mayor of the World spin.

There has not, of course, been an official break, and that probably won't happen for a while yet. There will even be public displays of affection; Rudy and George Pataki might decide, given their national ambitions, that they have to be kind to Mike, who, at least titularly, represents a useful GOP beachhead. And—this is where the triangulation comes in—Bloomberg has also made just enough moves to keep the Republican Establishment happy. No new taxes. Business comes first. Roy Goodman gets a cushy job. In addition, Mike has sent the message to liberal constituencies that they'll have to take their medicine as well. Randi Weingarten has already told her troops to prepare for far less than the 23 percent raise for teachers she was pushing during the election (uh, no kidding). The new comptroller and public advocate weren't warned that Bloomberg would challenge them publicly to cut their staffs by 20 percent, but once a new mayor says—live on national television—that he's going to do just that, and that they ought to follow his example, what real choice do they have?

NOT A BAD FIRST WEEK. OF COURSE, HE HASn't actually *done* anything yet, and he still has the potential to be dismal. Negotiating contracts and cutting budgets fairly may prove tough for a man who's never had to contemplate either, and there looms the Financial Control Board, which takes over the city's books once deficits reach $100 million or the city's credit rating goes south. If that happens, or even if it becomes a live threat for an extended time, he's over politically. He'll get fried in Albany; Washington will follow suit; the effects will start to show themselves in our daily lives. The papers will ramp up ROTTEN APPLE stories. Prospective opponents in 2005, Giuliani quite possibly among them, will start sharpening their knives.

So who knows? But one of the key survival skills in New York politics is passive deflection. Don't take on every fight unless you've got a personality like Rudy's, let things play out, let people scream at you until they're tired of screaming (the papers will eventually get interested in something else), and be as oblique as you can.

This may be the Bloomberg style. Renouncing Rudy's stadium deals in one vague, quick phrase was far more intelligent than launching an attack for the sake of cheap applause from Rudy haters (which any of his Democratic opponents would have done). Keep both sides guessing about your next move, and about your ultimate allegiances.

I wonder now if Bloomberg knew this all along. I've even begun to wonder, in retrospect, if Bloomberg's calling himself a liberal while receiving Pataki's endorsement was an accident at all. I'm probably giving him too much credit. But there may be an art in his apparent artlessness that's worth paying attention to. ■

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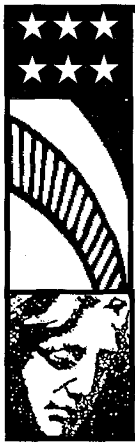

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James J. Cramer THE BOTTOM LINE

Stop, Thieves!

Democrats want to hang the Enron scandal on Republicans, but if they really cared about the ordinary investors who got screwed, they'd go after the real criminals.

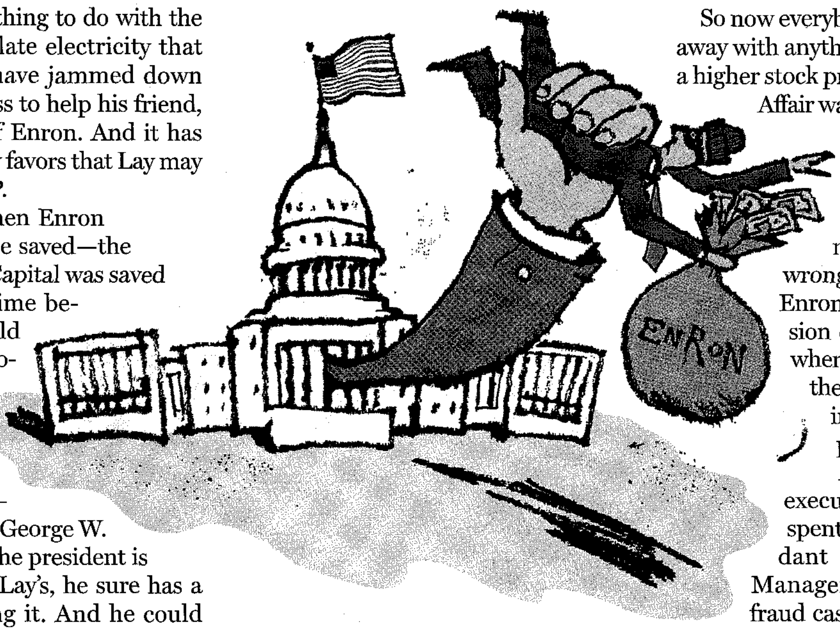
THE DEMOCRATS JUST DON'T GET IT. THEY ARE using the Enron scandal in the same stupid, narrow, and vain way that the Republicans used Whitewater to try to tarnish the former First Lady. And where did that get them? She's now the junior senator from New York, arguably more powerful than ever.

The reason Enron went from 60 to zero in 30 seconds has nothing to do with the legislation to deregulate electricity that Phil Gramm might have jammed down the throats of Congress to help his friend, Kenneth Lay, CEO of Enron. And it has nothing to do with any favors that Lay may have given to the GOP.

Think about it. When Enron was in a position to be saved—the way that Long-Term Capital was saved by a Democratic regime because its failure would have hurt too many brokerages, including Goldman Sachs, where Bob Rubin, the then-secretary of Treasury, once toiled—the GOP did nothing. George W. Bush did nothing. If the president is such a friend of Ken Lay's, he sure has a funny way of showing it. And he could have done something. No one—I repeat, *no one*—would have been surprised if Bush had said that it wasn't in the national interest to let Enron fail, given its key role in the nation's electric supply, something that must be maintained for national-security purposes.

But the whole Democratic scenario that it was the Republicans who abetted the chicanery at Enron—and believe me, there was a ton of chicanery—is absurd. In fact, I'll bet that Phil Gramm's wife, Wendy, who was on the audit committee of Enron, didn't even *know* about the shenanigans that the company's chief financial officer was up to.

And that, not Republican rules changes, is the crux of what the Democrats should really be complaining about. I think *most* of the people who oversaw Enron didn't know what was going on. And why should they have? Nobody ever suffered from turning a blind eye to what looks like fraud. There's no incentive. In fact, judging by the big fees that accountants get to consult with companies, I could argue that the relationships have become totally incestuous, incubators of free-wheeling tricks to make stocks go higher regardless of the ethics trashed or the rules broken.



The Republicans *and* the Democrats have created a climate in this country where nobody gives a damn about enforcement. Nobody fears what will happen to them if they commit accounting fraud. We don't care what happens to the little shareholders if we mess with the numbers. Legislation designed to protect the little guy, the Securities and Exchange Act, has been neutered. Under Clinton, this kind of white-collar fraud was overlooked in favor of rules like Regulation Full Disclosure, which clamped down on the free dissemination of information to selected accounts. That was the mantra of the Clinton SEC. Slam the door on private dissemination to level the playing field, but then blow the whole stadium up with light enforcement of stock-boosting frauds!

So now everybody just figures he can get away with anything in the name of getting a higher stock price. In the end, the Enron Affair wasn't a breakdown of deregulation; it was about the complete absence of fear of prosecution. It was the disappearance of enforcement against white-collar wrongdoing in the boardroom. Enron's fall is the logical extension of a decade of total laxity, when anything went as long as the stock went higher and the insiders could bail at great prices.

And why shouldn't Enron executives feel safe? Nobody's spent any time in jail for Cendant or Sunbeam or Waste Management, the three biggest fraud cases of the past decade. All three companies' executives promoted schemes to raise the stock price essentially so they could sell shares while the rest of us got stuck holding the bag. To me it is just garden-variety theft in the name of a higher stock price—where the chief financial officer gets a huge cut of the profits while the little guy loses everything—and it seems to pay off every time.

TheStreet.com

This week TheStreet.com's "Mutual Fund Monday" feature takes a look at all-weather growth funds. Available free of charge at www.thestreet.com.

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL BAXTER.

It wasn't always thus. In the eighties, we had a rash of insider trading that climaxed with the massive prosecutions of Ivan Boesky and Mike Milken. (Save the e-mails: I know that Milken didn't go down for insider trading, but it sure was on everybody's mind after the government went after him for it.) The government made insider trading a priority. As someone in the business during that era, I knew—as did many of my colleagues—that if we traded on insider information, we were going down. We calculated that there was a good chance we were going to jail if we got caught.

But accounting fraud? Nobody's too worried about it because nobody goes down for it. Particularly the accountants! I can't find an instance where a major accounting firm's partners lost personal property or spent time in jail for abetting or simply looking the other way when there was fraud. Enron should change all that. Enron is to accounting chicanery what Boesky was to insider trading. The government could send a message once and for all that if you hide transactions, if you dissemble to directors, if you cheat on your books to move up your stock price, as I think we will find happened with Enron, you are going to jail. More important, since Enron is now bankrupt, your accountants, who checked off on the deceit, will get prosecuted as well and get held for the damages. *They* still have money! Too often what happens instead is that the liability just gets fobbed off on the insurers and the only real cost might be a higher premium.

The focus in Washington needn't be on endless hearings about shattered 401(k)'s and government oversight and the risks and virtues of deregulation. The focus should be on getting scalps and making those scalps pay. The goal should be that everyone else is too scared to launch another scheme to boost stock prices through bogus accounting and hidden, off-balance-sheet investments.

But if the government just plods along the way it has done in all the other accounting cases, and the Democrats spend all of their time wondering whether Ken Lay tried to get Republicans to help him in a nonexistent scheme to hurt consumers with deregulation, you can bet that Enron will be the blueprint for all executives wishing to make a killing in the market . . . and get away with it. ■

James J. Cramer is co-founder of TheStreet.com. He often buys and sells securities that are the subject of his columns and articles, both before and after they are published, and the positions that he takes may change at any time. *e-mail: jjcletters@thestreet.com*

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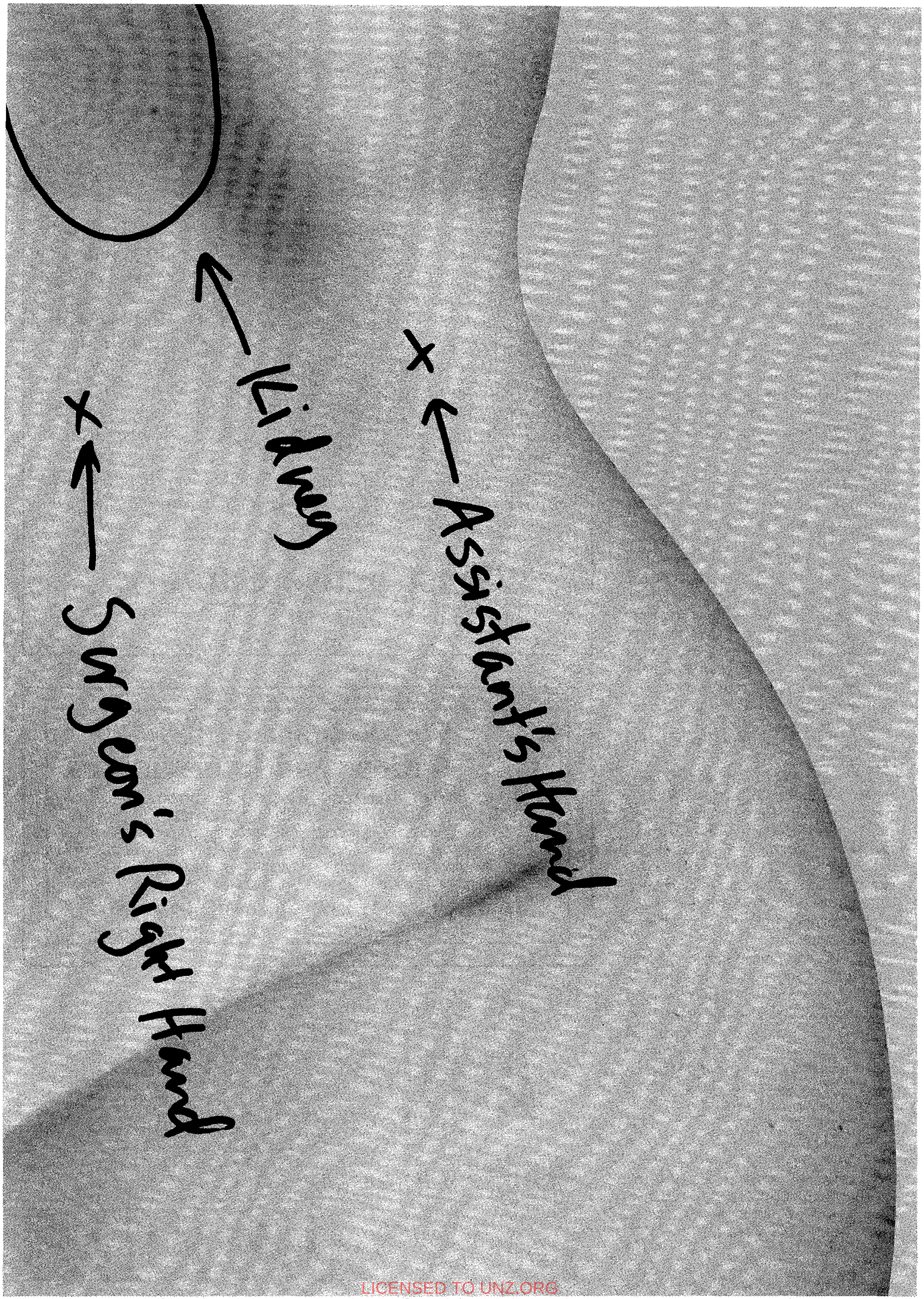
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A NEW BREED OF SURGEONS WIELDING HIGH-TECH TOOLS IS TAKING NEW YORK HOSPITALS BY STORM, WINNING PATIENTS' HEARTS WITH SMALLER SCARS, LESS PAIN, QUICKER RECOVERY. OF COURSE, THEY HAVEN'T EXACTLY ENDEARED THEMSELVES TO THEIR OLD-SCHOOL COLLEAGUES. **BY SUSAN DOMINUS**

THE KINDEST CUT

JENNIFER FILIPPELLI, A DARK-HAIRED, DARK-eyed 30-year-old from the Bronx, felt all along that she would be a strong transplant match for her father, who was in dire need of a kidney: She knew it, you could say, in her gut. "My father and I are a lot alike," she says. "We look alike. We both love animals. And we're both stubborn."

That last characteristic proved to be the biggest hurdle in the way of her father's health when testing confirmed that Jennifer was, in fact, almost perfectly compatible as a donor, her blood type and proteins dutifully in sync. Her father wouldn't consider taking her up on her offer. "He didn't like the idea of my being cut open for him," she says. Months passed and still her father procrastinated, even as he continued to retch every morning, ultimately losing some 30 pounds as the effects of kidney failure set in and toxins flooded his body. Finally, Jennifer says, "I threw a tantrum. I explained to him he could be forcing me to live with terrible guilt if he didn't survive."

Even that got her only to the next crucial step, which was to have a surgeon explain how the procedure would be performed. For most of transplant history, to donate a kidney meant to accept, in exchange, a permanent ten-inch scar across the abdomen and a six-week stay in the hospital, plus weeks of recuperation. But now, as the beneficiary of the newest minimally invasive technique, Jennifer would be out of the hospital in two days, back at work within three weeks. As for her scar, it would be no more than two and a half inches long—maybe even invisible by next year's swimsuit season. At last, her father relented. "I don't think we could have convinced him to go forward otherwise," says Jennifer, sitting up in her bed at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center. Two days after losing a major organ, she looks absurdly healthy, her color high; she'll check out later that day. A crumpled package of Entenmann's cookies beside her bed looks like it's been ravaged.

"I would have gone forward with the surgery *no matter* what," says Jennifer. "But he wouldn't have."

JENNIFER FILIPPELLI'S STORY EMBODIES, in many ways, the best of what minimally invasive surgery offers: tiny incisions that open up huge possibilities, transforming our expectations about going under the knife. Surgeons have long been typed as the cowboys of the med-

PLUS:

THE TOP 100 MINIMALLY INVASIVE SURGEONS IN NEW YORK

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAY GULLIXSON

ical profession, the ones who slash and burn (or cauterize), crack open ribs, lay their hands on the body's vital organs. But increasingly, the city's most respected operating-room practitioners—among them, Jennifer's surgeon, Dr. Dennis Fowler—function more like Silicon Valley technicians, operating by remote control, peering at projections on a television screen instead of a gaping incision in the body.

Not surprisingly, these new surgeons have been much more popular with patients than they have been with dismissive—and competitive—fellow surgeons. They've been embattled within their profession since the techniques were developed a decade ago. "There's a ten-to-one ratio of guys who would love to see us get run over by a truck tomorrow, because they don't know how to do this," says Dr. Richard L. Whelan, chief of colorectal surgery at Columbia Presbyterian. But the remarkable results of minimally invasive surgeries have finally become an irresistible force in the medical marketplace, inciting a fierce bidding war among New York hospitals for high-tech talent, and redefining the future of surgery. Eventually, five, ten, fifteen years down the road, prophesies Dr. George Ferzli, an innovative multi-disciplinary surgeon at SUNY Downstate on Staten Island, "general surgery as we know it will not be around."

CAMERA READY Dr. Michael Edye and assistants removing a kidney at NYU Medical Center.

Most of the pain in traditional postop recovery comes not from the vital organs that are the objects of surgery but from the slicing of layers of skin and muscle tissue to reach them. To avoid the trauma, the new surgeons operate by inserting a series of tubes into small puncture holes. At the tip of one tube is a scope, or camera, that projects an image onto a television screen; another tube, in the case of what is called laparoscopic surgery (which refers to minimally invasive surgery of the abdomen), inflates the body cavity with gas, so the organs float apart and the camera can distinguish between them. Usually, two other tubes serve as channels through which surgeons insert long, spindly instruments with gadgets at their tips that sever, clamp, and staple. It's a difficult new skill set for surgeons to master, and the learning curve is steep. But the advantages are enormous: less suffering for the patient, a shorter hospital stay—many patients leave within a day or two—and a quicker return to normal activity.

Once considered gadfly specialists ("Nintendo surgeons," their skeptical, older cohorts called them), these doctors are becoming must-have assets for hospital divisions of all kinds: gynecology, neurosurgery, vascular surgery, oncologic surgery—any department whose doctors manipulate what lies beneath the skin. Even if the new technology is pricey—sometimes outrageously so—hospitals with dwindling resources see it as a way to attract the kinds of patients who will make up for their other losses.

"If you look back historically, there are advances that moved medicine along, like anesthesia or open-heart surgery," says Dr. Thomas Riles, chairman of surgery at NYU Medical Center. "Those were things that allowed us to treat a whole host of people we couldn't treat before. Minimally invasive surgery is an advance of that kind of magnitude. The bursts of energy and ideas and technology are coming so fast—we're still just trying to sort it all out."

Like most successful revolutions, the minimally invasive phenomenon spread two ways: slowly, then quickly. "When I went to France to learn how to remove gallbladders laparoscopically in 1989," says Dr. Barry Salky, New York's first practitioner of the technique, "my chief of surgery said, 'You can go ahead and learn, but you'll never do it in this hospital.' " In fact, Salky persuaded his boss at Mount Sinai to let him proceed, and his early experience paved the way for his hospital's considerable expansion in the field: Right now, some 28 percent of Mount Sinai's surgeries are performed with the new techniques. What started out with gallbladders has expanded to almost every part of the body: colon, lungs, kidneys, the spine, and so on.

But for most of the past decade, New York's entrenched, academic hospital environment lagged behind while the more freewheeling community hospitals—in Nashville, Atlanta, Kansas City—forged ahead. "All these New York hospitals were being run by very good open surgeons who missed laparoscopic surgery at the begin-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK CARIOU.

ning," says Salky. "And they fought it. These people were trained 'big surgery, big incision.' Plus, who wanted to learn a new skill? It was demeaning."

In defense of the surgeons who hold back, some may be waiting to dive in until the techniques are perfected. "We've had a hundred years of open surgery," says Kenneth A. Kern, clinical professor of surgery at Hartford Hospital and an expert in laparoscopic medical legal issues. "We know what its limitations are. We're only just starting to figure out all the problems with laparoscopy."

"WHAT I'M DOING RIGHT NOW IS A CROSS BETWEEN FLYING AND SCUBA DIVING," SAYS DR. MICHAEL EDYE, CUTTING THROUGH THE FATTY TISSUE SURROUNDING THE KIDNEY. "IT'S EASY TO LOSE ONE'S HORIZONS."

But already the tide is turning, as a host of local high-end hospitals have wooed minimally invasive surgeons to stay competitive. NYU and Montefiore Medical Center have established new divisions of minimally invasive surgery in the past two years. Dr. Dennis Fowler, Jennifer's surgeon, came to New York from Pittsburgh fifteen months ago to head up a new minimally invasive division at New York–Presbyterian Hospital. Mount Sinai's new director of cardiac surgery, scheduled to arrive this month, is Dr. Lishan Aklog, a minimally invasive cardiac surgeon from Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston. Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, which has hired five minimally invasive surgeons in the past six months, is aggressively trying to hire still more in the next half-year. Recently, Fowler says, "it's really turned around—there's a craze for everybody to get someone."

AMONG LAPAROSCOPIC surgeons, NYU has a reputation for resisting minimally invasive techniques, but it signaled a commitment to changing that when it hired Dr. Michael Edye, a wry Australian who was Barry Salky's first recruit at Mount Sinai. As Edye, preparing for a laparoscopic kidney removal on a Tuesday morning in November, waits impatiently for the anesthesiologist, one of his residents, a young Harvard graduate, offers up his theory of why minimally invasive surgery was relatively slow to catch on among doctors. "It was used early on by gynecologists," he says, tying on his mask. "I think that has something to do with it"—prestigious surgeons, he speculates, were reluctant to take their cues from gynecology, long considered the least glamorous of the medical practices.

The atmosphere among the crew is light: By now, Edye has removed some 250 kidneys laparoscopically. In organ donation, the minimally invasive approach has proved to be an enormous boon: In one study done by the University of Maryland, the number of patients who had access to live donors rose from 12 percent to 25 percent over four years—a huge advantage, given the historical scarcity of organs for transplantation.

The patient, a young man visiting from Vietnam to donate his kidney to his brother, walks into the operating room smiling a bit self-consciously (he speaks no English) and lies down on the table. Five minutes later, he's out, and the team prepares him for surgery, marking the site where the small incision for kidney removal will eventually be, then turning him on his side. After a few more minutes of preliminary stage setting, it's lights out, so surgeons can better see the contrast on the television screens in front of them (this operating room has four). It seems appropriately womblike, as if to protect the internal organs from not only the knife but the startling brightness of the outside world. Four trocars—stubby plastic tubular pathways—are inserted, puncturing the skin, to provide access for the instruments.

Minimally invasive surgery is frequently described in terms of video games, but lined up alongside the patient, Edye and his two surgical-team members look more like foosball players: There's that small, tight movement of the hands, their eyes somewhere else, the long levers releasing their surprising power. Using a series of 5- and 10-mm.-around, twelve-inch-long instruments inserted through the portholes, the surgeons snip at the connecting tissue attaching the colon, so that it falls away (the patient's on his side, so gravity helps), allowing access to the kidney.

At no time, however, does something that looks like an organ in its entirety appear on the screen. Instead, the scope zooms in on individual connecting tissues, on tunneling, tubelike vessels, magnifying them up to twenty-fold, so that the geography is hard to assess for all but the carefully trained eye. "What I'm doing right now is a cross between flying and scuba diving," says Edye, who has cut away at the fatty tissue surrounding the kidney and is moving on to the series of veins and arteries that will need to be severed to free up the organ. "It's easy to lose one's horizons."

He won't cut the most essential blood supplies to the kidney until the last minute, to preserve the health of the organ for as long as possible. When he does sever tissue containing blood vessels, he uses what's known as a Harmonic Scalpel, an ultrasound device whose blades whir at a rate of 55,000 oscillations per second, simultaneously cutting and sealing vessels cleanly. At the site of the tool, the tissue bubbles at the point of severance and then blanches, closed off.

Edye, his eye still on the screen, corrects a resident controlling the scope, which also provides the light source in the body cavity: "Don't weave around," he tells him. "You're moving the camera like you move your eye. We need smooth movements." The directive sums up the challenges of the surgery, which requires a rethinking of all the basics: Move your hand to the right, and the instrument moves to the left; your surgical eye is not your own but the camera's. Sensation, for novice surgeons at least, is limited. Edye, on the other hand, has a strong tactile feeling for his work. "It's like using chopsticks—you can stroke the instrument over a structure and get a good appreciation for textures and fixation," he says. "You feel it like a blind person feels the road with a stick."

With the kidney nearly freestanding, Edye withdraws the instruments, the lights go back on, and the residents make a small incision, only about two inches long, in the young man's side. Then the laparoscopic mode is reestablished. The lights dim again, and an instrument with a compressed plastic bag wrapped tightly around it is inserted through the incision. Through a series of careful pokes and pulls, it's pulled off the instrument, then wrapped around the kidney. "It protects the organ when it's pulled out," explains one of the residents. "It also gives you something to grab on to." Some two and a half hours after the surgery started, the kidney, gleaming and red, is pulled out intact and transferred to a waiting basin with ice. I half expect it to let out a wail.

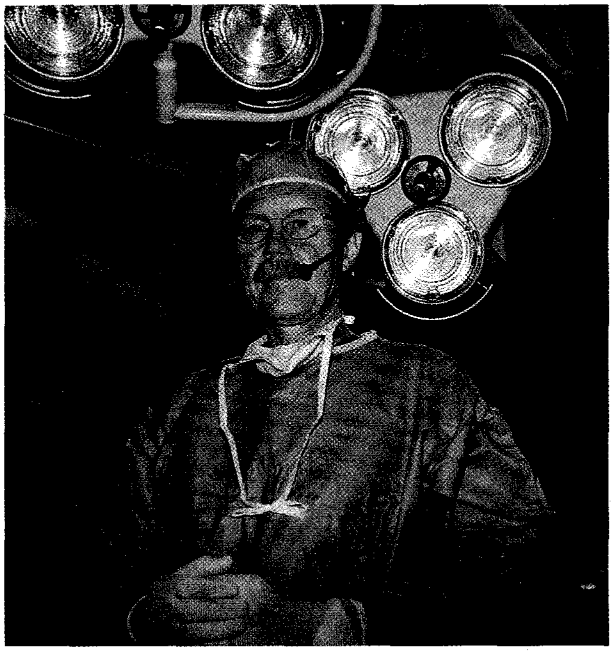
Edye believes that laparoscopy is still in its early stages; every week brings new triumphs. "Last week, I took out a swollen nine-pound spleen—it was one and a half times the size of a football—through an incision about this big." He spreads his thumb and forefinger apart. He used a technique called morcellation—the spleen is broken up into pieces inside a plastic bag in the body, then withdrawn bit by bit. What kind of surgery, I ask him, does he think could never be adapted to minimally invasive techniques? He thinks for a moment, then comes up with an answer: "Amputations."

"HE TOLD ME, 'I WILL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO HURT YOU,' " DR. DENNIS FOWLER SAYS OF A COLLEAGUE BACK IN KANSAS. "HE TRIED TO GET ME OFF THE STAFF. HE THREATENED MY CHILDREN."

IT'S NINE O'CLOCK ON A SATURDAY MORNING, and Dennis Fowler has just sat down with oatmeal at Eli's Vinegar Factory Café on the Upper East Side when his beeper rings. Fowler, who frequently bikes in the park with Edye—the circle of laparoscopic surgeons is small and close—is now director of New York–Presbyterian Hospital's Minimal Access Surgery Center. As his meal, the only one he'll eat until dinner, grows cold, he steps outside to return the call from an anxious father. Mustached and vested, a native of Kansas, Fowler looks and sounds like the kind of doctor who'd do house calls with a shiny black bag. Instead, he's a high-tech gadgeteer, the first general surgeon to use the Harmonic Scalpel, a collaborator on the invention of some 25 or 30 surgical tools now on the market (though few were patented by him: "I wasn't smart enough for that"). For Fowler, who most recently worked in Pittsburgh, one of his new job's most glamorous perks is the chance to meet with Cornell and Columbia engineers. He started out working with engineers in 1990, when he needed a flat laparoscopic tool that would move a colon out of the way without puncturing it. Now he brainstorms with them about space-age designs, the possibility of a tiny freestanding robot that could operate inside the body.

Fowler's mild midwestern manners probably served him well when hospital management was looking to hire its first director in charge of programs at both Cornell and Columbia, which recently merged—a tricky proposition politically. But Fowler's no stranger to controversy: Shortly after he started using the new laparoscopic techniques at a hospital in Kansas, a colleague started harassing him. "He told me, 'I will do everything I can to hurt you,' " recalls Fowler. "He tried to get me off the staff. He succeeded in dissuading doctors from referring patients to me. He threatened my children." A certified medical professional threatened to harm Fowler's kids? "He told me he'd catch them on the way home from school if I didn't stop doing it," says Fowler.

The story could be dismissed as an exaggeration, except that almost every other laparoscopic surgeon who started practicing in the early nineties has his own war story, some tale of sabotage, subtle or overt, from veteran surgeons. "They were threatened by it economically," Fowler says simply, pointing out that gallbladder removal, for example, has always been the bread and butter of general surgeons. "It appears to me they could see the benefit of it but were afraid they couldn't learn to do it. And if the benefits were really there and I could do it, I would take away all their cases."


THE INVISIBLE HAND Dr. Dennis Fowler in a New York–Presbyterian operating room.

A decade later, financial issues are still roiling hospital departments: Take a colon-resection procedure Fowler pioneered in October 1990. Although cancer patients often prefer the laparoscopic procedure, because their recovery is swift and substantially less painful, the operating-room supply costs can be much higher—at NYU Medical Center, they're nearly five times as expensive as open surgery. But the insurance reimbursement paid out to the hospital is no higher than it would be for the open surgery. Nor is the differential unique to colon resections. "Take an outpatient appendectomy—what we get from insurance doesn't even cover the cost of the laparoscopic instruments alone," explains Mona Sonnenshein, vice-president and senior administrator at NYU. And those instruments are largely disposable, used once and discarded.

Some of those higher costs, including operating-room time, will eventually plummet through experience and experimentation. (SUNY's Ferzli has been known to forsake the Endocatch bag, a $139 plastic bag used to surround the kidney during organ removal, in favor of a two-cent Zip-loc baggie.) And already, argue the champions of the minimally invasive approach, hospitals should be recouping costs through shorter hospital stays, which net savings for hospitals since many insurance payers (including Medicare) reimburse them based on the diagnosis, not on the number of days a patient is on the premises.

But there is considerable disagreement on how to do the math in comparing the costs of new and older surgeries. Let's say a new procedure's complication rate is so low that a hospital knows it will have fewer return surgeries as a result—do you factor in that loss, perverse though that might be? Even the shorter hospital stays of laparoscopic patients are considered by some to be a suspect stat. "There's a self-selection involved—the patients who are motivated to get back on their feet go for the surgery that's reputed to have a quicker healing process," says Dr. Stephen Gorfine, a surgeon at Mount Sinai who prefers performing open procedures. "And the minimally invasive surgeons are the biggest cheer-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK CARIOU.

leaders of all—*You're doing great, we'll call a car, we'll get you out of here tomorrow.*"

Many hospitals seem to be heeding overwhelming patient demand, holding their breath and forging ahead with the procedures before the calculus is clear. "There's spillover work that helps the bottom line," points out Dr. Kenneth Abrams, medical director of perioperative services at Mount Sinai. If a patient comes to a given hospital for a particular surgery, that's probably where he'll go for all the other, moneymaking services: the diagnostic tests, the radiological services, and so on. If he's pleased with the care he receives, he'll come back. Says Abrams hopefully: "They'll refer their friends."

There's a long-term concern at play as well: The more patients a hospital attracts, the stronger its negotiating position later on with the insurers. If it pays too much attention to costs and too little attention to patients' wish lists, a hospital finds itself on the start of a perilous downward cycle, with fewer and fewer along for the ride.

SHERRY ZUBRIS, A SECRETARY AT Rutgers in her fifties, learned from her cardiologist in New Jersey that she needed to repair her mitral valve, which was swollen and impairing the functioning of her heart. The problem can be asymptomatic—and was, for the most part, in Sherry's case—so it came as all the more of a shock when her doctor told her she would have to undergo open-chest surgery to fix a problem she had never even felt. Allowing herself to break down and cry as soon as she arrived home, she called her husband, Stephen, at work. Neither of them could imagine this young, healthy woman, who speed-walked with a friend every day at lunch, undergoing the agony of open-chest surgery.

Stephen Zubris spent the next three days researching possibilities on the Internet. Minimally invasive techniques kept coming up. The couple raised the procedure with their cardiologist, who only then mentioned a minimally invasive specialist to whom he sometimes referred his patients, a Dr. Stephen Colvin at NYU. "But if we hadn't done the research, he'd have never even mentioned the possibility to us," says Stephen.

At their doctor's suggestion, the couple went ahead and met with the traditional surgeon he had first recommended. As soon as they asked that surgeon about minimally invasive procedures, says Stephen,

THE TOP MINIMALLY INVASIVE SURGEONS

Doctors are grouped according to specialty; for each, particular areas of minimally invasive expertise are also listed. The list was compiled for *New York* by Castle Connolly Medical Ltd., the publisher of *Top Doctors: New York Metro Area.*

COLON & RECTAL SURGERY

- **Richard Golub** Colon and rectal cancer; laparoscopic surgery
  718-270-3349
  UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL–BROOKLYN
- **Jeffrey W. Milsom**
  Laparoscopic colon and rectal surgery
  212-746-6030
  NEW YORK WEILL CORNELL MEDICAL CENTER/NEW YORK-PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL
- **Peter Rice**
  Laparoscopic surgery; colon and rectal cancer
  718-240-6069
  BROOKDALE UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL CENTER
- **Richard L. Whelan**
  Laparoscopic surgery
  212-305-6136
  COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN CENTER/NEW YORK-PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL
- **Douglass Wong**
  Endorectal ultrasonography; rectal cancer—sphincter-saving surgery
  212-639-5117
  MEMORIAL SLOAN-KETTERING CANCER CENTER

GYNECOLOGIC ONCOLOGY

- **Richard Barakat**
  Laparoscopic surgery; ovarian and uterine cancer
  212-639-2453
  SLOAN-KETTERING
- **John P. Curtin**
  Laparoscopic surgery; ovarian and uterine cancer
  212-263-2353
  NYU MEDICAL CENTER
- **Peter Dottino**
  Laparoscopic surgery
  212-888-8439
  MOUNT SINAI MEDICAL CENTER

NEUROLOGICAL SURGERY

- **Paul Cooper**
  Spine microdiscectomy
  212-263-6514
  NYU MEDICAL CENTER
- **Robert R. Goodman**
  Parkinson's disease; endoscopic neurosurgery
  212-305-3774
  COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN
- **Patrick J. Kelly**
  Stereotactic radiosurgery; movement disorders
  212-263-8002
  NYU MEDICAL CENTER
- **Noel I. Perin**
  Spinal surgery
  212-523-6720
  ST. LUKE'S-ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL CENTER
- **Robert Snow**
  Spinal surgery; pituitary tumors
  212-717-0256
  WEILL CORNELL

OBSTETRICS & GYNECOLOGY

- **Nadeem R. Abu-Rustum**
  Retroperitoneal lymph-node dissection; endometrial and ovarian cancer
  212-639-7051
  SLOAN-KETTERING
- **Martin S. Goldstein**
  Incontinence; laparoscopic hysterectomy; laser myomectomy
  212-472-6500
  MOUNT SINAI
- **Robert Porges**
  Laparoscopic assisted vaginal hysterectomy
  212-263-6362
  NYU MEDICAL CENTER
- **Jamal Rahaman**
  Minimally invasive surgery
  212-427-9898
  MOUNT SINAI
- **Michael J. Slowey**
  Gynecologic surgery
  201-569-7773
  ENGLEWOOD HOSPITAL & MEDICAL CENTER
- **Scott Smilen**
  Urogynecologic surgery; stress incontinence
  212-263-0395
  NYU MEDICAL CENTER
- **Bruce K. Young**
  Fetal surgery
  212-263-6359
  NYU MEDICAL CENTER

OTOLARYNGOLOGY

- **Vijay Anand**
  Sinus disorders/surgery; endoscopic surgery; laryngeal laser surgery
  212-832-3222
  WEILL CORNELL
- **Daniel Igor Branovan**
  Sinus disorders/surgery; endoscopic surgery
  212-979-4200
  NEW YORK EYE & EAR INFIRMARY
- **David Edelstein**
  Endoscopic sinus surgery
  212-452-1500
  MANHATTAN EYE, EAR & THROAT HOSPITAL
- **Marvin Fried**
  Endoscopic sinus surgery
  718-920-2991
  MONTEFIORE MEDICAL CENTER
- **Joseph Jacobs**
  Endoscopic sinus surgery
  212-263-7398
  NYU MEDICAL CENTER
- **Christopher Linstrom**
  Acoustic-nerve tumors; encephalocele
  212-979-4200
  NEW YORK EYE & EAR
- **Clarence T. Sasaki**
  Head and neck cancer; voice/swallowing disorders
  203-785-2592
  YALE-NEW HAVEN HOSPITAL
- **Steven D. Schaefer**
  Sinus disorders/surgery; endoscopic surgery
  212-979-4200
  NEW YORK EYE & EAR

PEDIATRIC SURGERY

- **Edward Shlasko**
  Laparoscopic surgery; robotic surgery
  718-283-7384
  MAIMONIDES MEDICAL CENTER
- **Charles J. Stolar**
  Surgical oncology; neonatal surgery
  212-305-2305
  COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN
- **Gustavo Stringel**
  Laparoscopic surgery
  914-493-7620
  WESTCHESTER MEDICAL CENTER

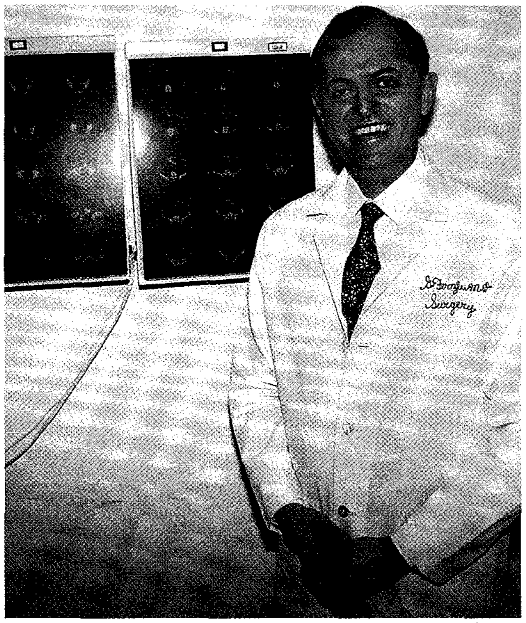
SURGERY

- **Garth H. Ballantyne**
  Laparoscopic surgery; gastroesophageal reflux
  201-996-2959
  HACKENSACK UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER
- **Joel Bauer**
  Colon and rectal ; laparoscopic surgery
  212-517-8600
  MOUNT SINAI
- **Marc Bessler**
  Obesity/bariatric surgery; laparoscopic surgery
  212-305-9506
  COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN
- **George Christoudias**
  Laparoscopic surgery; gastroesophageal reflux
  201-833-2888
  HOLY NAME HOSPITAL
- **Kevin C. Conlon**
  Laparoscopic surgery

still a little annoyed, "it was like a door slammed shut. He told us he doesn't like to do things 'half-assed.' When we asked about cosmetics, he told us, 'We try to keep the scar below the neckline.' That was when we knew we'd be going somewhere else." With Colvin's procedure, a two-and-a-half-inch scar lies mostly unseen, hidden underneath the breast. It wasn't just the scar they were eager to avoid but the six-week recuperation period, and the tremendous pain associated with healing.

Once they met with Colvin, it was "a no-brainer," says Stephen, a bearded man who recounts the story in NYU's sunny lobby on First Avenue. He's waiting to hear the results of the surgery that Colvin ultimately performed. It helped that once they were given Colvin's name, they found more than they could digest about him on the Internet, which is no accident. In a field where old-school surgeons are reluctant to refer patients to laparoscopic surgeons, a strong Web presence—financed, in some cases, by hospital public-relations dollars—is important in attracting potential clients (it also draws in relatively well-educated, wealthy patients, every doctor's favorite kind).

FIRST CUT Dr. George Ferzli of SUNY Downstate on Staten Island.



> "IT USED TO BE THAT A SURGEON WAS LIKE THE SYMBOL OF MAN," SAYS DR. GEORGE FERZLI. "AND WE WERE LIKE THE FEMININE ASPECT OF SURGERY—**WE WERE CALLED WIMPS.**" HE SAVORS THE MEMORY, THEN SHRUGS. "BUT WE WERE RIGHT."

In the operating room, where Sherry has just been anesthetized, everything is hushed and dim. Sherry herself is unidentifiable, her face covered in cloth, the rest of her covered in sterile orange plastic coating so that she looks more cyborg than human. Colvin has made a two-and-a-half-inch-long incision just beneath her breast. A rib retractor has pulled the incision and separated the ribs, so that the access site takes on a round shape, enough to fit three fingers or so through. Peeking surreally in and out of vision, as it pulses insistently amid all the plastic coating, is the left atrium of the heart, which Colvin will cut into to access the valve dividing that chamber from the ventricle below.

But before he can do that, he needs to stop the heart. Through incisions at the groin, he feeds one tube into the femoral artery and one into the femoral vein, following them all the way up to the heart. Those tubes are the lifelines to the heart-lung machine, which will take over the work of oxygenating Sherry's blood. Inside the tube to the femoral artery, he threads a guide wire with a condensed balloon at the end of it; when it reaches the top of the aorta and is expanded, the balloon will block the flow of the blood.

As the room grows even quieter, the balloon is unfurled; that, plus a shot of solution containing potassium, stops the heart's beating. The synchronized bleeping of a nearby electrocardiogram machine ceases. A startling slash of the heart, and Colvin has gained access to its interior, a view accessible to the room through the scope attached to his head. Its images are projected to the four TVs in the room, one of them the highest-quality HDTV available (four times the resolution of DVD, his technician says proudly). Up on the screen, the view is of exposed valve, fatty, yellow, and bulbous instead of flat and translucent, the characteristics of a healthy valve.

Dr. Colvin trims away the unhealthy parts of the valve and stitches together the remaining portions so they fit like a jigsaw puzzle, smoothly. All the knot-tying for the sutures happens at a five- or six-inch remove; each knot is then pushed down to the heart by an instrument called, appropriately, a knotpusher. As Colvin prepares to sew in a stabilizing band, it's like watching someone do intricate embroidery at a five-inch remove from the canvas.

When the balloon is collapsed and retracted, and Sherry's heart has been jump-started with a defibrillator, Colvin directs me to look at an ultrasound of the repaired organ. Before the surgery, the defective flap of the valve was curling back in on itself, and blood, instead of flowing down through it, was being thrown back up to where it had come from. The blood, represented by splashes of red on the screen, looked like the angry expulsions of a volcano. Now those flashes are gone; only a calm blue pulses in that area on the screen. Just under a week later, I call Sherry, who told me my timing was perfect: She was just finishing eating a full Thanksgiving dinner she and her family had delayed for a few days until her return.

For the past five years, alternatives to open-chest surgery have been expanding for some of the most common, and devastating, operations performed on the motor of the body. In the mid-nineties, Lenox Hill's Dr. Valavanur Subramanian helped perfect a coronary-bypass method in which he manipulated one or two grafts through a small incision—without having to use the heart-lung machine, which studies have linked to risks of neurological damage. Since then, he's performed hundreds of successful bypass surgeries this way. But it's a practice limited, for the most part, to people who need only one or two bypasses; the need to manipulate three or four or five coronary arteries—in front, in back, on the side of the heart—usually precludes the possibility of an operation through a small incision.

Soon, heart surgeries could have doctors at an even farther remove, with robots doing the hands-on work. The million-dollar machines have enterprising names like Zeus and Da Vinci and are equipped with arms attached to surgical instruments no bigger than the joint of a finger. The sur-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK CARIOU.

geon sits at a console and manipulates hand instruments; the robot's computer reads those movements and electronically transmits their parameters to the instruments at the end of the robot's arms, which are calibrated to move analogously, only more minutely. The robot smooths out the tremors of a surgeon's hands, which may eventually allow suture tying in small spots that would otherwise be inaccessible.

Colvin has used Zeus for several mitral-valve repairs but concedes that at this point, it's more laborious than his current technique; at New York–Presbyterian, surgeons have repaired holes in the heart through entirely closed-chest surgery with the help of the robot; at Lenox Hill, Subramanian has experimented with the robot to perform single bypasses through an even smaller incision. Right now, the use of the robots is still experimental. But Subramanian hopes that within two years, using Da Vinci, he'll be able to send single-coronary-bypass-operation patients home the next day. "That's the goal of all this," he says. Like every other pioneering minimally invasive surgeon I talked to, he quickly grows frustrated with the pace at which other surgeons are keeping up with the possibilities. "Cardiac surgeons are sleeping," he says. "They don't want to do anything different."

PERHAPS THE ONLY OPERATIONS more traumatic than open-heart surgeries are those related to cancer. Columbia Presbyterian's Richard L. Whelan is currently doing research on laparoscopic surgery that he thinks will transform cancer treatment. Whereas Fowler and Edye are understated, measured in their manner, Whelan is blunt: "Caveman surgery" is what he calls open procedures. "There's a lot of animosity out there, a lot of bad feeling. But that doesn't mean we shouldn't move forward," he says. "This is the way it's going to be."

It's long been known that after major surgery, the body experiences a drop in immunological response for a week or so—the longer the incision, recent research has found, the more significant the drop. Whelan compared the results of patients who'd had procedures performed laparoscopically with those who'd had the surgery through a large incision and found that no comparable drop, or a much less significant one, occurred in the former. The results suggest there would be lower rates of infection in patients operated on with minimally invasive techniques, which is itself a noteworthy advance and supports many

THE TOP MINIMALLY INVASIVE SURGEONS

212-639-8363
SLOAN-KETTERING

- **Gene F. Coppa**
Minimally invasive surgery
718-226-9508
STATEN ISLAND UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL NORTH

- **Michael Edye**
Laparoscopic surgery; transplant—living kidney donor; gastroesophageal reflux
212-263-2350
NYU MEDICAL CENTER

- **Peter Fan**
Laparoscopic surgery; hernia
201-646-0060
HACKENSACK

- **George Ferzli**
Laparoscopic surgery; endocrinologic surgery
718-667-8100
STATEN ISLAND UNIVERSITY NORTH

- **Yuman Fong**
Liver resection
212-639-2016
SLOAN-KETTERING

- **Dennis Fowler**
Minimally invasive surgery
212-746-5599
WEILL CORNELL

- **Amy L. Friedman**
203-785-2565
Transplant—living kidney donor
YALE

- **James Frost**
Vascular surgery; laparoscopic surgery
908-354-3779
UNION HOSPITAL OF NEW JERSEY

- **Michel Gagner**
Morbid obesity; liver and biliary surgery; robotic surgery
212-241-3699
MOUNT SINAI

- **Shawn Garber**
Laparoscopic obesity/bariatric surgery
516-829-7100
ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL

- **Ibrahim M. Ibrahim**
Laparoscopic surgery; obesity/bariatric surgery
201-894-0400
ENGLEWOOD

- **William B. Inabnet**
Thyroid, parathyroid; adrenal and pancreas surgery
212-241-9285
MOUNT SINAI

- **Brian Katz**
Laparoscopic surgery; hernia surgery
212-722-6100
MOUNT SINAI

- **Stephen Pereira**
Laparoscopic surgery
201-343-3433
HACKENSACK

- **Alfons Pomp**
Obesity/bariatric surgery; laparoscopic surgery
212-241-3699
MOUNT SINAI

- **Mark Reiner**
Laparoscopic gastrointestinal surgery
212-879-6677
MOUNT SINAI

- **Mitchell S. Roslin**
Obesity/bariatric surgery; robotic surgery
212-434-3285
LENOX HILL HOSPITAL

- **James C. Rosser Jr.**
Laparoscopic surgery
203-764-9060
YALE

- **Ronald R. Salem**
Cancer surgery; liver, esophageal, and gastric surgery
203-785-3577
YALE

- **Barry A. Salky**
Laparoscopic gastrointestinal surgery
212-987-0410
MOUNT SINAI

- **Hans J. Schmidt**
Morbid obesity/bariatric surgery
201-646-0060
HACKENSACK

- **Neal Seymour**
Gastrointestinal surgery; ulcerative colitis; Crohn's disease
203-785-2563
YALE

- **Fred Silvestri**
Abdominal and bariatric surgery
201-894-0400
ENGLEWOOD

- **Julio A. Teixeira**
Obesity/bariatric surgery; transplant—living kidney donor; laparoscopic surgery
718-920-6228
MONTEFIORE

- **Robert Udelsman**
Oncologic surgery; endocrine surgery
203-785-2697
YALE

- **Martin R. Weiser**
Colectomy; complex anal reconstruction
212-639-6698
SLOAN-KETTERING

- **Alan P. White**
Laparoscopic surgery; gastroesophageal reflux
718-920-5182
MONTEFIORE

- **Leslie Wise**
Laparoscopic surgery
718-780-3288
NEW YORK METHODIST HOSPITAL

THORACIC SURGERY

- **David H. Adams**
Cardiac surgery
212-241-8181
MOUNT SINAI

- **Lishan Aklog**
Beating-heart coronary bypass surgery; robotic cardiac surgery
212-659-6800
MOUNT SINAI

- **John C. Alexander Jr.**
Cardiac surgery; robotic surgery
201-996-2791
HACKENSACK

- **Michael Argenziano**
Robotic surgery for atrial septal defect
212-305-5888
COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN

- **Stephen Colvin**
Cardiac surgery; robotic surgery; heart-valve repair
212-263-6384
NYU MEDICAL CENTER

- **Mark Connolly**
Cardiac surgery
212-434-6030
LENOX HILL

- **Joseph N. Cunningham Jr.**
Cardiac surgery
718-283-8302
MAIMONIDES

- **John Elefteriades**
Heart transplant; aneurysm—abdominal aortic
203-785-2705
YALE

- **Aubrey Galloway**
Cardiac surgery; heart-valve surgery
212-263-7185
NYU MEDICAL CENTER

- **Eugene A. Grossi**
Coronary-artery-bypass graft; mitral-valve surgery; cardiac tumors
212-263-7452
NYU MEDICAL CENTER

- **Steven M. Keller**
Palmar hyperhidrosis
718-920-7580
MONTEFIORE

- **Rocco J. Lafaro**
Cardiac surgery
914-493-7676
WESTCHESTER

- **Samuel Lang**
Cardiac surgery
212-604-2488
ST. VINCENT'S CATHOLIC MEDICAL CENTER OF NEW YORK

- **Didier Loulmet**
Heart-valve surgery; cardiac robotic surgery; endoscopic cardiac surgery
212-434-3000
LENOX HILL

- **Mehmet C. Oz**
Cardiac surgery
212-305-4434
COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN

- **Newell B. Robinson**
Cardiac surgery
516-627-2173
ST. FRANCIS

- **Craig R. Smith**
Coronary-artery

doctors' clinical findings. But there are even more promising studies, on animals, that indicate that the chance of a tumor's recurring after surgery may be greatly reduced with a small incision as opposed to a large one. "It means that if the surgery is performed closed, you're better able to deal with tumor cells left over in a cancer patient," says Whelan. "Those microscopic cells are the reason why a third to half of people who have surgery have recurrences. In open surgery, those cells are given a chance to run rampant right after the surgery. We think we can minimize that."

Until now, the arguments in favor of laparoscopic surgery have been about immediate quality of life: cosmetics, the quicker recovery time, the reduced pain. But reducing pain may be more than just a luxury—it may somehow be bound up in the healing process. One recent study found that among rats with tumors, those given morphine had better survival rates. Surgeons aren't sure whether it's the length of the incision that's most influential or the amount of exposure to microbes in the open air that the organs confront. But either way, "when you start talking about things that dramatically affect life span, then it's game over," says Whelan.

EVEN THE MOST DEVOTED OF minimally invasive surgeons will admit that the procedures have their limiting factors, the most compelling of these being the skill of the surgeon. "Would I let someone who has taken out 25 colons laparoscopically take out my colon?" asks Mount Sinai's Barry Salky. "No way." The learning curve is both slower and steeper for laparoscopic surgeons, so patients are advised to ask carefully about the complication rates of a given doctor as well as the number of procedures he or she has performed.

Not surprisingly, as the number of laparoscopic procedures has risen over the past ten years, so has the number of malpractice suits filed: Between 1990 and 1994, there were 750 laparoscopic malpractice claims; between 1995 and 1999, that number ballooned to 1,426. The uptick raised enough eyebrows that in August 2000, the Physician Insurers Association of America published a study analyzing the most frequent missteps. As the report puts it, "Several of the claims reported indicated that the physician had trouble with visualization of the anatomical structures, which led to the physician dissecting or clipping the wrong duct or artery." Given that it takes around five years for a malpractice claim to makes its way through the system, Lori Bartholomew, director of research for the PIAA, expects to see these numbers keep rising; and so far, the compensation rate has been higher for laparoscopic claims than with the average surgical-malpractice suit. "These are clear-cut injuries that sometimes require another surgery, or even lifelong treatment," says Bartholomew. She adds that hospitals are starting to discourage laparoscopically assisted vaginal hysterectomies, not only because they take longer in the operating room but because "preliminary data suggests we're seeing comparatively higher complication rates in that particular surgery."

There's no denying that closed surgery is more technically challenging than open surgery, although that perception (as well as malpractice rates) may change as medical schools step up the level of training they require for graduates. And it's expected that younger surgeons more familiar with, yes, Nintendo may find the new techniques comparatively intuitive. "It's not that endoscopic surgery is more difficult than open surgery but that it's a different skill set," says Mount Sinai's Abrams. "People who might have been architectural engineers, automobile engineers—those folks would certainly enjoy doing this kind of surgery," he says. "You'll be drawing from a different pool."

Already, it appears that the laparoscopic surgeons are getting a jump start professionally: Dr. Michel Gagner, the innovative chief of Mount Sinai's prestigious minimally-invasive-surgery center, rose to that position at the tender age of 38. Dr. Ferzli—known as one of the most experienced general surgeons in minimally invasive techniques—says his laparoscopic fellows at SUNY Downstate are being offered starting salaries upwards of $50,000 higher than those available to their less-trained surgical counterparts. For two fellowship spots, he received 140 applications in 2001, up from 90 the year before. "And when I interview these candidates," he says, "it's like they're desperate for the spots. The demand is so much higher than the availability."

As more and more medical students come out of surgical residencies with new training, he predicts a generation of in-between doctors—the ones too young to retire but too well established to consider retraining—will be hard-pressed to continue with profitable practices.

"It used to be that a surgeon was like the symbol of man," says Ferzli. "And we were like the feminine aspect of surgery—we were called wimps." He savors the memo-

THE TOP MINIMALLY INVASIVE SURGEONS

surgery; robotic
surgery
212-305-8312
COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN

- **Valavanur Subramanian**
  Cardiac surgery; coronary-artery surgery
  212-434-3000
  LENOX HILL
- **Scott Swanson**
  Lung surgery; esophageal surgery
  212-659-6800
  MOUNT SINAI

UROLOGY

- **Kevin R. Anderson**
  Minimally invasive surgery
  203-785-2815
  YALE
- **Victor Nitti**
  Voiding dysfunction; female urology and incontinence
  646-825-6324
  NYU MEDICAL CENTER
- **Dix P. Poppas**
  Laparoscopic surgery—pediatric
  212-746-5337
  WEILL CORNELL
- **Jay S. Rosen**
  Prostate surgery
  201-489-8900
  HACKENSACK
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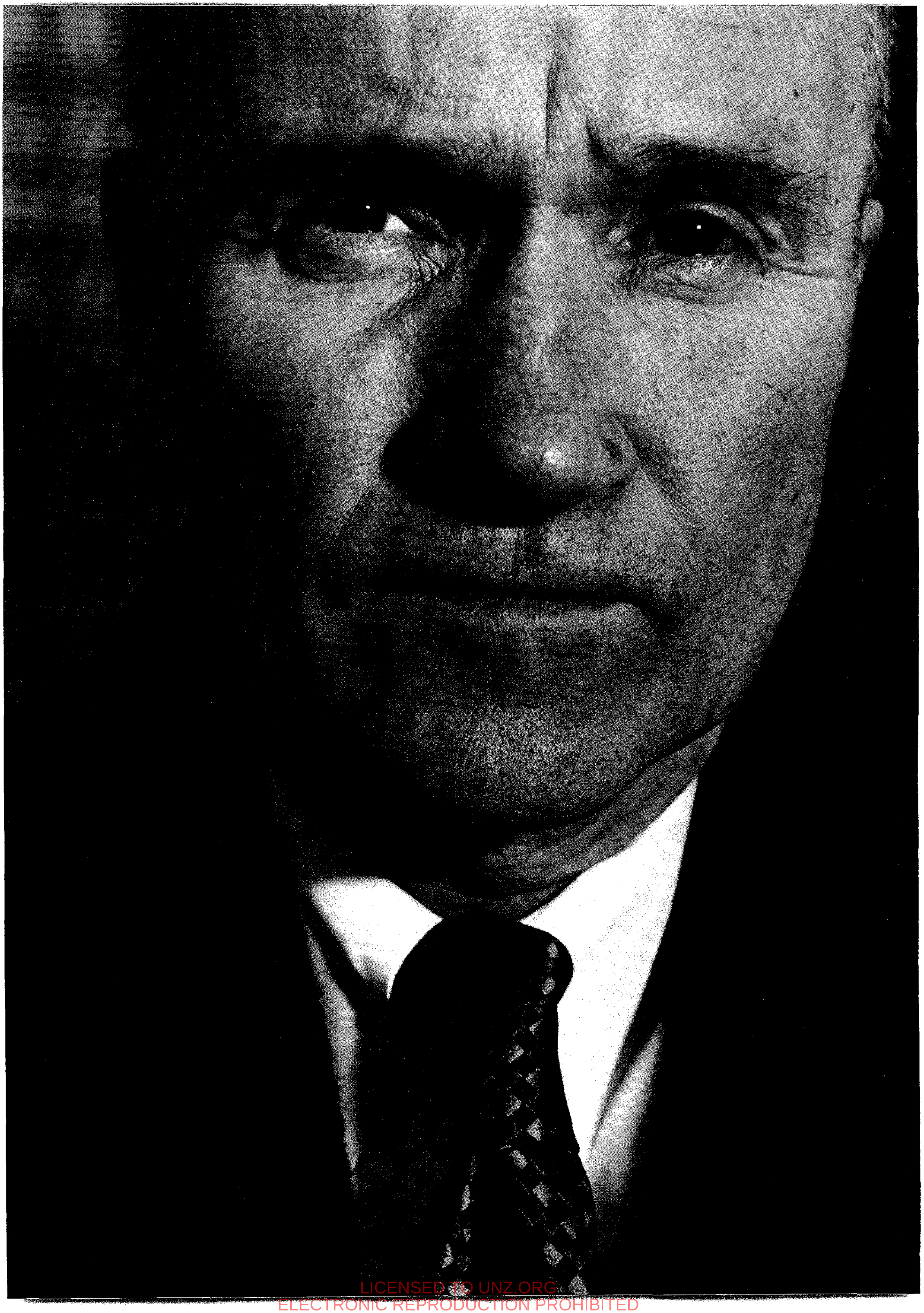
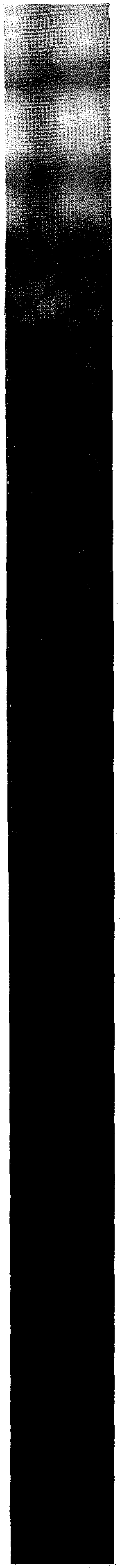




THE TWICE-TOP COP

Mayor Giuliani replaced NYPD commissioner Ray Kelly with Bill Bratton. Then crime dropped by more than 60 percent. Now Mayor Bloomberg has hired Ray Kelly back. Think Kelly's got something to prove?

By Craig Horowitz

On a bright October day several weeks after the attack on the World Trade Center, Ray Kelly and his wife, Veronica, were allowed to return to their Battery Park City apartment for the first time. Though they weren't permitted to move back in (that wouldn't happen for nearly two months), they were able, at least, to survey the scene and to take whatever personal items they could carry. Before the Kellys left the building, a block from the Trade Center, they went up to the roof to look around. Though he had been to ground zero several times, Kelly was stunned by the view overlooking the site: "For the first time, I really saw the breadth and the scope of the damage. What had been our neighborhood—gone. Literally gone. The whole thing. We loved the area, and we were now looking at a pile of rubble that had been like our town."

As they stood on the roof in the afternoon sunlight, his wife quietly weeping, they tried to pick out familiar landmarks in the ruins—the bank, a bookstore. For Kelly, there was a moment of clarity. The kind that a Marine colonel and 31-year veteran of the NYPD would have. "It's not like I hadn't thought about it before. But standing there, the whole scene crystallized for me that this was war and I didn't want to be on the sidelines," says Kelly, who after nearly four decades of an extraordinary life in public service—highlighted by a stint as police commissioner in the David Dinkins administration—had finally settled into a prestigious directorship at Bear Stearns. A job, by the way, that he loved.

"I knew that I wanted to do something," he says. "When you're in government, you don't have much money, but you do have a certain amount of power. You have the ability to make a difference, and I knew at that moment that's what mattered most."

At the time, Kelly had no immediate prospects, even though he'd been advising candidate Michael Bloomberg on law-enforcement issues for nearly a year. To begin with, Bloomberg was, only a few weeks before the election, still an almost laughable long shot. But even if Bloomberg did somehow manage a huge upset, the two men had never discussed a role for Kelly in a Bloomberg administration. In fact, Kelly had convinced the rookie politician that continuity was critical and that he should try to persuade Commissioner Bernard Kerik to stay on.

Even on Election Night, when Bloomberg's improbable victory was assured and it was clear Kerik would not stay, Kelly could be heard in Bloomberg's suite thinking out loud about whom they could get for that job. It wasn't until the next day that Kelly began to seriously think about the possibility of becoming New York's police commissioner, again, himself. The official call came two days later. Kelly was walking on Lexington Avenue when Mayor-elect Bloomberg paged him. They had a brief conversation during which the offer was made, and Kelly said he'd call him back—which he did, rather quickly, to accept.

"It was an opportunity to get back in the business that I know in an organization that I love," says Kelly, who points out, as evidence of his fealty to the NYPD, that in 1993 he turned down the directorship of the FBI to stay on as po-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARC ASNIN

lice commissioner. "This is the best law-enforcement job in the country. But more than anything, I wanted to be a player at this critical time in the history of the city and the history of the department."

SO KELLY HAS ONCE AGAIN GOTTEN his chance to serve. But the old aphorism "Be careful what you wish for" may soon begin to haunt him. For weeks, the city's tabloids have been dotted with panting headlines about a rise in shootings, a spike in murders, record numbers of homeless people on the streets, and even the return of the squeegee men. And these reports are often accompanied by opinion pieces issuing grave warnings about a post-Giuliani return to mayhem and disorder.

Some of the pieces impugn Kelly's qualifications simply by associating him with the Dinkins administration—the op-ed equivalent of warning shots fired in Kelly's direction.

Eight years later, there is the lingering accusation that Kelly was, if not exactly soft on crime, at least willing to accept much of the pre-Giuliani conventional wisdom that there was little cops could actually do about it. When I ask Kelly about this, his demeanor changes. He visibly stiffens but is reluctant to engage. He has nothing to gain from fighting old battles. Especially now. "Was I annoyed about some things that might've been said? Sure. But that's ancient history" is as far as he'll go.

Kelly did, however, begin to move the department in the right direction. Crime went down every month he was police commissioner, which was surprising enough at the time because the Police Department had never actually succeeded in reducing crime. But whatever good he did was completely overshadowed by the Bill Bratton revolution that followed. For Kelly, it's a little like being Buck Showalter—the guy who managed the Yankees before Joe Torre.

"Ray wants to vindicate himself," says someone who knows him well. "He may have been on his way to do great things, but the plug was pulled on him by Rudy Giuliani. He was sent packing not really having done anything wrong but not having had the time to accomplish much. He's also a little embarrassed at what happened when Bratton came in. You know, the fact that he wasn't the one who figured it out."

Besides, the Police Department's enormous success under Giuliani conceals the fact that it's quietly been slipping toward crisis. "From a distance, the NYPD looks like a brand-new, shiny Cadillac," says John Timoney, who just resigned as Philadelphia's immensely popular police commissioner. "But as you get closer, you see that the shiny new car has a seized engine. So Ray's got to go in and fix the engine. There's an awful lot of heavy lifting involved. But even if he is able to get it all done, it'll be a thankless task. He won't get any credit for it because everyone will say, 'The car was fine. I saw it myself.' "

Timoney, who worked for Kelly in the NYPD back in the early nineties and was promoted to first deputy commissioner by Bratton, knows better than most people the bitter irony in this situation. "I think he's getting screwed royally," Timoney says in no uncertain terms. "The first time around, Ray took over as police commissioner more than halfway through another man's term, and I think he did a very good job. Believe me, I know how hard he worked. He set the table for Bratton. But he got no credit. This time, as they say in Brooklyn, it's even *worser*. The place is a mess, and there'll be very little money to do anything. So in some respects, he's been handed a poisoned chalice. But he's the most qualified man in America to deal with it."

YOU COULD ALMOST MAKE the case that Ray Kelly ought to have the office on the fourteenth floor of One Police Plaza based solely on the way he looks. Small, compact, and still tautly muscled from his five-day-a-week workouts, Kelly appears every sinewy inch the Marine he used to be: from his impossibly tight little stubble of a crewcut, which looks more like someone's five o'clock shadow than like a grown man's hairdo, to his highly shined shoes. And then there's the face, that amazing snub-nosed .45 of a kisser that seems to capture once and for all time what a cop in the NYPD ought to look like.

When you get to his qualifications, Kelly actually looks even better—he's the most credentialed, experienced commissioner the department has ever had. He has a law degree from St. John's, which he earned while juggling rotating shifts as a cop. He has a master's in law from NYU, which he earned while working around his four-to-midnight shift. And he has a master's from Harvard's Kennedy School of Government.

He was undersecretary of the Treasury, in charge of the Secret Service; of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms; and of the Customs Service. He also ran the Customs Service alone for three years. He was on the executive committee of Interpol, and for six months, he was in Haiti on behalf of the State Department to establish and train a police force. Oh, and before settling in with the NYPD, he did a tour of duty in Vietnam with the Marines.

Kelly began his working life as a delivery boy while he was still in high school. He joined the NYPD as a teenager in the police-cadet program and stayed with it. He literally worked his way from the very bottom of the department to the very top. And he did it with no relatives in the Police Department and no "hooks"—cop-speak for connections. Kelly has held some 25 different commands in the NYPD: He was a beat cop in East Harlem and a captain in Crown Heights. He worked in anti-crime and the organized-crime-control bureau. He did SWAT-team work and he was in special ops. And the whole time, he stayed in the Marine Corps reserves.

ONCE A COP: Inspector Kelly of the 106th Precinct, circa 1985; Kelly on his way to his swearing-in in 1992, with Mayor David Dinkins. Behind him are his son, NYPD lieutenant Gregory Kelly; his wife, Veronica; and James, another son.

"I like the excitement of being a cop," Kelly says. "The thrill of chasing people and arresting them. There is an aspect of this, of course, where you're helping people and you really have an impact on people's

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN ROCA/NEW YORK DAILY NEWS.

"From a distance, the NYPD looks like a brand-new, shiny Cadillac. **But as you get closer, you see that it has a seized engine.** So Ray's got to go in and fix the engine. It'll be a thankless task."

lives. You feel like you're a participant, like you're part of what's happening."

Kelly is polite, respectful, and even friendly in a cautious, military sort of way. But he can be tough to draw out. "Nobody really knows Ray," says someone who's been close to him for years. "He has good friends, longtime friends. But he has, like, a force field around him. You can see a tender moment. You can hear a candid remark. But you'll never walk away saying *I know that guy better than he knows himself.* Having said that, he's the most instantly likable person I've ever met. Everybody loves Ray."

You can open a small window into Kelly's soul by looking at the way he responds to criticism. Back when he was commissioner the first time, the late columnist Mike McAlary was killing him on a regular basis. Finally, Kelly couldn't take it anymore. He'd had enough and decided he was going to put a stop to it. He got the word out that he was after McAlary, and actually went looking for him in the bars on Second Avenue where the writer was known to hang out.

But Kelly's intent wasn't to have a showdown, to storm in and kick McAlary's ass. It was to talk to him. "I'd never even met him," Kelly says now when I ask him about it. "I used to see him standing in the back at my press conferences, and he'd never say a word. I thought, *This guy doesn't even know me—why's he saying these things about me?* I have fairly substantial credentials. I think I'm the real deal," he says, and then reconsiders, thinking out loud about the way this might sound. "Anyway, I thought we could work it out." Kelly never did find McAlary's bar stool, but the two men eventually talked and became good friends.

THOUGH KELLY IS TOO much of a gentleman to complain (at least publicly) that some history has been rewritten, and too much of a pragmatist to dwell on the past, it must drive him nuts to see his record as police commissioner in '92 and '93 repeatedly mauled, or simply dismissed. He gets credit only for the bad (the community-policing debacle and the horrible Michael Dowd corruption scandal, which led to the Mollen Commission, both of which he inherited) and none of the good (he added 6,000 cops to the force through the Safe Streets, Safe City program).

Kelly did have lousy timing. Through much of his brief tenure, Dinkins and Giuliani were locked in a tense campaign battle, which essentially tied Kelly's hands. He couldn't risk making waves. And unlike Bratton, Kelly did not have an unbridled mandate from his boss to go after crime and disorder. Controlling the streets was never a Dinkins priority.

It is an extremely well-kept secret, however, that it was Kelly—not Bratton and not Giuliani—who actually took care of that reviled icon of urban disorder, that onetime symbol of police and government impotence: the squeegee man. Kelly ordered a study and had just begun to implement his plan when he had to leave office because Giuliani won the election. "We walked in the door and picked up his plan to get rid of the squeegee guys," says a member of Bratton's team, "and we knew we had to finish it. It was great. So we did, and it makes Ray crazy when someone says Bratton or Giuliani is responsible for getting rid of the squeegee guys." (In fairness to Bratton, he gives Kelly full credit in his book and whenever the subject comes up in conversation.)

But each time Bratton and his guys introduced a new strategy, they explained in copious detail why the old way (i.e., Kelly's way) didn't work. (*How's the narcotics unit going to catch anybody when they work nine to five, Monday to Friday? Guess what: The drug dealers work nights and weekends.*) This infuriated Kelly and his supporters. They didn't understand why Bratton couldn't just move forward without dumping on the past. But it was Bratton's management style. He believed you had to tell people why you were making changes.

"Ray's heart is in the right place," says a former member of Bratton's team, "but he has this blind spot. He bought into the whole bureaucratic thing, like the community-policing morass. We came in and said let's try something unique. Instead of community policing, we'll go after the guns. We'll go after the drugs. We'll go after the homicides. And we'll get to the community right after that, if they're still alive."

When Mayor-elect Giuliani was deciding whether to keep Kelly or give the job to Bratton, people familiar with the decision-making say there was one factor that weighed heavily. Giuliani wanted a grand gesture, a substantive and symbolic act to herald the beginning of a new era. One possibility was the firing of a handful of superchiefs at the top of the Police Department's hierarchy. Insiders told Giuliani that Kelly would never do it.

"These guys were a bunch of old biddies; they were obstructionists," says a member of Bratton's team. "But Ray couldn't bring himself to fire them. He should've done it when he first became commissioner, but he couldn't. He'd come up through the ranks with them. He knew them for years. But he believed he could go around them. Of course he couldn't. Ray came from the NYPD culture, and he

PHOTOGRAPH BY ED MOLINARI/NEW YORK DAILY NEWS.

believed a lot of the myths these guys were selling, because he'd heard them repeated his whole adult life."

Bratton got the job, of course, and because he was an outsider, it was easy for him to get rid of the obstructionists Kelly couldn't bring himself to fire. The irony was that once Bratton cleaned house, the guys he promoted to those jobs were Kelly's best and brightest. The guys Kelly had handpicked. The guys he brought along as his personal cadre of advisers. Guys like John Timoney, Lou Anemone, and Mike Julian.

Kelly has a second chance now to create the kind of record he'd like to have, but to do that he needs to surmount some very serious obstacles. His first problem is, how does he top what's been done over the past eight years? He's going to have to create the impression—through accomplishment and effective public relations—that this is the Ray Kelly era.

"Ray can leave his mark," says one insider, "by doing what Bratton was just starting to do, what [Howard] Safir never wanted to do, and what Kerik might've done if he'd had the time. Kelly's the guy who can bring the department back to the people. He's the guy who can make blacks, Asians, Hispanics, everybody feel that this is their department again. That it's not an occupying army."

Someone said to me that Kelly is actually the city's third black police commissioner (along with Ben Ward and Lee Brown, whom he succeeded). He was only partly kidding. Kelly used to spend weekends visiting black churches, working on the relationship between the Police Department and the community. His credibility ran deep enough that in 1997, when Al Sharpton ran for mayor, even he said he wanted "someone like Kelly" as his police commissioner.

> "You can't sit back and tell the city's diverse communities **'We know what you need'** and then shove it down their throats," says Ray Kelly.

"You can't just sit back and tell the city's diverse communities 'We know what you need' and then shove it down their throats," Kelly says. "The department needs to make sure it has more validation about what it's doing. Look, there are 140 different ethnic communities in this city, and they all want the best possible quality of life. Most of it is how you deliver the services."

Communication is also the key, Kelly believes, when cops make a stop. He says he's been involved in hundreds of stop-and-frisks himself, and the difference between a good stop and a bad one is talking, letting the subject know why he's been stopped and exactly what's going to happen. "But I will tell you right now that while I think good community relations are critical, I am absolutely committed to keeping crime down and certain strategies will remain in place," Kelly says. "Like stop-and-frisks, which are a legitimate law-enforcement tool. It's all in how they're handled."

John Timoney says he learned from watching Kelly in '92 and '93 just how critical police-community relations are, and he took those lessons and successfully employed them in Philadelphia. "You remember that madman who shot all those people on the Long Island Rail Road?" Timoney asks, suddenly thinking of a bizarre anecdote. "His name was Colin Ferguson and he left a kind of incoherent, rambling note in which he said he wanted to kill all the white people—except Ray Kelly."

Kelly believes there is a window of opportunity in the aftermath of September 11 to capitalize on the good feeling toward the cops. He's going to have to do this, however, while attempting to deal with a Police Department in crisis. Yes, the cops have performed spectacularly over the past eight years, and crime across all categories is down 64 percent. And yes, the cops were heroic on September 11 and have continued to do heroic work since then. But the NYPD is a tired police department, a department that has been pushed and stretched to its limits.

The department has been spending between $30 million and $50 million a month, month in and month out, on overtime. That money will simply not be there in the coming year. "Cops need to be weaned off overtime anyway," one high-ranking official says. "They need to know they have to do their job and make arrests whether or not they get overtime."

And for all of this remarkable above-and-beyond-the-call effort, the bill, both literally and figuratively, is about to come due—at precisely the same moment that Mayor Bloomberg has called for cuts. It is contract time, and the cops want to be compensated for the work they've done. Anything less than what they believe is fair—which will be an enormous problem given the budget deficit—could send the department spiraling into a deep funk.

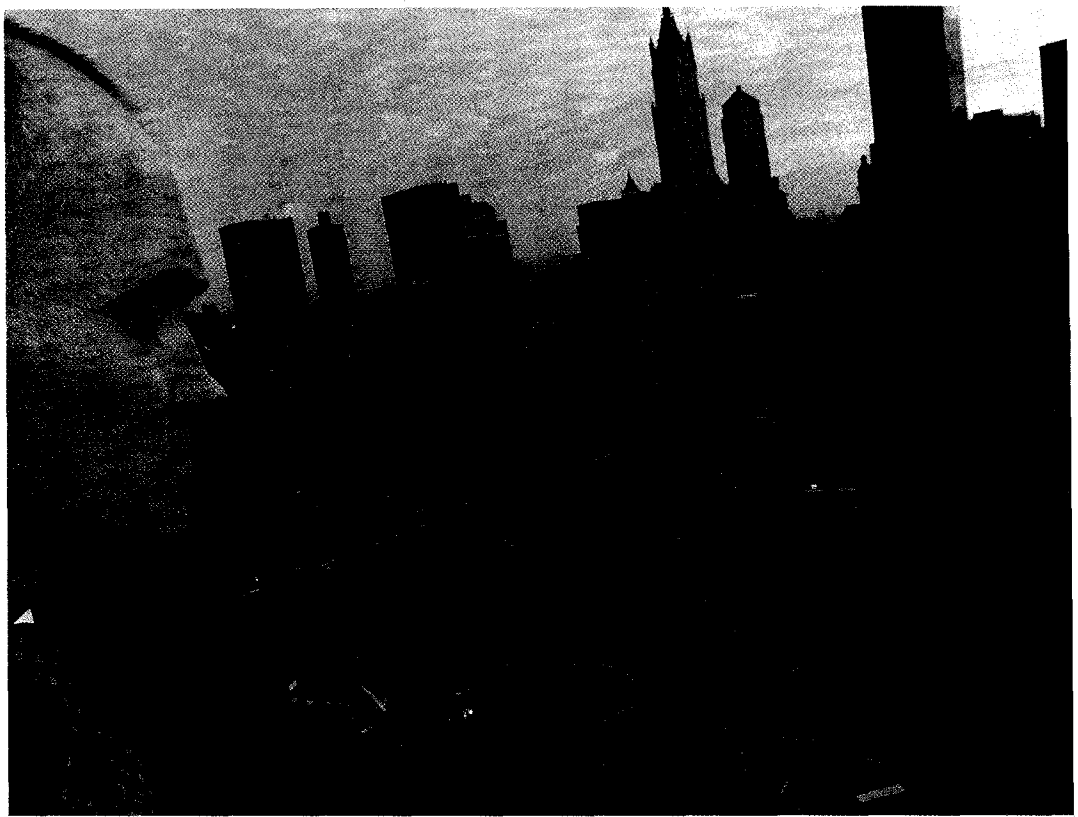
KELLY WILL ALSO HAVE TO FACE AN unusual triple whammy on the personnel front. The NYPD is hemorrhaging talent. As much as 10 percent of the uniformed force could retire this year. The loss of these experienced cops would be tough for the department to absorb under the best of circumstances. But it's losing people faster than it can bring in new recruits. On top of this, the department has perhaps as many as 3,000 more detectives than it actually needs. This means Kelly must find a way to shut down that pipeline—the primary means of rewarding cops who do good work is promoting them to detective—without killing incentive.

Cops are leaving in record numbers for essentially two reasons. With all of the heightened concern about security, private-sector job opportunities have opened up in an unprecedented way. More ominous is the Amadou Diallo scenario: Cops believe there is always a risk of being indicted for an action they might take while doing their job. Consequently, they're not willing to gamble their pension by staying on the job once they've put in their twenty years.

Kelly believes that various legislative possibilities currently being debated that would allow cops to stay on and have their pensions guaranteed will take care of the exodus. On the recruitment front, he says, he will exploit the fact that New York is the advertising capital of the world by bringing on someone to specifically handle the department's marketing efforts. He also believes improved community relations will send a welcoming message to potential recruits.

Many of the bedrock issues Kelly will face are a result of the department's being run almost like a successful but badly managed corporation—badly managed in the sense that all the focus has been on greater and greater short-term profits (lower and lower crime stats) while no attention has been given to long-term planning. "You have to run the department like a business," says Timoney. "But only up to a point. You have to remember that you always have an obligation for the long-term health of the organization. There are a lot of things other than crime that have to be dealt with in a big-city police department, and these have been neglected."

In the case of the NYPD, it means failing to address significant issues—quality-of-



THE LONG VIEW: Kelly on the roof of his Battery Park apartment building, overlooking ground zero.

life issues for cops—like the dismal condition of station houses. Many of the city's police precincts are old, rundown, falling apart, and filthy. "Cops should be proud of where they work," Kelly says. "Maybe we'll seek private-sector help. There's the adopt-a-school program, and maybe we can implement a variation of that."

But as urgent as all of these issues are, Kelly will ultimately be judged by how well he executes what he calls his "three-C approach": crime, counterterrorism, and community relations.

"The crime spikes in other cities are very real and very ominous," says Dr. George Kelling, a fellow at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government and the Manhattan Institute, and a professor at Rutgers. "In Newark, they matched their murder numbers for all of last year in August. And the number of shootings is way up, too."

There are signs that this may be a trend. In Boston, which has often been held up as an example of a city where crime has been reduced without heightening police-community tensions—as has happened in New York—murder was up 67 percent last year. For the same period, New York's murder rate was down 12 percent. "Obviously, a police commissioner wants to keep crime down," says Tom Reppetto, head of the Citizens Crime Commission. "But it's especially true now because the public perception has been changed. The elites never believed the police could control or reduce crime. But because of the success of the last eight years, they do now. So everyone's expectations are different."

Terrorism may present the most difficult challenge of all. When Giuliani was elected, the mandate was clear: End the fear. The fear was of crime and disorder. Deputy police commissioner Jack Maple had an idea: If you tracked the crime and put little colored dots on a map so you knew where the crimes were taking place, all you'd have to do is put the cops where the dots were. Well, it worked. Immediately. Crime began to drop at unprecedented levels, and eventually the fear began to dissipate as well.

Now Ray Kelly has become police commissioner, and he, too, has a clear mandate: End the fear. Except this time, the fear isn't of crime. "It's fear of this amorphous force—terrorism," says a former high-ranking member of the department. "Will a plane fly into my building? Will a truck-bomb explode while I'm taking my children to see the tree? Will a guy with a package strapped to his chest walk into a crowded deli? People are afraid of these things now, and you can't put the cops on those dots 'cause you don't know where those dots are. So Ray has the same mandate Bratton had, but he's chasing quicksilver."

KELLY IS, HOWEVER, UNIQUELY qualified for this task. He was police commissioner the first time the World Trade Center was bombed, back in 1993. Mayor Dinkins was in Japan when the buildings were attacked, so Kelly took the reins. "He was running the city, if not in actual fact, then at least on television," says Reppetto. "When he appeared on TV after the bombing with his the-Marines-have-landed-and-the-situation-is-well-in-hand demeanor, the whole city was reassured. He has that aura. He's strong, and it's clear he's in charge."

Given this background, along with his vast experience navigating the Washington bureaucracy and his international law-enforcement work, Kelly has a shot at being the right man at the right time. And his sense of policing the city has clearly evolved as well.

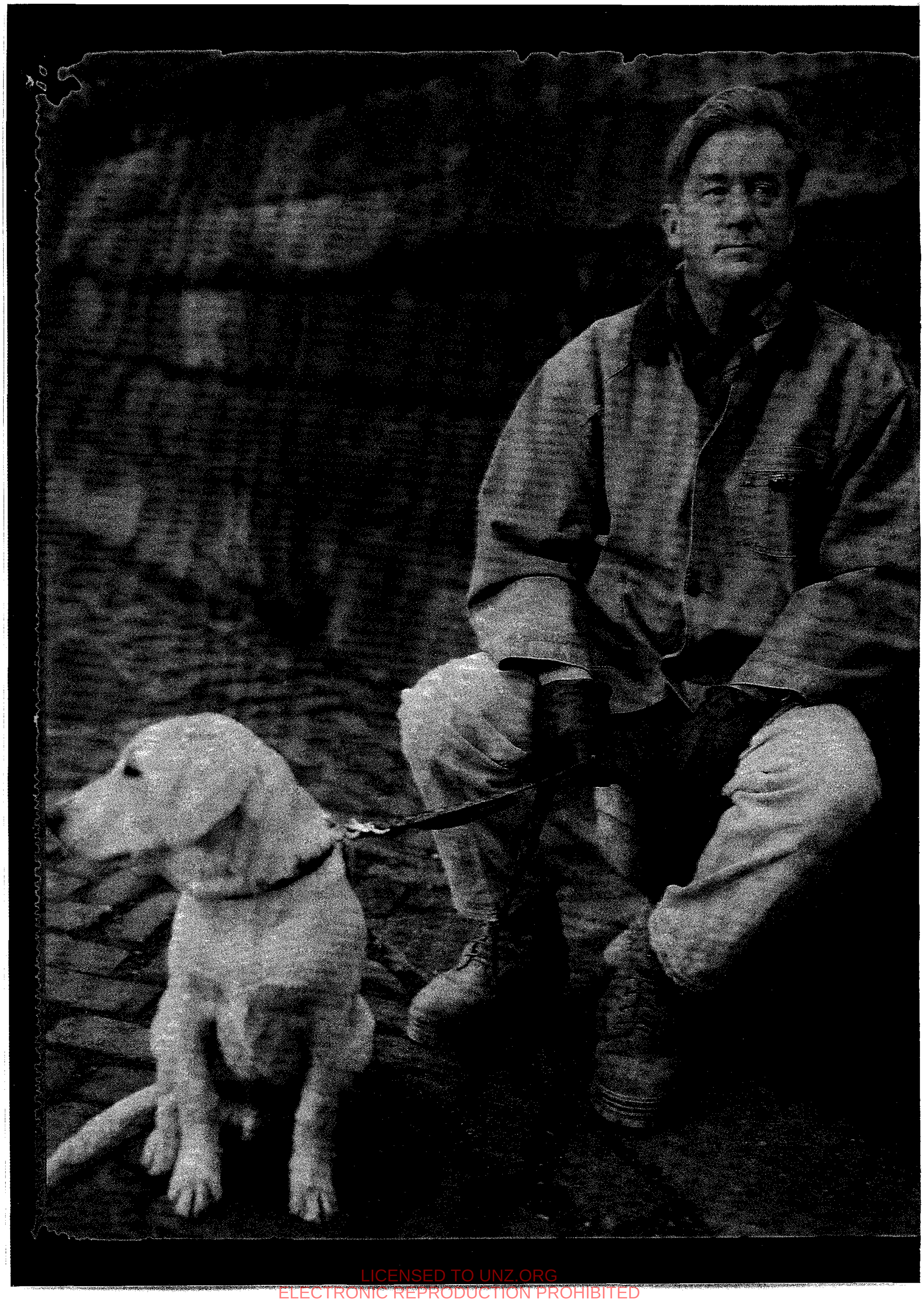
On a rain-soaked afternoon a little more than eight years ago, Kelly and I sat drinking coffee in his office at One Police Plaza. Only weeks away from the end of his tenure as police commissioner, he was both frustrated and philosophical about the state of the city. He recognized the perception that things were out of control. He also recognized that the cops were the most visible agents of law enforcement and therefore the easiest to blame for the chaos.

He knew all the criticisms: not enough drug arrests; not enough quality-of-life arrests; cops don't track down fugitives; cops aren't tough enough. But he also believed that cops were neither the problem nor the solution. "I hope most people realize," he told me then, "that the issue of crime is much broader than the Police Department. There are a lot of problems out there, root causes, that we in law enforcement are never going to solve."

Over the past eight years, however, the Police Department has shown that the root cause of crime is criminals. And Kelly has learned along with everyone else. He knows that the genie is out of the bottle and that no matter how hard they rubbed it before 1994, they simply weren't doing it the right way.

"Job No. 1 is to control crime and disorder," he says now. "The resources are there, the systems are in place, and I believe we can continue to reduce the numbers." ■

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARC ASNIN/CORBIS SABA.



Weld At Heart

Just five years ago, he was governor of Massachusetts and a prospective GOP presidential candidate. Today, William Weld is living with his girlfriend in New York and has a novel coming out. Talk about your midlife crisis! By Meryl Gordon

BILL WELD STRIDES INTO THE KNICKERbocker Club with the offhand confidence of a man completely at home in this pretentious, old-world gentlemen's enclave. And well he should: The former Republican governor of Massachusetts grew up on a vast Long Island estate with a full Social Register pedigree. But he has always relished the role of patrician rebel, and so for tonight's dinner speech, he's wearing a pin-striped charcoal suit with his usual brown lace-up shoes. His amused explanation of this defiant sartorial mismatch: "It's the Yankee in me!"

Six foot four, with aristocratic good looks and a shock of red hair, Weld banters easily with a group of Dartmouth business grad students and wealthy CEO alumni in one of the club's grand rooms overlooking Fifth Avenue. It's a vintage Weld performance: self-deprecating ("Everyone in this room knows more than I do"), glibly well connected ("Rumsfeld's a tough old bird, really good"), and spiked with non sequiturs ("That's all I know about penguins"). As a newly minted New York venture capitalist, he insists he doesn't miss politics: "I'm thrilled not to be managing anything larger than ten people." There's a breezy, devil-may-care quality to his remarks, as if he has no need to impress anyone. When the subject of his new novel, *Stillwater*, published this week, comes up during cocktails, he downplays the achievement, joking, "It's my thirteenth or fourteenth career."

NEW YORK CITY SHOULD INVENT A NEW ZIP Code for all the out-of-work politicians who have recently immigrated to our small, ego-intense island. Just in the past year, we've seen Bob Kerrey and Ann Richards and, of course, Bill Clinton relocate here. But William Floyd Weld's return to the Empire State at 56, after a three-decade absence, has been most memorable for his startling embrace of a completely new life. Elusively charming, headstrong, and erudite, Big Red, as he was known in Boston, has rewritten his entire existence in a mere four years: He left his wife, with whom he has five children, to live with another woman on the Upper East Side; he quit politics and the law for investment banking; and though he has already written two novels as a weekend hobby, he's now making a serious bid for literary respect. He's even tried acting, with a bit part in *Traffic*. As he says, with his trademark mischievous grin, "My greatest motivation in life is fear of boredom."

As his older brother Francis "Tim" Weld, a Manhattan cardiologist, affectionately says, "This isn't his midlife crisis; it's Willie's old-life crisis." Which would all be a private matter, except that Weld keeps loudly hinting that he might want to run for governor of New York some day, after his good friend George Pataki decides to leave the stage. "I'd never run *against* George Pataki," Weld says. "You couldn't get a piece of paper between me and Pataki, we agree on so much." Is Weld really serious about running for office here? "I have to believe Bill's still interested in elective or appointed office. It's what he's done for 30 years," says Mort Zuckerman, *Daily*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEN IRISH

News chairman and an admiring pal since the early seventies. "Bill's iconoclastic—he's not someone who fits the constraints of the Wasp world. He's voracious in terms of learning, doing, experimenting. The guy is dazzlingly brilliant." And oh, so restless.

Even as Weld professes that he loves his new job and his fiction-writi
want to be **Governor Weld** again, only this time from his ne

WELD HAS ALWAYS been an intellectual show-off; as Harvard classmate Scott Asen, now a New York financier, recalls, "Bill was one of the golden boys. He was famous for playing three games of chess at a time—while blindfolded." His various incarnations include: Rhodes scholar, white-shoe Boston lawyer, House Judiciary Committee attorney during the Watergate hearings, marriage into a famous political family (Susan Roosevelt, great-granddaughter of Teddy), U.S. Attorney, Justice Department legal eagle under Reagan, and wildly popular two-time Republican governor of the nation's most liberal state. For years, Weld had national ambitions, and now he says he's sorry he didn't run for the 1996 GOP presidential nomination instead of trying to unseat Massachusetts senator John Kerry.

That losing battle was an emotional turning point. In 1997, he quit the governorship a year early to pursue a stubborn and quixotic effort to get Jesse Helms to confirm him as Bill Clinton's ambassador to Mexico. Even his admirers were baffled as to why Weld wanted the job, not to mention why this pro-choice Republican chose to taunt Helms rather than charm him. "I'm crazy about Bill Weld, but he wasn't thinking straight about how he handled the Jesse thing," says Haley Barbour, the former Republican National Committee chairman. Washington lawyer Greg Craig, a Harvard classmate of Weld's who was at the State Department during the confirmation battle, says, "Bill has good political instincts, but he's totally independent and unpredictable. He didn't sufficiently understand Washington ways."

Following this double career debacle—the loss to Kerry followed by the loss to Helms—Weld began commuting to New York to run the New York office of a Boston law firm. His wife, a China scholar and Harvard lecturer, remained in Boston so their children could finish high school. Passion lurked in lonely-guy Manhattan: The pol embarked on a light-up-the-room romance with Leslie Marshall, a divorced magazine writer and longtime family friend. "Bill has never been a womanizer," says friend Scott Asen. "He took a step from one to the other. You can't call it a frivolous act."

Weld officially separated from his wife of 26 years in mid-2000, and they filed for divorce this fall. She now works in Manhattan as an executive recruiter. The divorce has, by all accounts, been wrenching for his family. "I love his wife. It's heartbreaking for her," says Tim Weld. "She's an extraordinary person—and so is his current choice." (Weld can wryly joke about these "two strong women and the wretch who binds them together.") He now lives with Marshall and her children, twin 12-year-old girls and a 9-year-old boy, in two upstairs-downstairs apartments in the East Nineties. Another irreverent redhead who can match Weld's entertaining banter, Marshall shares his outdoorsy passions at her own country retreat (in the upstate fishing paradise of the Beaverkill) and his large spread (a robber-baron-style hunting camp in the Adirondacks right by the Ausable Club). She also appreciates his desire to write fiction on weekends; she has just completed a first novel. "Leslie's beautiful and very clever," says Sally Quinn, the Washington reporter married to former Washington *Post* editor Ben Bradlee, "and Bill's been fabulous with Leslie's children." (Marshall used to be married to Quinn's stepson Dino Bradlee, a Trump executive.)

Weld did not contest much in the divorce. "I didn't take anything out of the house in Cambridge except my underpants," he says, sitting in his office on a high floor in an office building next to Barneys, a sunny room with no mementos of his past, just a large wooden desk, club chairs, and a dying plant. He's enjoying his life on the town with Marshall; they're out for dinner almost every night, often at such table-hopping spots as La Goulue. But Weld's brash façade fades when the conversation turns to the effect of the breakup on his own children (Stanford Ph.D. candidate David, 25; University of Chicago med-school student Ethel, 24; Yale graduate Mary, 22; NYU student Quentin, 21; and Franny, 18, an MIT freshman). "It's got to hurt. They're more than civil; nobody ever threw any china at me," says Weld. "But their first allegiance is to Sue-Sue, as it should be."

While it's impossible to say what role family history plays in the unraveling of a marriage, Weld has three older siblings, and as his sister, Anne Weld Collins, points out, "three out of four of us have left our spouses." Any theories? "Maybe we've rebelled because we grew up in such a square, Waspy family," says the divorced and remarried Collins, a real-estate salesperson with Stribling & Associates. "Our parents were not totally in love with each other; they put up with each other. Most people are not going to do that these days." Mention this idea to Weld, the beloved postwar baby of the family, and he looks startled, saying, "I would have said our parents had a storybook marriage."

Weld used large chunks of his adult autobiography in dashing off two earlier political thrillers, *Mackerel by Moonlight* and *Big Ugly*. He dictated the books ("ten pages an hour," transcribed by a secretary) as a lark, starting in 1997, and they received lukewarm reviews. Both feature the exploits of alter ego Terry Mullally, a smart-ass prosecutor turned politician who loves Latin and grammar, takes on the Establishment, excels at snappy patter, and has no qualms about ruthlessly cutting corners to get ahead. (Yes, there were sex scenes, but Jackie Collins has nothing to fear from the discreet Weld.)

For *Stillwater,* he laboriously took pen to legal pad and spent months crafting the language and images, and the extra effort shows. The result is a haunting coming-of-age story, set in 1938, about a real-life Western Massachusetts land grab in which neighboring villages were flooded to create a reservoir. Told from the naïve and mournful perspective of a teenage boy, *Stillwater* is lyrical in its description of love and loss and the rustic joys of nature. "He's turned his attention to a very different kind of writing in this book," says Alice Mayhew, Weld's editor at Simon & Schuster. "He's enormously talented." Early reviews have been quite positive: *Publishers Weekly* called *Stillwater* a "splendid read," and *Kirkus Reviews* described it as a "quite entertaining tale." But Weld wants *respect.* "Did you think those reviews were good?" he asked me, in a rare moment of doubt. "I thought they were B, maybe B-plus."

This book is far more autobiographical than the others, inspired by Weld's childhood loss of two magical pieces of property: his parents' 600-acre working farm in Smithtown, Long Island, and his grandparents' equally enormous spread in Mastic. The first was taken by Suffolk County through eminent domain for park land; the villain was none other than Robert Moses. “Moses was not a political ally of my father,” says Weld, whose father, David Weld, was a local Republican leader as well as an investment banker in the family's blue-chip firm, White, Weld & Co. “Moses had his eye on that piece of property for a long time. My father fought him off for a dozen years.” Weld says that when he was 15, the age of his fictional hero, and deeply attached to the land, his parents informed him that the idyllic home was imperiled. In 1965, his parents finally lost the battle, and the land became Blydenburgh Park. His father died of a heart attack at 61 while playing golf in 1972; his mother, Mary, died in 1986.

Tim Weld has a contrary view of the family's land history, insisting, “Father was in cahoots with Robert Moses to preserve the land, at a time when matchbox houses were being built all over Long Island. Bill was a little guy—he didn't know what was going on. But it was painful for all of us.”

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ome state of **New York**.

The Weld family has a rich New York heritage: Bill was named after a descendant on his mother's side of the family, William Floyd, a Revolutionary War general whose family manse in Mastic was occupied by the British. “I heard he was the dumbest signer of the Declaration of Independence,” jokes Weld, downplaying his pedigree. Yet in *Stillwater,* Weld has created a memorable character named Hannah, an abandoned girl who believes she has lived in other centuries and remembers her past lives dating back to the Revolutionary War. Sounding surprisingly Shirley MacLaine–esque, he says, “When people look so much like their parents and grandparents, that's DNA. I don't see why memory cells can't come down from generation to generation.”

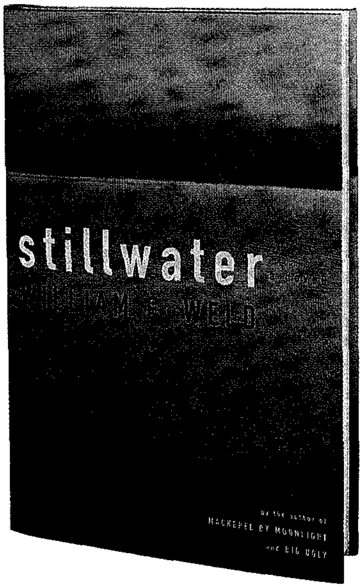
WELD AND HIS SIBlings grew up hearing their father rail about how much he hated working for the family's investment bank, a Wall Street firm founded at the turn of the century (since sold to Merrill Lynch). He wanted something nobler for his trust-fund children. “Our father said, ‘Don't even think about working on Wall Street—I'll blackball you at every firm,’ ” recalls David Weld, a science teacher turned executive director of the American Lyme Disease Foundation and, at 63, the oldest of the Weld clan.

So it's ironic that last year Weld rebelliously took up the very profession of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, signing on as a principal in the firm of the irrepressible Jeffrey T. Leeds, a former Lazard Frères investment banker and early backer of Christopher Whittle's Edison Schools. Now Leeds Weld & Co. has raised more than $250 million to invest in for-profit educational ventures, from vocational schools to foreign medical programs.

“I don't feel disloyal to my father,” says Weld, as we take an early-morning walk in Central Park from his East Side home to his office. “I've had a lot of other careers.” He also admits that he needs to earn a sizable living—his inheritance was depleted by his years in public service, and then there's the expense of educating his children, not to mention the divorce. As a deal-maker, though, Weld insists he's no Gordon Gekko, but rather an old-fashioned gentleman banker. “Jeffrey is the financial genius, and he comes in like the Gyro Gearloose character out of Donald Duck,” says Weld. “I'm the one who gets you to ‘yes’ on a deal. I'm not the one who fights over the last nickel.” In fact, Weld is so comically, resolutely old-school that even though he's hustling educational investments, he has truculently refused to learn how to operate a computer. “I was a Latin major. I'm an antiquarian,” he says. “I have a Nero Wolf–ian distrust of all machines.” (Yes, he carries a cell phone, but insists his trusty leather address book is far superior to a Palm handheld.) Leeds, who clearly enjoys Weld's high-Wasp shtick, says the former governor brings to the business an ample Rolodex—“He knows a ton of people”—as well as a quirky analytical mind and a useful poker face. “Bill's style is ‘Don't let them see you sweat,’ ” says Leeds, adding, “I'm a big sweater.”

Yet even as Weld professes that he loves “the steep learning curve” of his new job, not to mention his fiction-writing weekends (he's already started a new book), he keeps hinting that he still might want to be Governor Weld again, this time from his home state. Not that he's doing anything to set himself up for the job, mind you, but he keeps *talking* about it, to the New York *Times,* to the Boston *Globe,* and to me, to keep the idea afloat. “The contrarian in me thinks it would be fun to follow in Sam Houston's footsteps,” says Weld, referring to Houston's neat trick of governing two states, first Tennessee and then Texas. “It has to be five years away or I don't satisfy the residency requirement. Perhaps that's why I've chosen that as my pipe dream.”

He'd have a better claim as a local son than fellow Watergate lawyer and friend Hillary Clinton. And an eventual Weld race would be fun to watch. As Massachusetts governor, Weld was known as a Jack Daniels–drinking, Grateful Dead–loving pol with a wild streak, once diving fully clothed into the Charles River after signing an environmental bill. Another politician who moved to New York recently—Bob Kerrey, the former Nebraska senator—says of his new pal, “I'm looking forward to seeing Bill jump into the Hudson.”



But Weld's fantasy doesn't go over well with people who have a more long-term investment in New York politics. “He's an arrogant blowhard,” sniffs one politically connected Wall Streeter. “The guy doesn't have a lot of judgment or sense.” Haley Barbour thinks that Weld's socially liberal and fiscally conservative credentials could play well in New York—this is, after all, the home of Rockefeller Republicanism.

His siblings and friends guess he'll just keep moving on, constantly trying new things to stave off boredom. “Bill will do anything as long as he's challenged,” says Tim Weld. “He can't stand repetition. He's been this way since he was 9.” One pal who has known him through all his incarnations framed the question this way: “What'll be interesting is where the guy will be in fifteen years. Will he be a pathetic shell of a dreamer who had enormous potential? Or will he keep leading a roller-coaster life and land on his feet?” ■

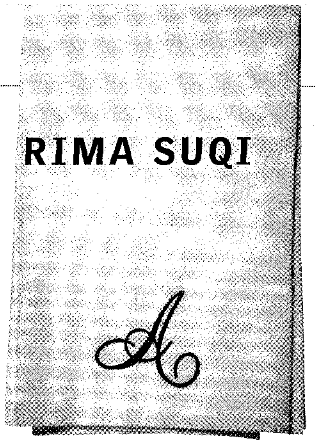
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW MCCAUL.

Best Bets

Nothing beefs up a basic like putting a name or a picture on it. But personalizing calls for planning, and with a certain Hallmark holiday only a month away, the time to act is now.

Kiddo Was His Name-o Your furry friend may not be able to tell admirers his name, but this hoodie can say it for him. In sizes extra-small (toy breeds) to large (boxer-size pups). $48 for a sweatshirt, plus $2 per character. Allow two to three weeks.

► **GIRL ON THE STREET**
718-622-9557
www.girlonthestreet.com



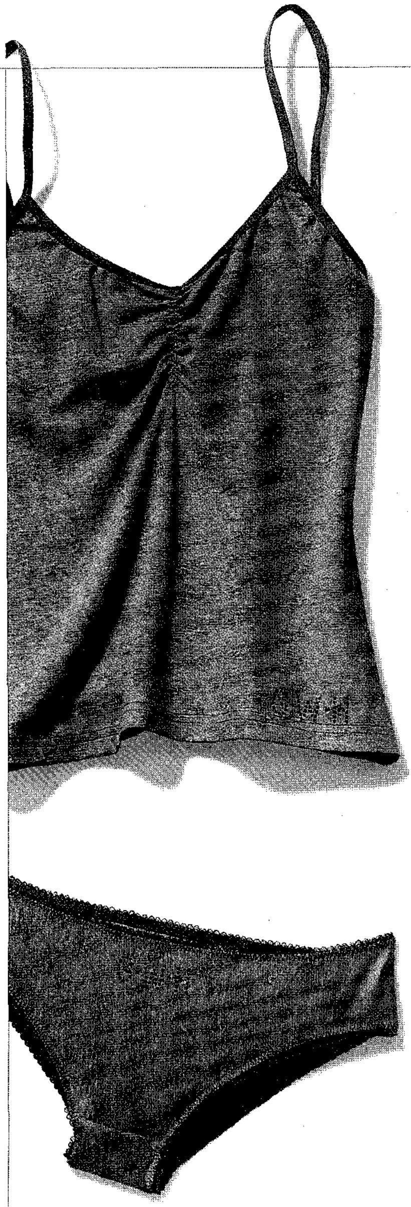
From the Lip Paper napkins? So passé. Disposable linen is a hostess's new best friend. Basiques will customize napkins in three sizes (cocktail, hand towel, and dinner napkin) with up to three lines of text. Prices range from $51 for 50 cocktail napkins to $81 for 100 dinner napkins. Allow five to seven days.

► **BASIQUES**
380 Bleecker Street/212-414-1783

Get the Picture? Send Tami Romero Hatter photographs or e-mail her your jpegs, and she'll size them down and make them into hip, unpretentious jewelry. Styles include cuff links, money clips, key chains, bracelets, and necklaces. Priced from $50 for a key ring to $150 for a sterling-silver necklace. Allow two weeks.

► **ROMERO DESIGNS**
203-531-5265
www.romeodesigns.com

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE WISBAUER



Panty Raid

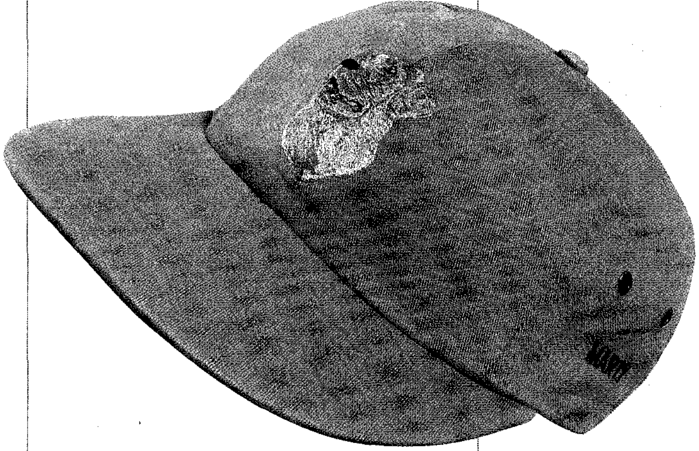
Make your underwear just that much more intimate: Underglam's camisoles and panties can be customized with red or white Swarovski crystals. Camisole, $52; underwear, $44. Allow two weeks.

► **SHOP**
105 Stanton Street/212-375-0304

Top Picks

So your daughter didn't letter in volleyball. No problem: Groove Camp's stretch cotton tees for teens can be personalized with up to nine varsity-style characters. One size (fits up to about a size 6). $26 for shirt, plus $5 for each letter. Allow two weeks.

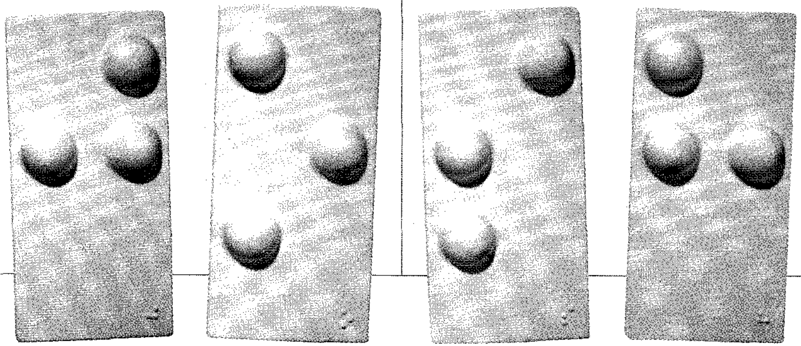
► **INFINITY**
1116 Madison Avenue, at 83rd Street/212-517-4232
► **BETWIXT**
245 West 10th Street/212-243-8590



See Me, Feel Me

Canadian designer Dennis Lin created an alphabet of six-by-twelve-inch Braille tiles that are meant to be seen as well as touched. Made from durable cast polymer, they're suitable for indoors or out. Mix and match to create your own secret messages ($50 each).

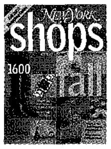
► **TOTEM DESIGN GROUP**
71 Franklin Street/212-925-5506
www.totemdesign.com



Good Breeding

Who isn't his dog's biggest fan? Orvis's cap comes embroidered with your choice of dog (everything from Jack Russells to Weimaraners and, of course, Labs). For an extra $5, they'll put the pooch's name on it, too ($24; catalog and Internet orders only).

► **ORVIS**
800-541-3541
www.orvis.com


Check out the fall 2001 issue of **New York Shops**, our guide to the city's best stores, including a six-month roundup of "Sales & Bargains." On sale at newsstands now. To order a copy, call 800-496-7833 ($4.99 plus $2 shipping and handling).

Melting Pots

Say cheese (or chocolate): With one of these cute fondue sets, you can have a festive, inexpensive feast in a flash.

HOT POTS: Clockwise from left, fondue sets from Crate & Barrel, Le Creuset, Trudeau, Copco, and Roshco.

LIKE TWISTER, KEY PARTIES, and other touchy-feely seventies trends, fondue pots are back. Today, you can find everything from the cast-iron Le Creuset your mom put on her bridal registry to sleek nuke-and-serve porcelain versions. The best part is, none of this stuff will set you back more than a good pair of bell-bottomed jeans.

Get your chocolate fixes this winter with small, microwavable fondue pots. We like **Crate & Barrel**'s streamlined hourglass-shaped one ($12.95) and **Trudeau**'s seashell-shaped version ($14.98 at Zabar's). Both are sleek enough to work with your hip contemporary furniture and are fueled by votive candles for heat. Each holds about one and a half cups of fondue—just enough for you and a few friends.

Classicists and cheese lovers will be charmed by **Le Creuset**'s small, versatile ¾-quart pot ($45 at Gracious Home). The porcelain coating is ideal for making cheese fondue (it makes for a crispy layer on the bottom). And like all cast iron, it can go in the oven and on the stove (so you can heat and serve your fondue in the same dish). It comes in larger sizes, too.

For meat fondues, try **Roshco**'s porcelain-coated steel set, which holds enough to feed six ($29.99 at Macy's). Steel conducts enough heat to poach bits of meat, fish, chicken, and seafood at the table (and to fry it for a traditional bourguignonne).

Want everything in one pot? Try the **Copco** set ($49.99 at Bed Bath & Beyond). It's made from heavy-duty stainless steel and uses a fuel burner, so it gets hot enough for meat, but it can also be used with votive candles, which won't scald your cheese and chocolate.

Now all you need to find is someone to kiss when you "accidentally" drop your bread in the pot. JADA YUAN

Crate & Barrel, 650 Madison Ave., at 59th St. (212-308-0011); Zabar's, 2245 Broadway, near 80th St. (212-787-2000); Gracious Home, 1220 Third Ave., at 70th St. (212-517-6300), and 1992 Broadway, at 67th St. (212-231-7800); Macy's (212-494-4181); Bed Bath & Beyond, 410 E. 61st St. (646-215-4702), and 620 Sixth Ave., at 18th St. (212-255-3550).

Picks of the Week

R by 45rpm has leather and wool clothes and accessories for half off ($57 to $1,100). 169 Mercer St. (917-237-0045); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.-Sat. 11-7, Sun. noon-7; 1/11-1/20.

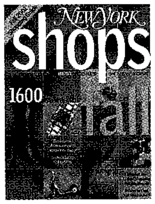
Michèle Saint-Laurent's French maternity gear is 30 to 80 percent off ($20 to $440). 1028 Lexington Ave., near 73rd St. (212-452-4200); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 10-7, Sat. 10-6, Sun. noon-5; 1/7-2/2.

Anne Fontaine is clearing chic women's shirts for 30 to 50 percent off ($50 to $225). 791 Madison Ave., at 67th St., and 93 Greene St. (212-639-9651); A.E., M.C., V.; call for store hours; 1/12-1/27.

Anne Dee Goldin's huge collection of fur and shearling coats and accessories are 30 to 50 percent off ($175 to $20,000). 150 W. 30th St., fifth floor (212-239-0512); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. noon-4; 1/10-1/19.

Suarez has timeless bags (and matching shoes, of course) that are now 30 to 70 percent off ($60 to $190). 450 Park Ave., at 57th St. (212-753-3758); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 10-6; 1/7-1/19.

Cashmere Cashmere's classic Scottish sweaters, gloves, and scarves for men and women are 70 percent off ($29 to $359). 965 Madison Ave., near 75th St. (212-988-5252); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 10-6; 1/7-2/2.



SEND SALE ANNOUNCEMENTS TO: nymsales@primediamags.com four weeks before the sale starts or write to S&B Editor, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. For information, call 212-508-0570. Check out the fall 2001 issue of **New York Shops**, our guide to the city's best stores, including a six-month roundup of "Sales & Bargains." On sale at newsstands now. To order a copy, call 800-496-7833 ($4.99 plus $2 shipping and handling).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AIMÉE HERRING.

WINTER getaways

THIS WINTER, FLEE THE FICKLE WHIMS OF OLD-MAN WINTER WITH A MUCH-DESERVED GETAWAY. INSIDE, WE'VE COMPILED HOT PICKS AT COOL PRICES. WITH THESE DEALS, WHO COULD RESIST?

Re-connect on Barbados' beaches

Blissful Barbados

SITTING EASTERNMOST IN THE Caribbean affords this small island – just 21 miles long and 14 wide – a climatic advantage. The weather, like the people, stays warm and friendly year-round. Perfect for a mid-winter escape.

And, it's easier now than ever to reach Barbados (1-800-221-9831; www.Barbados.org) via US Airways' non-stop service from Philadelphia, with easy connections from New York airports, departing Philly four days a week.

Barbados, having declared independence from England only 30 years ago, presents a tantalizing combination of local and British ambience. Afternoon tea is still taken in many hotels, and cricket is still played, but island residents celebrate their local heritage with festivals, calypso music, art, crafts, and native cuisine.

Barbados is a natural beauty. From its rugged-northern coastline to its gentle, deep-turquoise Caribbean shoreline, this small place packs a nature-

Creative Services Director: Beverly Hood Allen Editor: Christy Casamassima Creative: Wink Creative Writer: Mitch Kaplan Research: Lory Conklin

Bask in the privacy of secluded spots

lover's wallop. Caves filled with prehistoric formations abound; the bird watching at Welchman Hall Gully National Park is fantastic; the Barbados Flower Forest displays acres of bright blooms and exotic trees; the eastern panoramas from atop Cherry Tree Hill are nothing short of breathtaking; the Arbib Heritage and Nature Trail has won ecotourism awards; and, of course, the beaches – like the acclaimed Crane Beach – are simply superb.

Active vacationers find a line-up that includes surfing, body surfing, scuba diving, snorkeling, water-skiing, hiking, biking, cave exploration, horseback riding, golf, and sport fishing – among others. Seafarers can sail and submerge in a submarine. And, history and culture buffs find an island rich in historical plantation houses and museums, including Tyrol Cot Heritage Village, a living-history museum.

Then, of course, there's the shopping, dining and night life. Shopping is tax-free in Bridgetown, and the wares run from jewelry and fine fashions to electronics, lingerie, and collectibles. Hungry? Indulge in the local specialties: flying fish, a national dish; cou-cou (cornmeal and okra); a spicy stew called pepperpot; and a tasty Guinea creation of corn and greens called jug-jug. A full world of cuisine is at your fingertips here, from beachfront cafés to five-star restaurants. This island pleases all palates.

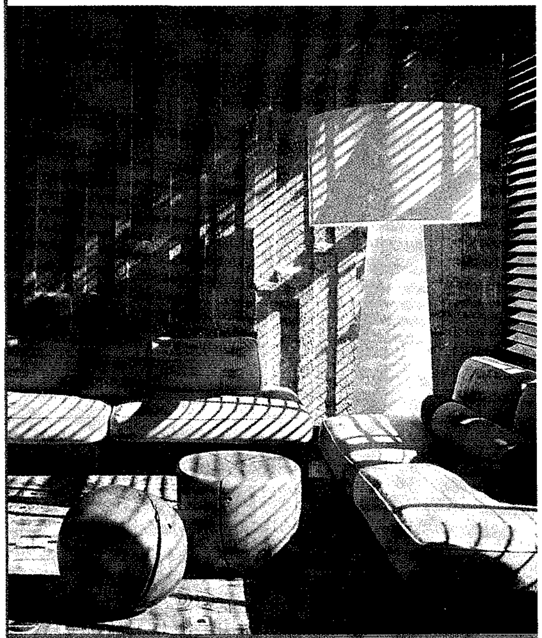
Night owls thrive at dinner shows, nightclubs, or sports bars. Bridgetown's Baxter's Road comes alive at 11 p.m. with dancing and live music. Or, if it's a string quartet you prefer, stop at Sandy Lane's Starlight Terrace. Jazz lovers will want to hop a mid-January US Airways' flight to the Jazz Festival of the Caribbean. From January 14-20, the island welcomes world-class stars including Dionne Warwick, Freddy Cole, and Dianne Reeves, who perform in such rich venues as Heritage Park and Farley Hill National Park.

Altogether, there's every reason to escape to Barbados. The island's friendly, lodging of all stripes is abundant, and it's easier than ever to get there. ■

Casual Chic

SOMETIMES GETTING AWAY isn't so much about a place, but about ambience, service, relaxation and, yes, indulgence.

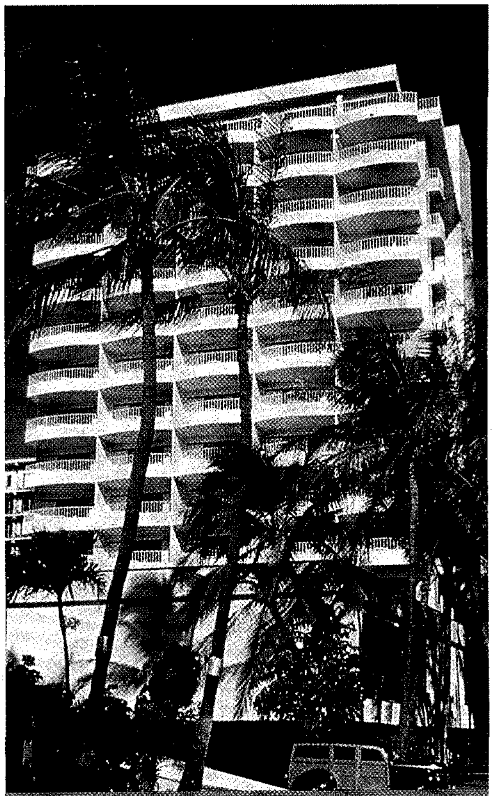
W Hotels (1-877-WHOTELS, 1-877-946-8357; www.whotels.com) fills the bill. This collection of "style" hotels is conceived with businesspeople and savvy travelers in mind. Designed to be warm, welcoming, chic, spacious, and state-of-the-art, each individual hotel reflects its own personality and the best of its home city.



California dreaming: W LA

With 20 locations reaching from New York, Philadelphia, and Atlanta, to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Honolulu, and Sydney, Australia, W can provide a respite in some of the world's most exciting and dynamic cities – all in locations that put business districts, convention centers, shopping, dining, and night life at your fingertips.

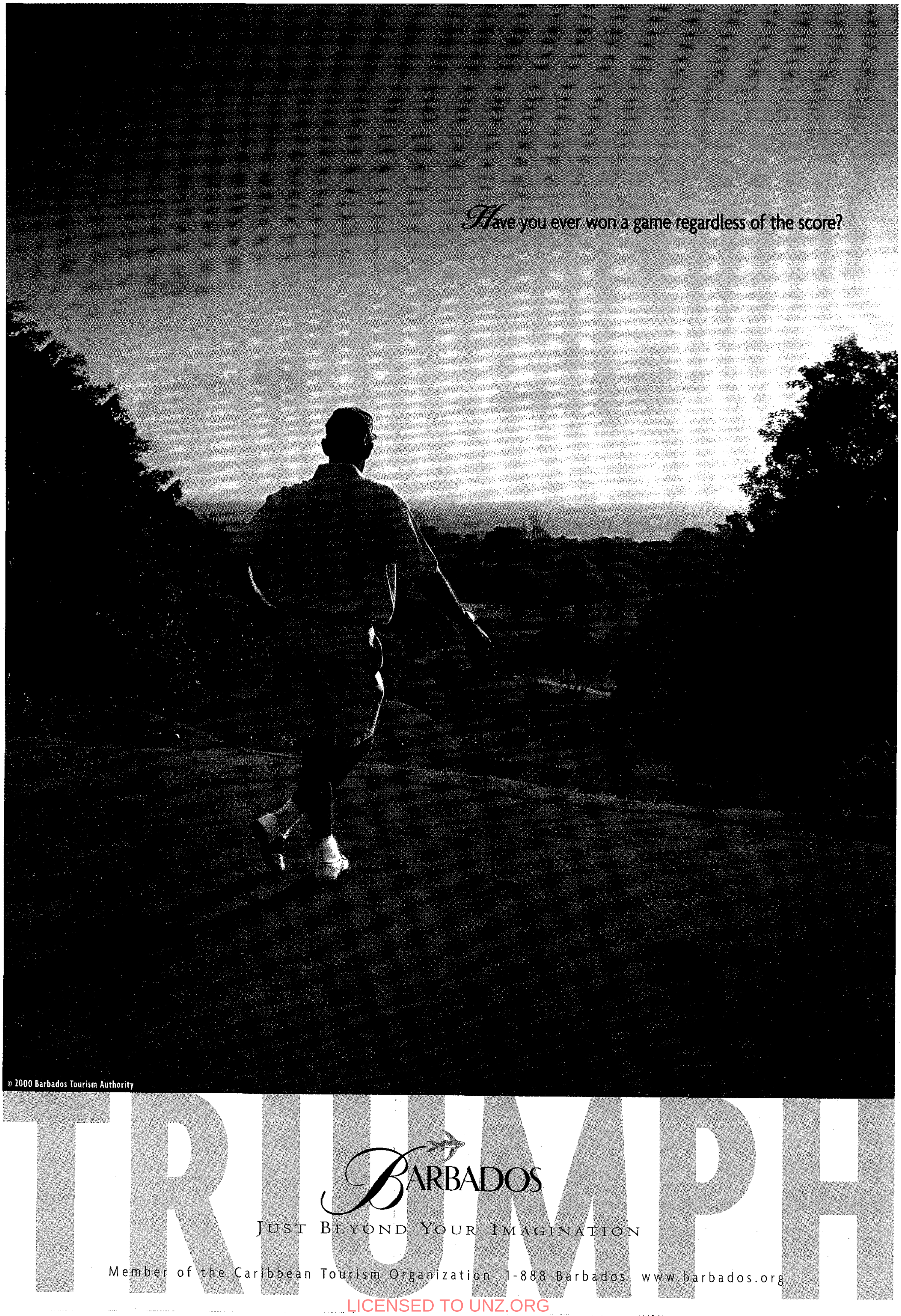
W's lobby and public spaces welcome guests into an air of sophistication as expressed in cutting-edge design by the world's most accomplished architectural firms. W Seattle is crowned by a steel and mesh pyramid that glows softly at night and is visible from blocks away. In Honolulu, a Balinese motif showcases contemporary-teak furniture and textured white fabrics. W New Orleans exudes authentic French-Quarter character while reflecting the city's shear elegance, decadence, and history.



The aloha spirit: W Honolulu

The ambience is at once casual, elegant, innovative, and chic; dressed with original art and offering living spaces that uniquely blend comfort and technology.

W rooms are exactingly conceived, featuring custom-made furnishings, and pam-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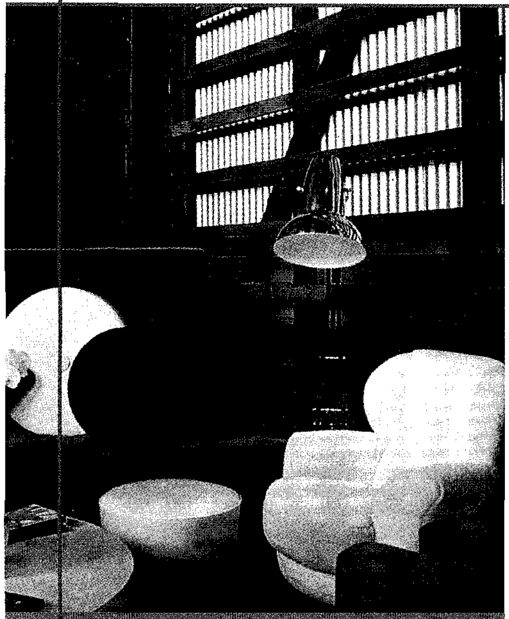


Style down under: W Sydney

pering amenities, such as beds with goose-down comforters and 250- thread-count sheets, plush cotton bathrobes and AVEDA™ bath products. Rooms are fully wired and equipped with electronics, such as a 27-inch color TV, an entertainment system featuring ultra-fast Internet access, and a large selection of first-run movies, a radio/CD player/alarm clock with an extensive CD library available, and a coffee maker stocked with W's own coffee blend. Rooms are also wired as virtual offices, with two phones and high-speed laptop connectivity.

W's stylish dining venues showcase America's most talented restaurateurs. Consider: chef Michel Nischan's Heartbeat in New York City; Savu in Atlanta, named the city's "Most Glamorous New Restaurant for 1999;" or the Asian-influenced California cuisine of XYZ in San Francisco. The bars are not only chic, but often are local hot spots. Cafés satisfy those off-hours nibbles.

Whether you want to workout in a state-of-the-art fitness facility, dine in style, catch the big city glamour, or simply sit back, relax and be pampered, W Hotels provide. Current travel opportunities include: "See America," rates of $49-$179 weekends and savings up to 40 percent weekdays; the high-end "Extreme Weekend at the W Los Angeles – Westwood," including a spacious mega suite, a cool foreign-luxury convertible, four relaxing spa treatments, an hour with a personal trainer, and the perfect martini. Or, the W New York Times Square "Get Away" in which you can indulge in a winter getaway right here in town. ■

The Civilized Shores of Bermuda

SITTING LESS THAN TWO hours from New York by air, Bermuda (1-800-BERMUDA; www.bermudatourism.com) offers everything for a fantastic winter getaway. It's convenient, civilized, beautiful, history- and culture-rich, overflowing with outstanding restaurants, and flourishing with activities of all kinds.

And, now, the new "Compliments of Bermuda" program – available for booking through January 31 for travel until March 31 – presents $100 worth of Island Gift Cheques to each adult visitor. These can be used like cash at participating restaurants, shops, and attractions island-wide. Each adult also receives a coupon passbook for savings up to 50 percent on attractions, retail shops, restaurants, charter boat rentals, transportation, and golf-greens fees.

A four-day, three-night Compliments of Bermuda Getaway, including airfare from JFK and accommodations, begins at $499 per person/double occupancy.

According to *Scuba Diving*, Bermuda ranks number one in the Caribbean/Atlantic for wreck diving, beginner diving, and snorkeling. The island holds more than 110 caves (caves that inspired Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and offers fantastic cave exploration. Visitors can ride horses, walk almost island-wide on the Railway Trail, deep-sea fish, swim with dolphins, explore undersea by submarine, or play golf on internationally renowned courses.

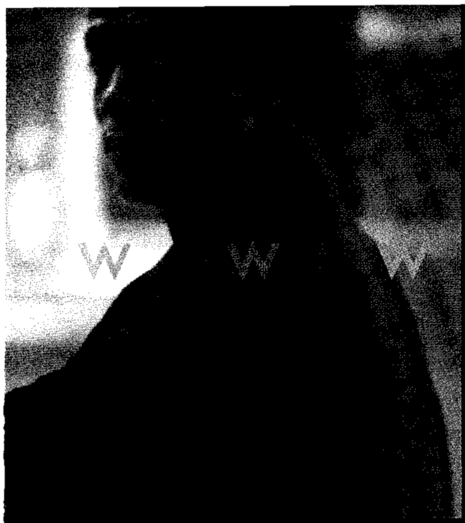
Bermuda regiment band

SCOTT STALLARD

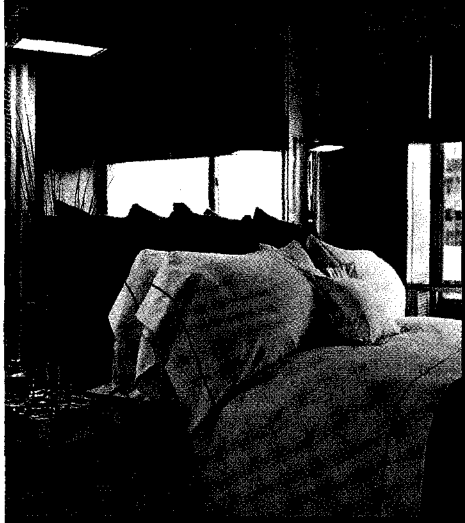
The island's African-Black heritage can be explored via the African Diaspora Heritage Trail, a new, self-guiding tour that highlights Bermuda's Black history. History devotees also love to explore the town of St. George's, a World Heritage site, and to visit the Bermuda Maritime Museum at the Royal Naval Dockyard. The Dockyard also houses The Bermuda Arts Centre at Dockyard, and the Bermuda Craft Market, two vibrant elements in the country's rich arts scene.

That scene bursts into brilliance from January 16 to March 2 with the Bermuda Arts Festival in the capital city, Hamilton. Music, drama, and dance performances from such companies as the New Shanghai Circus and the American Ballet Theatre Studio Company light up the town. Music of all stripes – jazz, classical, rock – is also heard. In all, nearly 40 performances are staged while, simultaneously, The

The waterfront links at Port Royal are a golfer's dream come true



A new kind of adult entertainment in Times Square.



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Bermuda Festival Fringe adds dynamics to the performance mix.

Between performances a visitor should visit Hamilton's museums, galleries, parks, and shops. And restaurants – indeed, Bermuda dining is incredible. More than 150 restaurants include everything from chic international cuisine in posh settings to conch stew at a roadside café. Local specialties include Wahoo steak, mussel pie, Hoppin' John (black-eyed peas and rice), cassava pie, codfish and potatoes, and guinea-chick (spiny lobster).

And, here's more good news: Bermuda dedicates the entire month of February to visitors over age 50, offering a variety of free bonuses, special events and activities that include ballroom dancing, bus tours, and a free Certificate of Value coupon book offering discounts at retail stores and sightseeing attractions.

What else need be said about Bermuda? Many things – best to go see for yourself. ■

The captivating views from a "cottage" on Harbour Road

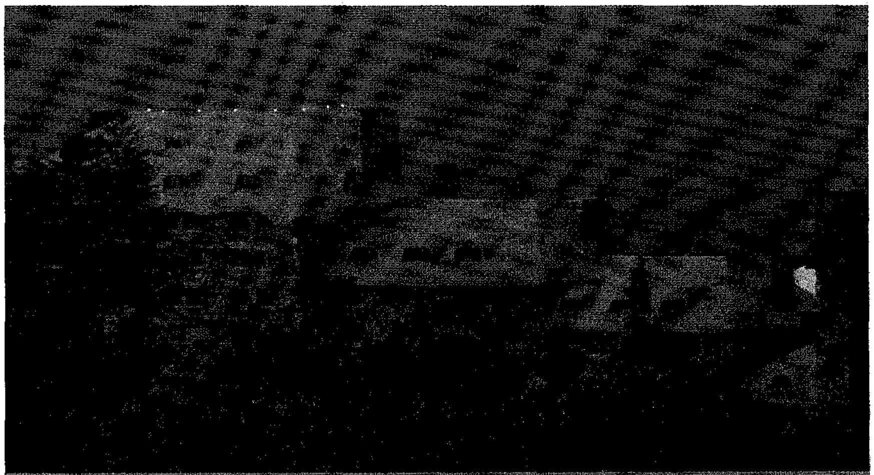
Southern Hospitality and Pampering

IN HISTORIC AND SCENIC Asheville, North Carolina, stands the Grove Park Inn (1-800-438-5800; www.groveparkinn.com), one of the South's oldest and most grand resorts. Built in 1913 overlooking the Blue Ridge Mountains, the inn is a fabulous year-round destination that's now within two hours travel of New York, thanks to Continental Airlines' daily direct flights. As one local put it, "You cannot go further 'away' in two hours – in terms of environment – than you can going from New York to Asheville."

Here you can bask in a mountain environment that's quiet, peaceful, scenic, and yet temperate in winter. Bask, too, in fine dining at Horizons, winner of *Wine Spectator's* Award of Excellence, and in a long tradition of superb guest service and fine southern hospitality. Indulge at the sports complex, upscale shops, and the finest spa in North America.

Need more reasons to visit? The inn hosts several Adventure Weekends this winter. Two of our favorites: On January 25-27, it's Big Band/Swing Dance Weekend, featuring top-flight concerts, dances, and other events. Come February 1-3, the All That Jazz Weekend features all-time great Dave Brubeck, in a now rare, concert performance.

Gorgeous year-round views



The historic Grove Park Inn is one of the South's most dazzling gems

Nearby are myriad attractions, among them the 255-room French Renaissance Chateau Biltmore Estate; and Chimney Rock Park's breathtaking 75-mile view.

No wonder the inn earns the AAA Four Diamond Award, and the spa is listed by *USA Today* among the top 10 places worldwide to let your cares go away. ■

Creative packages, reduced-rate rooms, pampering spa amenities. Need more reasons to get away?

Historic landmarks, pink sand beaches and world-class golf are only 1½ hours away.

Now with packages from $499 you're even closer.

Announcing *"Compliments of Bermuda"* packages from $499*

Packages include airfare and 3 nights accommodations, a $100 spending credit at participating restaurants and shops, and a Passport Savings Book. Plus, waived cancellation fees at participating hotels. **Call 1-800-BERMUDA or your travel professional.**

Grotto Bay	$499	Edgehill Manor	$559
Astwood Cove Apartments	$519	Fairmont Southampton Princess	$575
Surf Side Beach Club	$525	Elbow Beach	$609
Fairmont Hamilton Princess	$555	Rosedon Guest House	$609
Sonesta Beach Resort	$555	Pompano Beach Club	$669
Newstead Hotel	$559	Harmony Club	$759

Ask your travel professional for package pricing for: Angel's Grotto; Cambridge Beaches; Horizons & Cottages; Marley Beach Cottages; Stonington Beach Hotel

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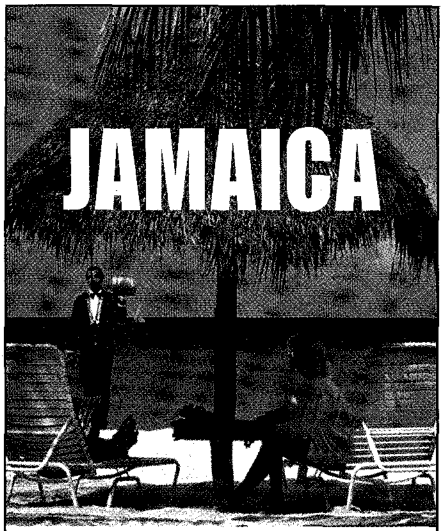
*Rates include round-trip mid-week airfare from JFK on American Airlines, airport/hotel transfers, 3 nights hotel accommodations at listed properties (headline price includes accommodations at Grotto Bay Beach Resort), hotel tax, gratuities and service charges. Must be booked by 1/31/02, and valid for travel through 3/31/02. Rates are per person based on double occupancy. Departure taxes, security surcharges and passenger facility charges of up to $65 are additional. Information is based on availability, capacity and departure dates, and is subject to change. Blackout dates may apply. Valid on new bookings only and cannot be combined with any discount vouchers or other offer. Other restrictions may apply.



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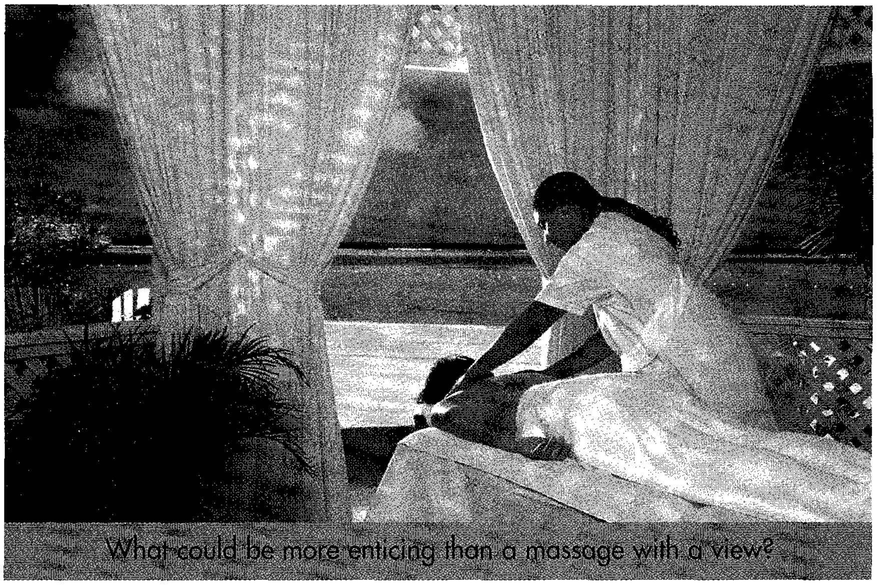
The Fabulous Five: Elegant Resorts International's Jamaica Properties



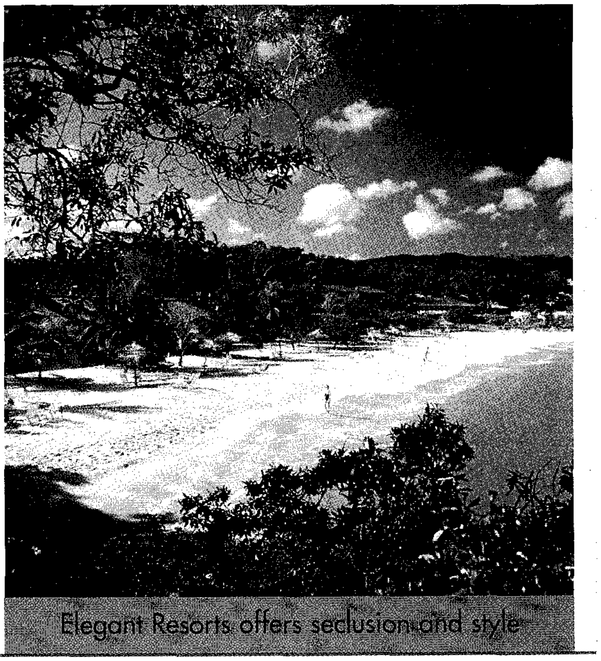
What could be more enticing than a massage with a view?

TO OUR MINDS, NO RETREATS in Jamaica can match the five Elegant Resorts International collection (1-800-237-3237; www.eri-resorts.com) for warmth, uniqueness and character. And, now, with their Feel Free offer of a free extra night's stay, none matches them for value.

Half Moon Golf, Tennis & Beach Club sits on 400 acres, and offers luxurious accommodations from deluxe rooms to seven-room villas, fine dining and a two-mile beach. A new swim-with-dolphins program is available, and so is a unique cosmetic-surgery program. New York specialist Dr. Z. Paul Lorenc performs surgery in the local, modern hospital, then you recuperate in a private villa, with a housekeeper and butler tending to every need.

Round Hill's 98 acres hold a world-class Wellness Center and full amenities. Their unique winter guest-chef program presents chef Gerard Thompson from Rough Creek Lodge in Glen Rose, Texas, and chef Hans Rockenwagner from Los Angeles.

Coyaba's lush grounds and activity menu provide the perfect getaway, while Dragon Bay's British-Colonial style and Caribbean views whisk you to a different, more romantic time. Both are introducing new spas. And, the intimate, 45-room Jamaica Inn has long been spoiling guests with stunning room-balcony ocean views, and a décor rich in Jamaican antiques. ■

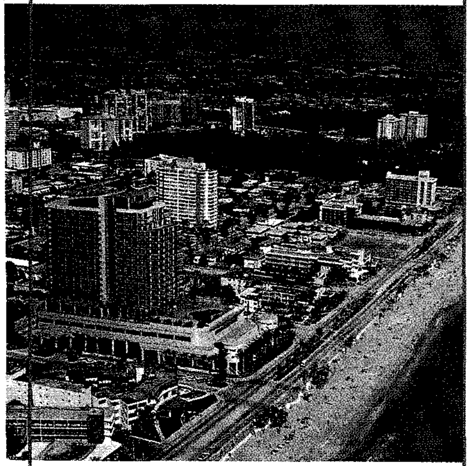


Elegant Resorts offers seclusion and style

Costa Dorada Resort & Residences, Ft. Lauderdale

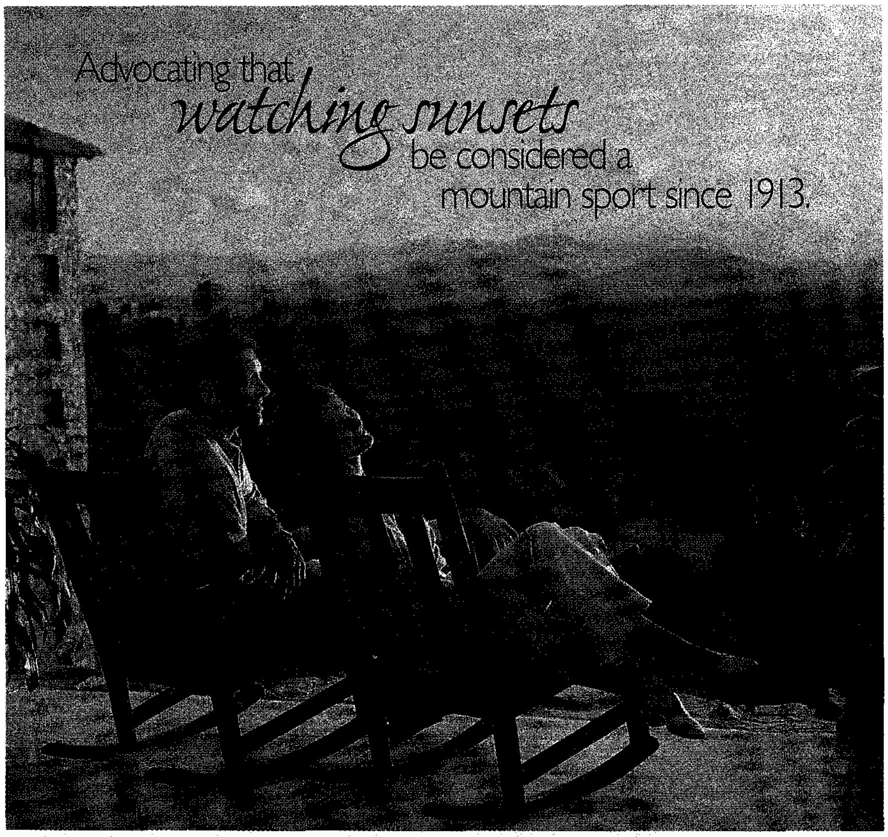
WHAT'S BETTER THAN A getaway? Escaping at will to the perfect, luxurious combination of beach and cosmopolitanism – Fort Lauderdale's Costa Dorada Resort & Residences (954-566-9996 or 1-888-367-2330; www.costadoradafl.com).

The Costa Dorada creates an opportunity to do just that and more, for those with foresight, investment savvy, and a taste for the good life. A residential hotel currently in construction, the beachfront Costa Dorada features full five-star amenities. Its 278 units all reveal spectacular ocean views. The state-of-the-art spa, two gourmet restaurants and two bars, lobby lounge, upscale boutiques, full-service salon, meeting space, ballroom, and 25,000 square-foot pool deck overlooking the ocean with completely equipped, private cabanas meet every need.

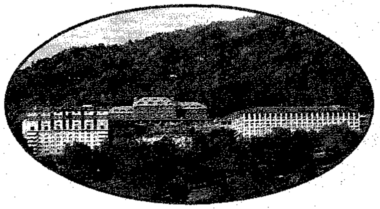


The oceanfront Costa Dorada Resort & Residences

This palace is perfectly placed, offering an upscale neighborhood and consummate urbane advantages. Within a mile on Las Olas Boulevard, stands a plethora of shops, multi-



Make your escape to a resort that's been reinventing luxury for almost 90 years. Mountain views and starry nights; exquisite dining; and a Spa among the largest in North America. (Direct Continental flights daily from Newark.)
Winter warms up at: groveparkinn.com.



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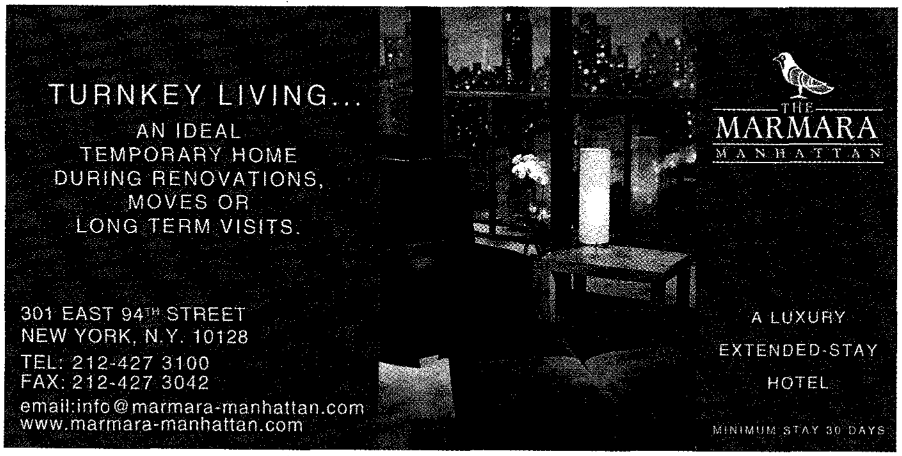

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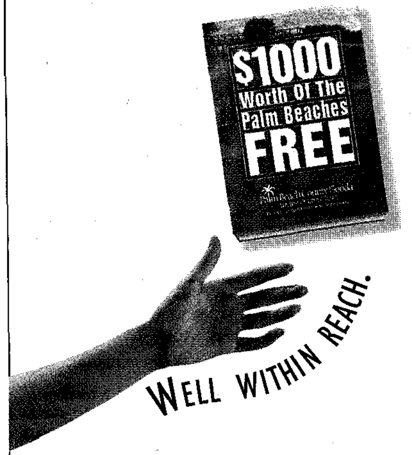

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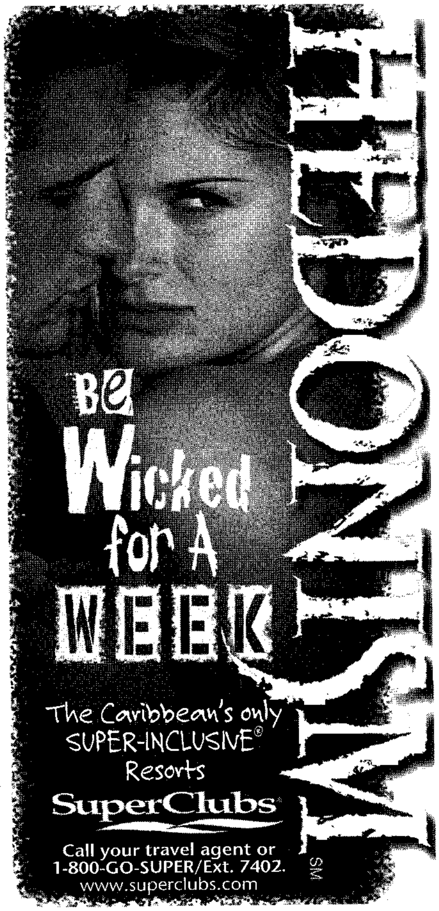
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screen cinemas and jazz clubs, plus Fort Lauderdale's acclaimed performing arts' center, renowned children's museum, and distinguished art museum.

The apartment interiors – chic and contemporary with Asian influences – have been created by Bilkey Llinas Design, who have won accolades throughout Europe and Asia. Studios to three-bedroom units with three and one-half baths range from $335,000-$2.5 million fully finished, a spectacular value – especially when compared to other cosmopolitan Florida areas – and, a golden opportunity. Due to city policies, this could be Fort Lauderdale's last large-scale project; buying in future, smaller, buildings will likely be much more expensive.

The Costa Dorada opens in December 2004. But, the smart money is investing in this perfect year-round escape right now. ■

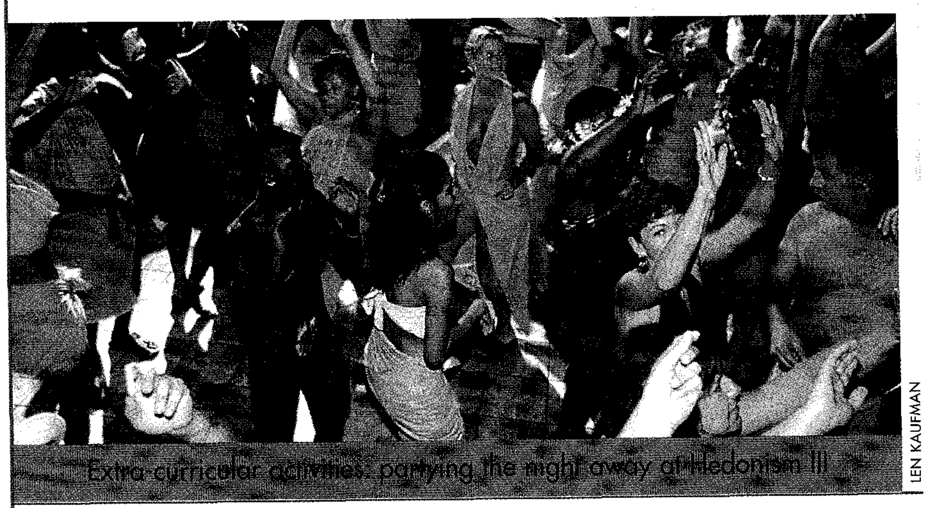
Hedonism's All-Inclusive Holidays

Scuba lessons at Hedonism II

ATTENTION ADULT SINGLES and couples! Want to feed the mind, body, spirit, and soul with freedom and world-class fun? You want Hedonism (1-800-467-8737;www.superclubs.com). With two locations in Jamaica – Hedonism II in Negril and Hedonism III in Runaway Bay – these all-inclusive resorts combine a romantic getaway with action, activities, sports and fine dining.

Hedonism II is set on 22 beautifully landscaped acres with expansive ocean views and a wide white-sand beach. Hedonism III sits on 15 waterfront acres dotted with artfully crafted pools. Being all-inclusive makes vacations simple: everything's included – accommodations, all meals, unlimited premium-brand drinks, all land and water sports with instruction and equipment, the exclusive Circus Workshop, recreational activities, entertainment, airport transfers, hotel taxes, and a no-tipping policy.

After a day of sports and beach pleasures, the excitement burns deep into the night. A late-night discotheque, five bars, live bands, performers, and floor shows every night keep things hopping. Weekly themed parties including Toga Night, Pajama Party, and Reggae Beach Party are simply, well, a wild and wonderful way to get hedonistic. ■


Extra-curricular activities: partying the night away at Hedonism III

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The Pleasures of Palm Beach

If you crave an escape replete with art, cultural, outdoor and water activities, and superb resorts, Palm Beach County, Florida, (561-233-3000; www.palmbeachfl.com) is the answer.

The county boasts excellent accommodations, from romantic hideaways to all-suite hotels and charming B&Bs. But, it contains the most five-star resorts in the country, including The Breakers, the Four Seasons Palm Beach, and The Ritz-Carlton, Palm Beach, all ranked among the top 100 hotels in the world by *Travel & Leisure* .

You can shop forever, dine in superb style, loll on exquisite beaches, and explore nature by kayaking, fishing, or air boating in the Everglades. Golfers can play fine courses and learn at the country's finest golf academies, like those at the Boca Raton Resort, PGA National Resort, and The Breakers Resort.

The Kravis Center for the Performing Arts' winter line-up ranges from the Gatlin Brothers to the London City Opera. Altogether some 40 arts' venues and museums fill the county.

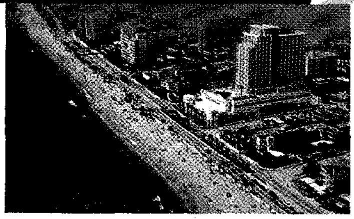
Direct flights arrive here from all greater New York airports, including Islip, and divers discounted packages leave you no reason to stay home. ■

Lounging poolside in Palm Beach

Palm Beach County offers five-star restaurants, exclusive resorts, exquisite beaches, and sublime shopping

Palm Beach's Kravis Center

Costa Dorada
Resort & Residences



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2. Bermuda Department of Tourism. Pink sand beaches, championship golf, world-class dining and shopping, just two hours from the East Coast. For a free vacation planner, call 1.800.BERMUDA.

3. Costa Dorado. Costa Dorado Resort & Residences is Ft. Lauderdale's newest beachfront five-star condo hotel. With units starting at $335,000, the sales pavilion will open in January, 2002. 1.888.367.2330. www.costadoradofl.com.

4. ERI (Elegant Resorts International). A world-class collection of independent luxury resorts and hotels. In Jamaica, guests can experience five ERI properties and the availability of our *Feel Free* offers featuring free nights plus food and beverage credits.1.800.237.3237 www.eri-resorts.com.

5. The Grove Park Inn Resort & Spa. This grand mountain resort overlooks the Asheville skyline and Blue Ridge Mountains. Its wealth of amenities includes a world-class spa, championship golf, fine dining and splendid views. For more information, call 1.800.438.5800 or visit www.groveparkinn.com.

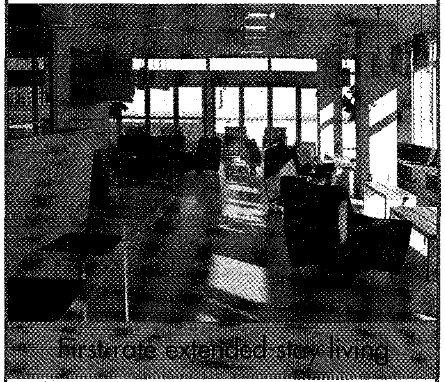
6. The Marmara-Manhattan. The Marmara-Manhattan is a luxury extended-stay hotel that offers turn-key living on the Upper East Side. Close to parks, museums, restaurants and specialty boutiques. The Marmara-Manhattan is an ideal home away from home. For more information, call 212.427.3100 ext. 80207 or visit www.marmara-manhattan.com.

7. Palm Beach County, Florida. Save on dining, sports, attractions, and shopping with our "$1,000 Worth of the Palm Beaches Free" coupon book. Valid 4/15/02-12/15/02. 1.800.554.PALM. www.palmbeachfl.com.

8. SuperClubs Hedonism Resorts. At Hedonism II and Hedonism III, pleasure comes in many forms. Everything from meals, cocktails and land and water sports, to tennis, trapeze and a fitness center is included with no hidden charges or tipping. Free weddings. Call 1.800.GO.SUPER. www.superclubs.com.

9. W New York Times Square. W's fifth Manhattan property is surrounded by the hustle and bustle of a revivified Times Square. Guestrooms feature spectacular views of Manhattan and the Hudson River, with ultra-modern and sleek designs. The hotel includes a private fitness and full business center, a seafood restaurant with a raw bar, The Whiskey Bar and a screening room. For more information, call 212.930.7400 or visit www.whotels.com.

The Marmara-Manhattan



First-rate extended-stay living

THE MARMARA-MANHATTAN (212-427-3100; www.marmara-manhattan.com) offers something unique in New York City – a remarkable combination of high-end apartment living and first-class hotel amenities. It's perfect for anyone who needs a home away from home for a month or longer – Manhattan visitors, Manhattanites with visiting relatives, or folks whose own digs are undergoing renovations. Children and pets are welcome. Arriving kids receive a welcome packet filled with goodies, fun things to do, and info on the neighborhood.

Set in a quiet Upper East Side residential neighborhood, The Marmara is a short walk from Central Park, and close to fine restaurants, boutiques, the Madison Avenue art galleries, and the Fifth Avenue museums.

The chic accommodations range from studios to three-bedroom suites, all replete with lavish amenities and unobstructed city views. Refinements include daily housekeeping, 24-hour doorman and concierge, a fitness room and nearby health club privileges, and valet and laundry services.

The Rooftop Lounge and Terrace offers quietude and magnificent panoramas, while The Gallery at The Marmara-Manhattan presents a dynamic forum for local and international artists, that's free to the public.

Blending warmth and elegance, Marmara-Manhattan makes guests feel like residents in a luxurious home. ■

cue

A WEEKLY GUIDE TO CULTURE AND UPCOMING EVENTS • Edited by Christopher Bonanos

KOZMOLOGY Joseph Park, with staff, in *e-dreams.*

MOVIES

e-dreams

When the dot-com business crashed in April 2000, Kozmo, the Internet service that brought videos and munchies directly to your door, went kaput. Wonsuk Chin's documentary charts the sudden rise and even more sudden fall of the company, run—of course—by two enterprising twentysomethings. Those of us who never made any money off the Internet bubble will be laughing the loudest. **(Opens January 11; see listing, page 66.)**

NIGHTLIFE

The Dame Takes Manhattan

The only singer to receive Grammy nominations in the Female Jazz, Popular, *and* Classical categories, Dame Cleo Laine has rightly been called "The Queen of Jazz." For the next few weeks, she performs with husband and longtime collaborator John Dankworth to celebrate their 25 years together. **(Starts January 14 at Feinstein's at the Regency; see listing, page 94.)**

DANCE

Private Lives of Dancers

Written, directed, and choreographed by David Gordon, this piece was built entirely from events and dialogues overheard at a career's worth of dress rehearsals. We're hoping for bouts of tendinitis and shrill diva fits to be translated into ferocious steps. **(Starts January 10 at St. Mark's Church; see listing, page 92.)**

THEATER

Hobson's Choice

The equally excellent Brian Murray and Martha Plimpton co-star in a witty revival of this 1915 comedy of manners, which involves a miserly proprietor of a boot shop whose fortunes take a turn for the worse when his daughter beds down with a fellow of whom he disapproves. **(Opens January 10 at the Atlantic Theater; see listing, page 74.)**

BOOKS

Stillwater

Yes, the author is *that* William F. Weld—former governor of Massachusetts, and, since 2000, Manhattanite. And his new novel (after two thrillers) is a bid for serious literary recognition. **(See story, page 36. Simon & Schuster; $23; in bookstores now.)**

RESTAURANTS

A Cook's Tour

Outspoken chef-turned-author Anthony "*Kitchen Confidential*" Bourdain now has his own show on the TV Food Network. Watch this gallivanting gourmand eat his way through Tokyo, Cambodia, and St. Petersburg. The heavy dose of chef machismo includes a culinary encounter with a still-beating cobra heart (gulp). **(Premieres January 8.)**

RADIO

The Designated Mourner

"The Next Big Thing" 's radio production of Wallace Shawn's disturbing 1996 play imagines a very near future in which artists and intellectuals are not only shunned by society but executed en masse. **(January 13 at 8 P.M. on WNYC.)**

***CHOICE* ROLES** Brian Murray and Martha Plimpton at the Atlantic Theater.

TOP five

Decent Exposure

One of Mayor Bloomberg's first moves was the announcement that he's dismantling Rudy's decency commission, something we think bodes *extremely* well for New York nightlife. Celebrate by supporting these exuberant examples of show-and-tell (some of which might even pass for art).

1. Sexaholix

Chances are your most troubling family memories will rise up as John Leguizamo gyrates through his own kooky history. At least it wasn't *your* lesbian aunt whose advice to you about women was "Just check the oil and ring the bell." **(Royale Theatre, 242 West 45th Street; 212-239-6200.)**

2. Puppetry of the Penis

Two Aussies practicing the not-so-ancient art of "penile origami," producing likenesses of emus, hamburgers, and the Loch Ness Monster. **(John Houseman Theatre, 450 West 42nd Street; 212-239-6200.)**

3. Naked Boys Singing

It's been described as "Giuliani-proof, good clean fun," but the journalist who said so must not have been in the front row. Eight cute guys perform a full-monty revue of songs like the hilarious ditty "Bliss of a Bris." (No knives are involved.) **(Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Avenue; 212-239-6200.)**

4. The Donkey Show

Porn cable host Robin Byrd emcees this disco version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on Wednesdays, but every night's beglittered cast includes a spangled Titania, boogying down. We doubt the Bard would mind (much). **(El Flamingo, 547 West 21st Street; 212-307-4100.)**

5. True Love

A modern Phaedra pines for her shirtless 13-year-old stepson. Nudity and dirty words are involved. Also a live chicken, in a (strictly nonsexual) cameo. **(The Zipper, 336 West 37th Street; 212-239-6200.)**

MONICA KHEMSUROV

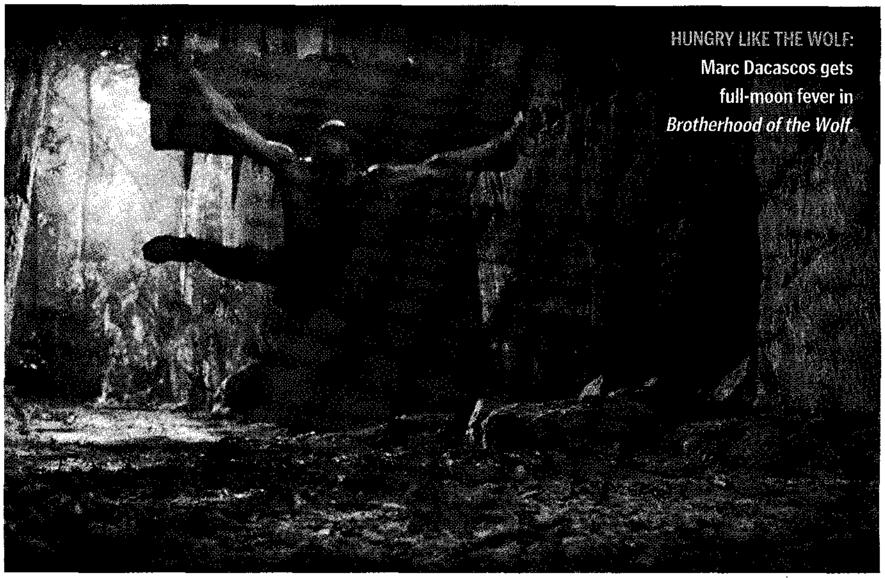
PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, COURTESY OF SEVENTH ART RELEASING; BOTTOM, CAROL ROSEGG.

cue

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Sexy Beast

With B-movie homages and fur-flying effects, the French-made *Brotherhood of the Wolf* looks like an American werewolf movie in Paris.



HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF: Marc Dacascos gets full-moon fever in *Brotherhood of the Wolf.*

Brotherhood of the Wolf IS AN exuberantly garish French movie about the so-called Beast of Gévaudan, a wolflike creature that terrorized a rural province and tore up more than 100 people in the 1760s. It was never resolved whether the creature was real or just a masquerading human, but the deaths certainly occurred. What remains is a legend ripe for cinematic bloodletting. If you like French films about effete bourgeoisie performing Pirandello as they scamper to and from luxe romantic liaisons, you should know up front that there is precious little ooh-la-la in *Brotherhood of the Wolf:* Its brow is slung rather low, and its splatter quotient owes less to Paris than to Hong Kong. I felt an initial surge of relief in attending a French film that isn't, for a change, filled with stunning-looking people acting existential, but the feeling didn't last. Government strictures prevent the French film-exhibition business from being swamped by American product, but this French film tries to out-Hollywood Hollywood.

In this case, Hollywood helped out a bit. The Beast itself, which appears to be a compost of shivs and corrugated whiskers, is a creation of Jim Henson's Creature Shop, recently leashed to movies like *Cats and Dogs* and probably grateful for something more fang-and-claw. The special effects are both animatronic and computer-generated, and I'm prepared to believe that a few of the cast members are, too—notably va-va-voomy Monica Bellucci, who plays a high-priced brothel babe.

Director Christophe Gans edited a renegade film magazine, *Starfix,* two decades ago, and *Brotherhood of the Wolf* is crammed with homages to the likes of Sergio Leone and Mario Bava and the Hammer horror screamfests (as was the Hughes brothers' recent Jack the Ripper movie, *From Hell,* which this overloud, overlong film resembles in its lurid pop trashiness). Nerds of all ages will lap it up; it even has a hero, a mystical Iroquois warrior (Mark Dacascos), who might have stepped out of a video game. That fits Gans's aesthetic; he puts his one-dimensional figurines through regular bouts of bam-pow blood sport. Pop-fantasy action films don't have to be this unendingly horrid. One of the pleasant surprises of Peter Jackson's *Lord of the Rings* was the director's sense of wonder, which matched his aptitude for violence (though to my mind, if you've seen one mashed-up orc, you've seen 'em all). *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon,* which Gans clearly pored over for its martial-arts sequences, is another example of how ferocity and lyricism can be combined into a transcendent vision. The Beast in *Brotherhood of the Wolf* doesn't do much crouching or hiding. Mostly, it's just in your face, fangs dripping. Turn away.

Brotherhood of the Wolf
Directed by Christophe Gans; starring Samuel Le Bihan, Mark Dacascos, and Monica Bellucci.

I Am Sam
Directed by Jessie Nelson; starring Sean Penn and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Monster's Ball
Directed by Marc Forster; starring Billy Bob Thornton and Halle Berry.
See Movies listings for details.

SEAN PENN PLAYS A SINGLE FATHER WITH A mental age of 7 in **I Am Sam**, and the best one can say for the actor is that he doesn't disgrace himself. (Neither does Dianne Wiest, who has a startling cameo as Sam's agoraphobic neighbor.) Penn has completely transformed his speech patterns, his walk, his body language; there's no single moment when you catch him out and mutter to yourself, "That's Sean Penn." It's a prodigious feat of acting that's also highly limited: Penn's very authenticity in the role guarantees a constricted emotional range. I suppose every great performer has one of these roles in him—Dustin Hoffman's Rain Man being the most obvious example—but maybe it would be best if they remained hidden. It's not that such characters aren't worth playing; but inevitably, Hollywood turns them into sainted sufferers lighting our path to righteousness.

In *I Am Sam,* we are supposed to be on the side of Penn's Sam Dawson as he fights for custody of his 7-year-old daughter, Lucy (Dakota Fanning), against the social system that wants to place her in foster care. Allied with Sam is high-strung, high-priced attorney Rita Harrison (Michelle Pfeiffer), to whom he teaches valuable life lessons on

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC CARO.

how to appreciate the simple pleasures. This is one of Pfeiffer's rare terrible performances, perhaps because she can't make any more sense of her role than we can. Despite all the holy grandstanding on Sam's behalf, the movie, which was directed by Jessie Nelson from a script she wrote with Kristine Johnson, never comes close to making a case for why Sam should raise the child alone. The alternative option of a two-parent family, which really does seem eminently sensible under the circumstances, is shot down. Love conquers all. The movie portrays Lucy, of course, as the most well-adjusted of girls, thereby conveniently evading the real-world ramifications of this story. But then again, *I Am Sam* is about as connected to the real world as Dr. Seuss's *Green Eggs and Ham*, from which its title is derived—in fact, in the realism department, Seuss may have the edge. When he directed *The Pledge*, Penn demonstrated a highly textured and despairing awareness of life's crazy-making complexities. He's a film artist renowned for the integrity of his career choices. Why, at this point, would he bother to act in the kind of mush-minded movie I'd hope he would never direct?

SET IN GEORGIA, **Monster's Ball** IS ABOUT Hank Grotowski (Billy Bob Thornton), a death-row prison guard who winds up in a charged relationship with Leticia (Halle Berry), the widow of a man he recently helped execute (Sean "Puffy" Combs). Director Marc Forster revealed a gift for depicting emotional violence in his second feature, *Everything Put Together*, in which a mother loses her baby and is slowly shunned by her friends; in *Monster's Ball*, there's a harrowing scene where Hank's bigot father (Peter Boyle) confronts Leticia, and the full horror of racism defaces the screen. But most of the movie, written by Will Rokos and Milo Addica, is an arty sleepwalk. Thornton has developed a style of acting that goes beyond minimal into the near nonexistent. (He's turning into the Actor Who Wasn't There.) Since *Monster's Ball* is supposed to be about Hank's redemption, this stylistic approach results in a rather large vacuum. Halle Berry overdoes the sobby-ravaged-woman routine—she's hell-bent on showing us just how unglamorous she can be—but most of the time she's surprisingly good. Her bracing openness periodically snaps this closed-off film to life. ■

Peter Rainer's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/rainer.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Courtly Jester

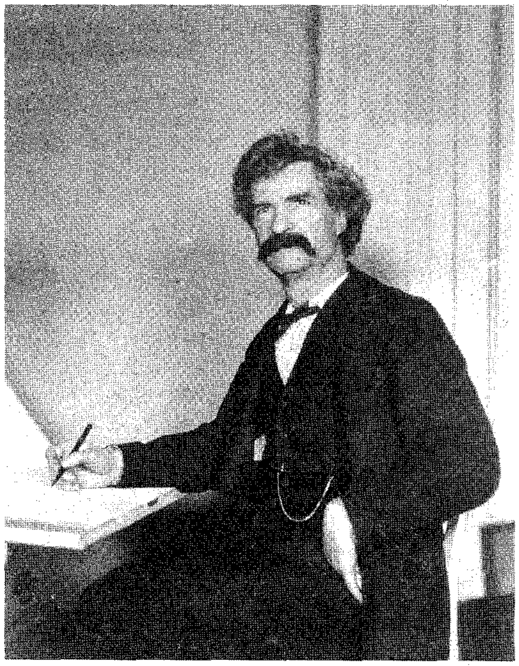
For Samuel Clemens, the white suit and the witty epigram were just part of the role he played as Mark Twain.

MIDWAY THROUGH THE fourth and concluding hour of the new Ken Burns mini-series, I began to wonder if there weren't, perhaps, too many pictures of **Mark Twain**—more than 600 stills from a hundred different archives, and almost all of them iconic, as if the white suit, the bandit's mustache, and the cloud of hair were posing for a postage stamp. We see him in Hartford, in Europe, and in bed; eating oysters, drinking champagne, and jumping ship; in front of monuments, behind desks, chatting up the riffraff rich, or plunged in gloomy solitude, a very long way from the great brown river, "an insane thought" in "an empty space." Three children and his cherished wife have predeceased him, and still he is always available to reporters for a wisecrack, between flashbulb photo opportunities, about Congress and school boards and the Boxer Rebellion, like Henry Kissinger or Mick Jagger.

"Mark Twain" was clearly a Samuel Clemens performance, a road-show stand-up persona born on the Mississippi, where the 24-year-old had been a steamboat pilot, and perfected on the lecture circuit to which the adult novelist was forever reluctantly returning when his Hartford mansion needed a new wing, his royalties were exhausted, his inventions and investments didn't pan out, or his printing business went bankrupt. "I perceived that a man, in America, is a failed boy," Hakim Felix Ellellou told us in John Updike's African novel, *The Coup*. And so it was with Twain, a case of arrested development. Trapped inside that white suit and those scarlet socks was Huck Finn, unable to light out for the territories. Or was he hiding?

Mark Twain
Monday and Tuesday, January 14 and 15; 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13.

WIT: Mark Twain circa 1884, from Ken Burns's latest documentary.



Skedaddle was the word he used to describe his secession from hostilities after a brief stint in a Confederate militia in 1861. With older brother Orion, Sam "skedaddled" west by stagecoach from Hannibal, Missouri, to Virginia City, Nevada, and Calaveras County, California, to prospect for gold, silver, and frogs. There, around a campfire, his boyhood games of piracy and Robin Hood met the tall tale and the demotic idiom. By way of Honolulu, the Holy Land, and *The Innocents Abroad*, he graduated from Artemus Ward to Horace Greeley and William Dean Howells. For some reason, Ken Burns omits his Washington, D.C., service as secretary to a senator, as he will neglect to mention Twain's ludicrous book on Joan of Arc. We find Sam next in upstate New York, courting Olivia and gentility, naming

PHOTOGRAPH: THE MARK TWAIN HOUSE.

The Gilded Age and also enjoying it—the first home in Hartford with a private phone, the first novelist to use a typewriter—building a mansion and writing best-sellers. Monday night's two hours take us to the American publication of *Huckleberry Finn* in 1885. He is 50 years old and rich.

After which it would be impossible to skedaddle from diphtheria, epilepsy, spinal meningitis, $200,000 of debt, his volcanic temper, and his hatred of God. One of the expert talking heads, Arthur Miller, tells us that the better the writer, the worse he is as a businessman, suffering from "excess of imagination." Another, William Styron, speculates knowledgeably about black depressions. A third, Russell Banks, my favorite member of the Burns Greek chorus, looks at the man in the white suit, the quintessential American writer of "race and space," and sees someone trying not to kill himself. Meanwhile, before and after Ron Powers, Hal Holbrook, Shelley Fisher Fishkin, Hamlin Hill, and Dick Gregory, between the piano music we've come to expect from Burns (including ragtime) and some surprising guitar riffs ("O Holy Night" for instance), the African-American scholar Jocelyn Chadwick and the African-American novelist David Bradley meditate on the meaning of Twain's "unlearning" and of Huck's decision to go to hell with Jim.

This breaks the heart. So does Mark Twain. So what if he never wrote a novel about adult love? So what if it was all downhill after Huck, for the writer and the writing? So what if the white suit was the boy's disguise, the cracker-barrel surrogate sent out into the world like an ice-cream truck or an ambulance, to jingle and wail? Huck ought to have been enough, at least until Toni Morrison came along to fill in the blanks in our imagination of a darker self, to paint us with blood.

- **Imagine That** (January 8; 8 to 8:30 P.M.; NBC) gives the agreeable Hank Azaria his own sitcom, in which his marital troubles with lawyer wife Jayne Brook suggest comedy sketches for the TV show he helps to write along with Katey Sagal, Joshua Malina, Suzy Nakamura, and Julia Schultz. You will like all of these people enough to wish that their series improves on its so-so pilot.

- **Philly** (January 8; 10 to 11 P.M.; ABC) tries to startle us into sentience with a triple dose of guest stars: Ossie Davis, who doesn't want Kim Delaney's help defending himself in court; Red Buttons, who wants his diamonds back no questions asked; and Judd Hirsch, as a wayward rabbi whose son has been arrested for smuggling a suitcase full of ecstasy into the City of Brotherly Love. All this inclines rather more to the sentimental than we expect from a Steven Bochco show, but they need to do something to improve the disappointing ratings.

- **An Ordinary Crime** (January 10; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) follows producer Ofra Bikel into a North Carolina prison, where she finds a young black man serving 32 to 43 years for the crime of having the same first name as someone else who actually confessed to the crime but wasn't believed by law-enforcement agencies with an investment in the original conviction. It seems almost retro of Bikel to continue to care about miscarriages of justice in our brave new world of military tribunals, but she also seems to be the only place left to go for redress of grievance.

- **The Magnificent Ambersons** (January 13; 8 to 11 P.M.; A&E), directed by Alfonso Arau from the Booth Tarkington novel and the Orson Welles screenplay, stars Madeleine Stowe, Jonathan Rhys-Meyers, Gretchen Mol, Bruce Greenwood, Jennifer Tilly, James Cromwell, and Dina Merrill in the turn-of-the-century Freudian soap about rich privilege going downwardly mobile unto its just comeuppance. Not bad, but even the botched/butchered 1942 Welles version was an improvement on a novel that didn't really deserve a movie in the first place.

- **Monday Night Mayhem** (January 14; 9 to 11 P.M.; TNT), with John Turturro as Howard Cosell, John Heard as Roone Arledge, Nicholas Turturro as Chet Forte, Kevin Anderson as Frank Gifford, Brad Beyer as Don Meredith, Eli Wallach as ABC president Leonard Goldenson, and Jay Thomas as NFL commissioner Pete Rozelle, is a broad absurdist inside-story look at *Monday Night Football* back when it seemed to matter, with insecurities as rampant as the booze, the babes, and the betting. Patti LuPone doesn't have enough to do as Cosell's wife, Emmy. On the other hand, we see more than enough to make us cringe at everybody else, especially Chad L. Coleman's O. J. Simpson. Aficionados will want to compare J. Turturro's Cosell with Jon Voight's in *Ali*. The rest of us will finally figure out where ESPN's *SportsCenter* came from, not to mention all those pregame testosterone shouting matches, after which the games themselves taste like Mister Softees. ■

John Leonard's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/leonard.

IN BRIEF

Theater | John Simon

[sic] By Melissa James Gibson, at Soho Rep.

THE OLD AVANT-GARDE WAS USEFUL IN ITS day as a breakthrough. But in today's glutinous permissiveness, what's left to break through? There remained unexplored realms for the genius of Beckett and the talent of Ionesco; but much of what is considered innovative nowadays is just a stale recycling of obsolete iconoclasm. Such is Melissa James Gibson's **[sic]**. It is about three twentysomethings in adjoining apartments, represented in phone-booth size and on casters, for greater, albeit gratuitous, mobility. Theo is a composer struggling to write the music for a theme-park thrill ride. Babette, who keeps warding off his advances, is a would-be writer at work on a book recording twentieth-century history in terms of the inapt outbursts of world leaders. Frank is a homosexual practicing tongue twisters in order to audition for auctioneers' school.

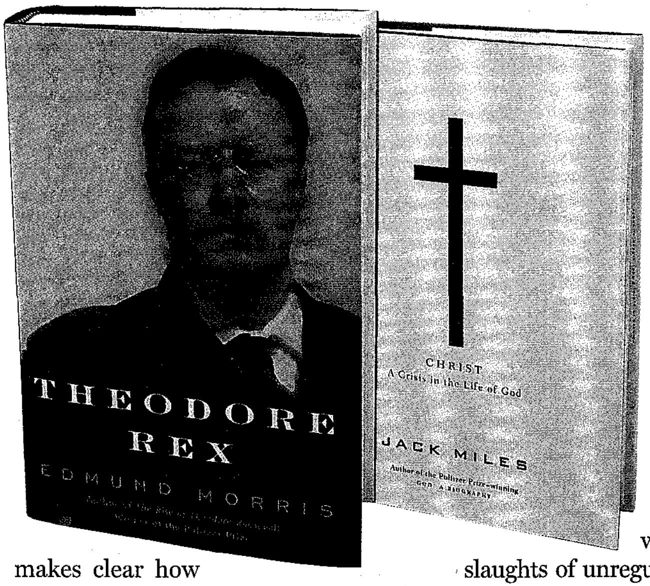
Their bumbling interaction could have been of comic interest were Gibson not seduced by the threadbare hand-me-downs of avant-gardism, some of which may have been tossed in by her director, Daniel Aukin. A fluorescent ring glares intermittently for no perspicuous reason. Characters speak in unison, repeat phrases obsessively, deliver lines supine on the floor, break up sentences illogically, or mumble *sotto voce*. Rather than enhancements, these are roadblocks to communication and empathy. Bizarre effects that might once have at least had shock value now elicit smug complacency or Pavlovian salivation at putative profundities.

The two-tier stage has an elaborate lower-level apartment that briefly lights up from time to time to reveal a married couple even more combative than the singles above them. On a mercifully invisible, still higher level, a saintly old woman, now defunct, lived nearer to heaven. It might help if the actors were more appealing than the oafish Richard Crawford (who has replaced Dominic Fumusa as Theo), the humdrum Christina Kirk as Babette, and James Urbaniak, who, as Frank, at least delivers his tongue twisters with gusto. Louisa Thompson's amusing décor bestows some unearned decorum on Miss Gibson's fatuous farrago. ■

BOOKS DANIEL MENDELSOHN

Favorite Sons

Edmund Morris raised eyebrows with his sometimes fictional life of Reagan—but his Roosevelt shows what he can do with the right material; Jack Miles's *Christ* is no second coming of *God.*



TO READ ABOUT THEODORE Roosevelt in the age of George W. Bush is not an experience I would recommend to the easily depressed. The two men have, in fact, been linked lately: In the wake of both September 11 and the publication of Edmund Morris's **Theodore Rex**, much has been made of the similarities between September 1901, when Roosevelt acceded to the presidency, and September 2001, the first great crisis of Bush's term. Both Septembers saw unexpected attacks in New York by foreign fanatics, both witnessed a nation plunged into grief and anxiety about national security, and both searingly tested relatively young chief executives who were new to their jobs. (Vice-President Roosevelt became president on September 14, 1901, after William McKinley was assassinated in Buffalo by an anarchist.)

But as will be all too clear to anyone who reads the superb second installment of Morris's proposed three-volume biography, comparisons between the two figures are superficial. Even at his best, Bush comes off as tinny and inauthentic, when not downright inarticulate—a man who's always parroting, none too convincingly, words that have been all too obviously written for him. Compared with him, the maniacally active, garrulous, prolific, and charming Roosevelt—who read French and German, was an amateur boxing champion, invented a private system for transcribing birdsong, wrote fifteen books and read another 20,000, was a renowned authority on American game animals, climbed the Matterhorn, founded a society for the conservation of hunting and a finance club—seems to belong not to another century but to another species.

Theodore Rex
By Edmund Morris
Random House;
772 pages; $35.

Christ: A Crisis in the Life of God
By Jack Miles
Alfred A. Knopf;
352 pages; $26.95.

The new book, which is every bit as richly detailed and imaginatively written as its 1979 predecessor, *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt,* makes clear how much happier Morris is dealing with the outsize personalities of the nineteenth century than with the miniaturized, televised public figures of our own day. Indeed, it's no accident that the first volume of Morris's trilogy won the author a Pulitzer, while his controversial and idiosyncratic *Dutch,* a biography of Ronald Reagan—a president every bit as processed, prepped, and packaged as the current chief executive—won him only notoriety. Stumped by the intractable mystery of his slippery subject, Morris decided on a risky, rather nineteenth-century-novelistic strategy: He made himself a character in Reagan's story, using the double narrative to gain some traction on a man who seemed merely a scrim for projected fantasies.

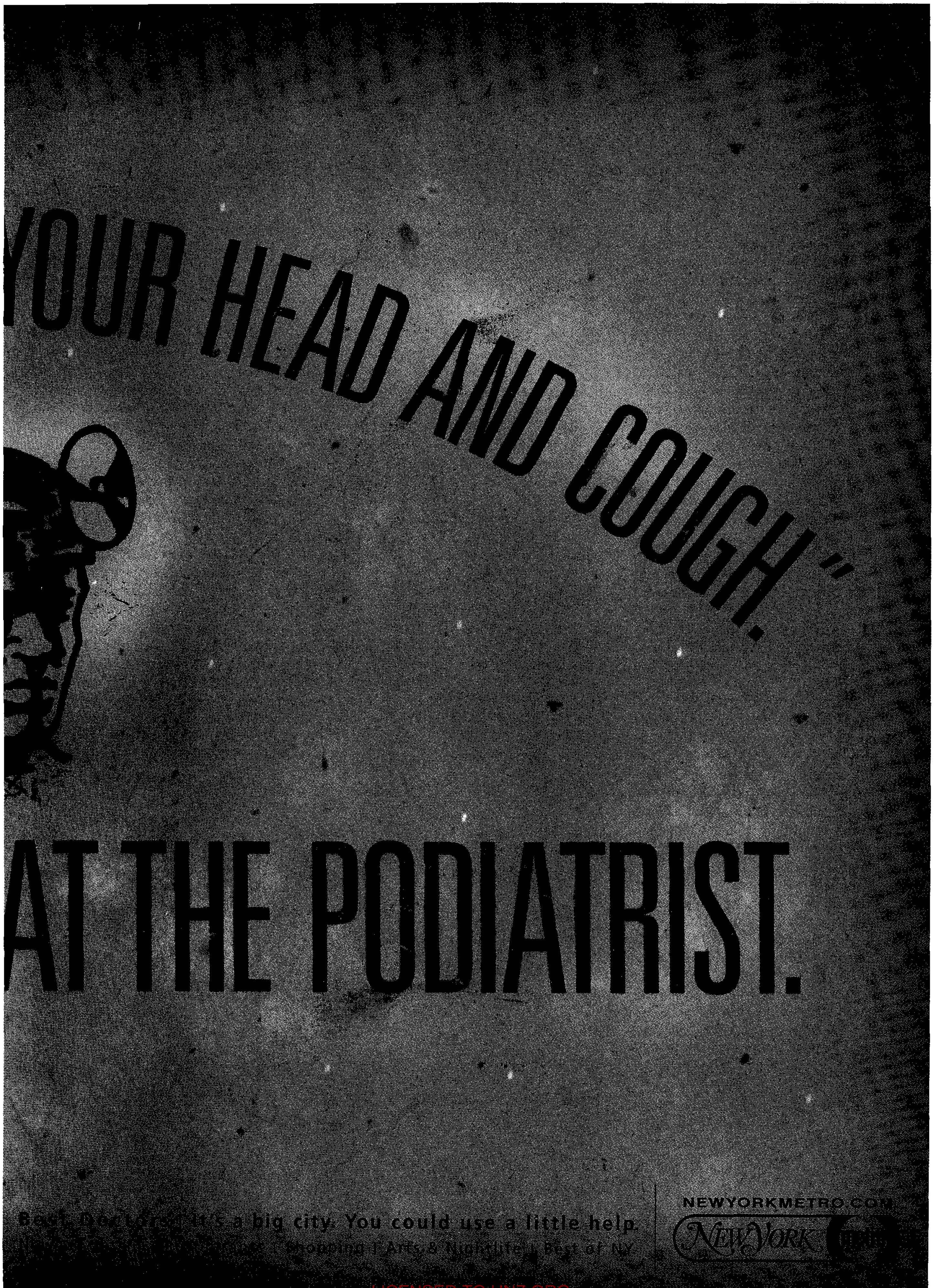
There is no reason to do anything like that with Roosevelt, whose very real intellectual and physical appetites were positively Falstaffian. The present volume of Morris's biography is dedicated to the White House years—a crucial eight years in the nation's history. Between 1901 and 1909, when he left office at the Clintonian age of 50, the hyperactive Roosevelt ("You must always remember that the president is about 6," his old friend Cecil Spring Rice once observed) fundamentally redefined the nature of the American presidency. At home, this scion of wealthy old New York vigorously pursued legislation to improve working conditions, intervened on behalf of striking workers, was the first president to entertain a black man (Booker T. Washington) at the White House, defended his beloved wilderness from the onslaughts of unregulated industrial expansion, and, most famously, became the superhero-esque "Trust Buster," dismantling, with the help of his Justice Department, hugely profitable monopolies. And abroad, he achieved notable diplomatic triumphs—he won the Nobel Peace Prize for negotiating a truce between the Russians and the Japanese in 1904—thereby elevating the United States to the level of a world power.

But if *Theodore Rex* is so engaging, it isn't merely because of the eventfulness or colorfulness of T.R. or his presidency. Yes, Morris the would-be novelist withdraws to a respectful distance in the new book—no need to inject imaginative texture in this life story—but he hasn't, thankfully, quite disappeared. What distinguishes *Theodore Rex* is, if anything, not the copious research (there are 180 pages of notes) but rather its deeply novelistic construction, the numerous writerly touches, and the acts of emotional sympathy more typical of fiction than of nonfiction. An example is the extended scene of Roosevelt's train journey from upstate New York, where he learned that he'd become president, back to Washington. T.R.'s perusal of the newspapers allows for extended digressions by Morris about the state of world affairs; passing glimpses of oil wells give way to ruminations about the

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW MCCAUL.

THE DOCTOR SAID "TUR

TOO BAD YOU WER


YOUR HEAD AND COUGH."
AT THE PODIATRIST.
Best Doctors. It's a big city. You could use a little help.
[illegible] | Shopping | Arts & Nightlife | Best of NY
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state of industry and the environment. Similarly, Morris's masterly narration of T.R.'s first State of the Union address—the speech in which he essentially announced his new war on trusts—is a tour de force in which paraphrases of the speech are interwoven with descriptions of the various senators with whom he'd soon be doing battle.

Such innovative narrative strategies allow the author to integrate a tremendous amount of information while remaining graceful and gripping. Add to this some beautiful smaller touches (the young, pre-presidential Roosevelt is likened to "a bee smacking against many surfaces before buzzing into the open air"), and you wind up with a biography that's as good as fiction. This much Morris himself seems to realize. "Horatio Alger could not get away with such a story," he writes after summing up T.R.'s early years. Maybe it's not Alger; but Morris has created as gripping a narrative that is well suited in heft, temper, and tone to its vivid subject.

JACK MILES'S SECOND EFFORT, LIKE MORRIS'S biography of Reagan, loses itself in an elusive subject. **Christ: A Crisis in the Life of God**, is a sequel to the author's 1995 Pulitzer-winning *God: A Life*, in which the author, a former Jesuit, saw God as the troubled, "blind," and "weak" hero of a fat nineteenth-century novel—a difficult, cantankerous deity who had to grow into a hard-won maturity by "using and misusing" his own power. The thesis of Miles's new book flows from that portrayal: In Christ, Miles argues, God chose to incarnate himself and suffer humiliation, pain, and execution as a self-chosen punishment for his own excessive harshness to the human race in the past. But while this "emotionally inescapable implication of the Christian myth" is bound to fascinate and provoke, the scattered, repetitive quality of the writing here is unlikely to persuade many, despite a number of dazzling displays of academic virtuosity. (Miles's exegesis of the story of Jesus' conversation with the Samaritan woman at the well is replete with racy nuances that only a scholar of ancient languages could tease out.) For all the fireworks, you never get a real sense of why this book is needed. At one point, Miles cites Jorge Luis Borges's assertion that Christ's life story cannot be told better than in the Gospels. Whatever its intermittent fascinations, Miles's own book only serves to prove this. ■

Daniel Mendelsohn's reviews can be read at *nymetro.com/archive/mendelsohn*.

RESTAURANTS ADAM PLATT

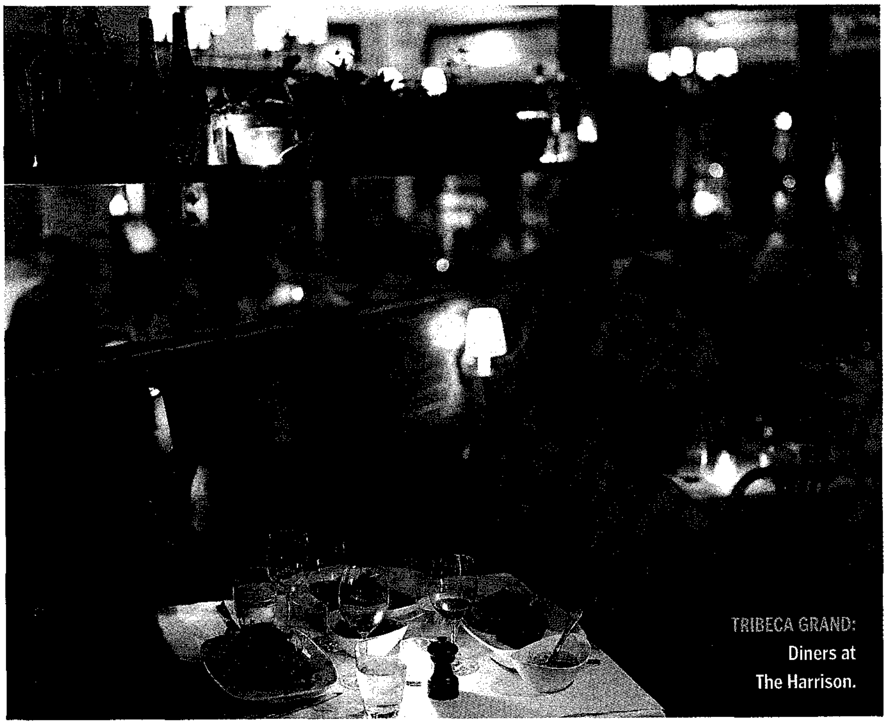
Ground Hero

One more reason to go to TriBeCa: The Harrison, a neighborhood restaurant of the classic old school.

IT USED TO BE THAT THE EVOLUTION of the old neighborhood joint was a slow, organic process. You needed a long bar, made of some dark aged wood, all nicked and scuffed smooth along its edges. You needed an eccentric local owner, preferably one who lived upstairs, and a quirky, familiar cast of regulars drawn from around the block. You needed a few sturdy recipes (meat loaf, chicken hash, shell steak) arrived at through years of experimentation and experience. You needed a haphazardly communal décor of worn leather banquettes, perhaps, a wooden beamed ceiling, and a few comfortingly crooked pictures on the walls. Mostly, though, you needed lots of time—certainly longer than you'd been in the neighborhood—for these various elements to marinate together. After a decade or so, maybe more, what you ended up with (provided the owner didn't sell out and overzealous critics didn't ruin the place) was a familiar, elegant, old-shoe establishment, a kind of semi-private reserve, impervious to the fashions and trends of the day.

The Harrison
355 Greenwich Street
(212-274-9310).

Of course, old-shoe elegance these days is an instant catalogue commodity, a trend unto itself. Maybe that explains why **The Harrison**, which opened only a couple of months ago on the corner of Harrison and Greenwich Streets in TriBeCa, feels like it's been part of the local landscape for years. Owners Danny Abrams and Jimmy Bradley (who is also the executive chef) perfected the art of neighborhood chic with their first restaurant, the Red Cat, in Chelsea. The big corner room is fronted on two sides by rows of glittery windows, and the interior is covered with a warm mixture of exposed wood and white, freshly painted bead board, like the



TRIBECA GRAND: Diners at The Harrison.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

inside of a ship. The menu is filled with stylish comfort foods like liver and onions, wood-smoked pork chops, and shell steak smothered in crisps of pancetta. "I like this place already," said one grizzled old TriBeCa resident as he settled into the restaurant's long *faux*-leather banquette. "It feels like Thanksgiving every night."

Harrison Street is just eight blocks from ground zero, of course, and when you peep into the night sky from the window tables, you see the spooky soda-lamp glow emitting from the giant klieg lights downtown. Not that this seemed to deter the raucous mix of neighbors and curious uptown strangers who packed the joint on the evenings I was there, and tucked into their grub like droves of ravenous firemen. Our little table devoured a bowl of crispy fried clams (with frizzled bits of parsley and lemon, and a cup of coriander-flavored aïoli for dipping) so quickly we had to order another. After that came an appetizer parade of house cavatelli with veal cheeks (which seemed a little watery to me), an artfully layered endive-and-pear salad (composed of an entire sliced pear with a speckling of walnuts and blue cheese), thin sheets of filet mignon bresaola decked with fig syrup and wafers of Taleggio cheese. My favorite was a helping of sweetbreads, wrapped saltimbocca-style in prosciutto, then sautéed with chanterelles and a sweet Marsala-wine sauce; while Mr. TriBeCa seemed to enjoy his roasted quail, which arrived at the table lubed up in a shiny glaze of honey and lime and perched on an overwhelmingly sweet mound of white beans and bacon.

None of these recipes are too delicate, and those that try to be tend to get swept away in a tide of richness and bulk. My friend the tuna nut ordered a modest, sashimi-style yellowfin-tuna appetizer, served in a thin pool of gazpacho sauce, but soon abandoned it to begin poaching all sorts of buttery treats off other people's plates. Even successful seafood entrées like well-cooked fillets of arctic char and the day-boat cod were served on big, comforting mattresses of red flannel hash and a soupy mix of leeks, mushrooms, and mashed potatoes, respectively. My tender piece of skate was muffled in flour, like a big piece of fried chicken, then bombed with a bland combination of green olives and grapefruit, and a nice monkfish steak barely stood up to an accompanying mass of spinach risotto, laced with more pancetta.

In the grand tradition of the old neighborhood joint, however, the brawnier dishes at the Harrison always come through. The chicken breast is crisped to perfection on its exterior, daubed with mustard sauce, and flattened in a pleasing round shape like some crackly savory pie. A heap of mashed potatoes comes with it, although I enjoyed mine with à la carte side dishes of lemon-and-garlic-flavored rapini and tiny Brussels sprouts mixed with candied pecans. If you like calf's liver, Chef Bradley's version is smothered in a sweet sherry sauce and served with sautéed Swiss chard and a pielike wedge of potato-and-bacon tart. The house pork chop (served with a pile of orzo laced with tomatoes and calamata olives) is tender without being fatty, and grilled to a charred, faintly smoky sweetness. The prime cut of shell steak has a similarly delicious sweet-and-sour taste. It's grilled to relative perfection, doused with a mix of veal jus and balsamic vinegar, then sprinkled with the lightest layer of pancetta crisps, like shavings of coconut on a cake.

Among other side-dish trimmings, the pumpkin risotto had the goopy consistency of library glue, although no one at our table could get enough of the Harrison spiced fries, dusted with a mix of salt and spices. The sturdy house wine list is divided into goofy though helpful categories ("full, rich, elegant," "medium, rustic, spicy," etc.), which doesn't keep it from being vastly superior to anything you'll find in your local neighborhood joint. The desserts are generally serviceable, but after all the preceding richness, you may be too numb to notice. My favorites were a smooth version of panna cotta (made with buttermilk and flecked with lime zest), and a delicious quartet of weightless beignets as big as plums, filled with melted chocolate. A mammoth serving of apple-and-quince crisp ($14 for two) was less successful (the crumble topping tasted vaguely like animal crackers), as was a chalky semifreddo made with mealy corn cakes and a mash of seedy huckleberries. Not to worry, however. Give them another decade or two in the neighborhood, and these recipes should be perfect, too. ■

The Harrison, 355 Greenwich Street (212-274-9310). Lunch, Monday through Friday, noon to 2:15 P.M.; dinner, Monday through Thursday, 5:30 to 11 P.M., Friday and Saturday, till 11:30, Sunday, till 10. Appetizers, $7 to $11; entrées, $17 to $28. All major credit cards.

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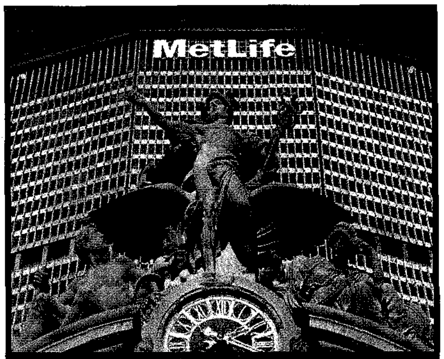

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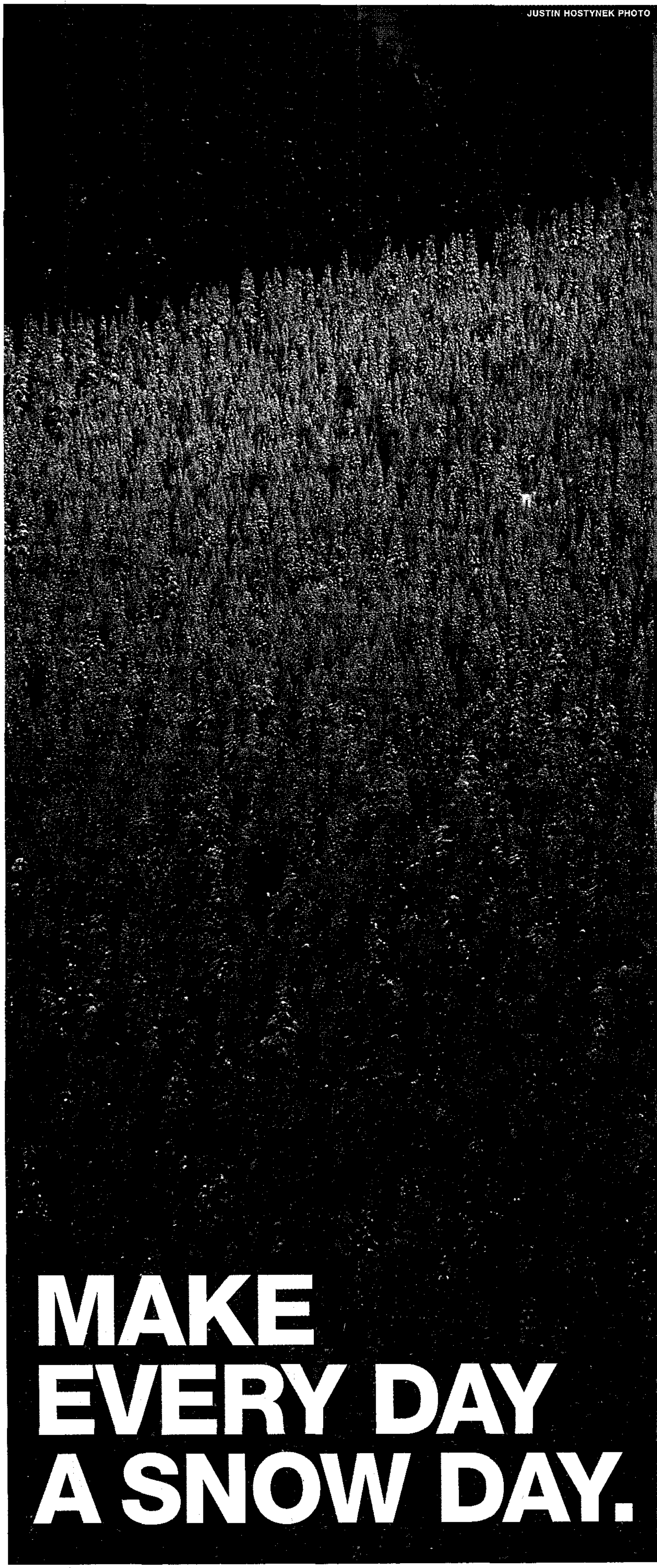
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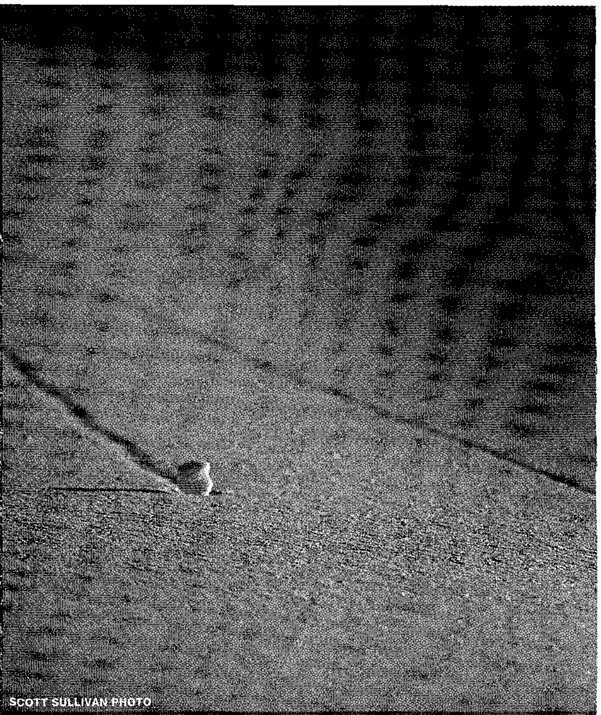
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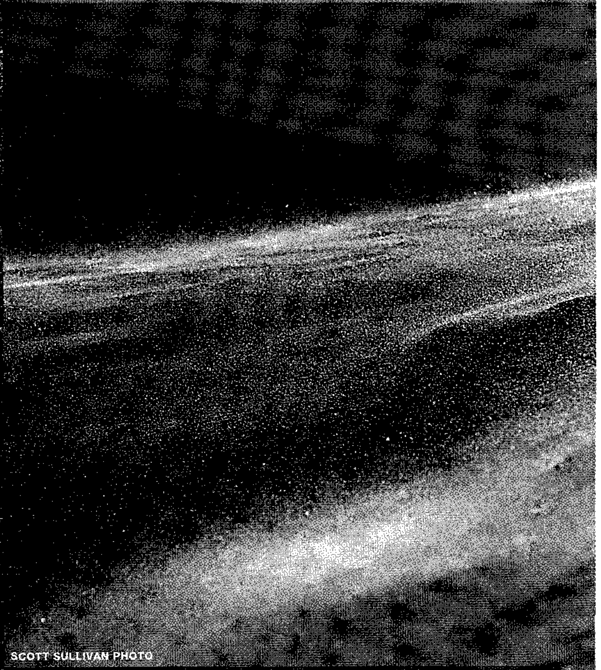
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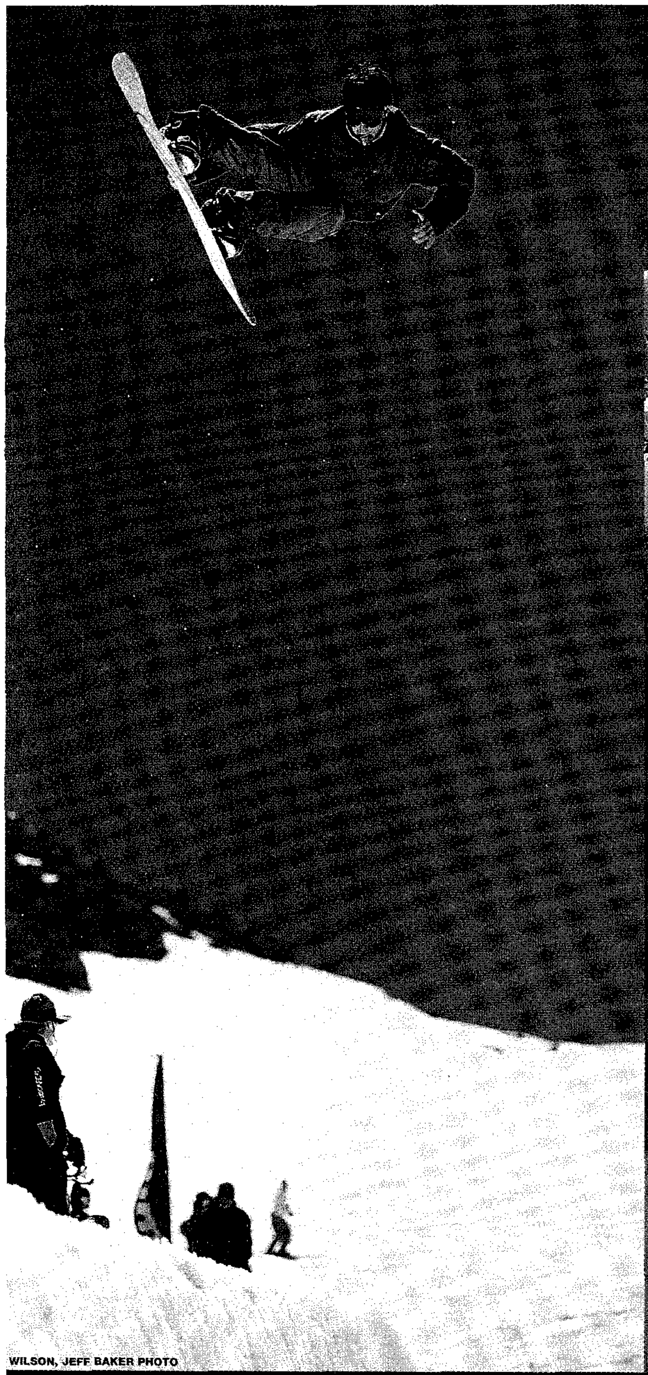

WILSON, JEFF BAKER PHOTO

JESSE BURTNER, JIMMY CLARKE PHOTO

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Movies

Edited by Ben Kaplan

This Week's Releases

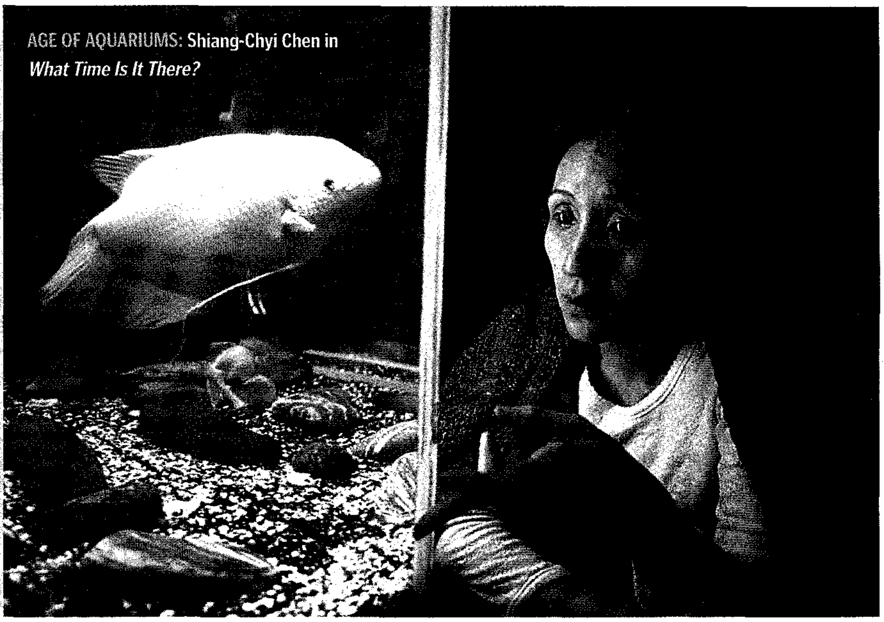
The Brotherhood of the Wolf
Set in Southern France in 1765, Christophe Gans's film follows the legend of a murderous werewolf. With Monica Bellucci and Vincent Cassel. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; R) • Opens 1/11.

e-dreams
Wonsuk Chin's documentary about Kozmo.com, the New York–based Internet company that went from booming to bankrupt in two swift years. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) • Opens 1/11.

Escape to Life: The Erika and Klaus Mann Story
Andrea Weiss and Wieland Speck co-directed this documentary about an artistic brother and sister who fled Nazi Germany, which also incorporates scenes from their texts. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) • Opens 1/11.

Orange County
Jake Kasdan's ensemble comedy is about a graduating high-school senior (Colin Hanks) and his quest to get into Stanford. With Jack Black, Harold Ramis, and Lily Tomlin. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 1/11.

What Time Is It There?
A grieving watch vendor on the streets of Taipei falls in love with a woman who leaves Taiwan for France. Directed by Tsai Ming-Liang; in Cantonese, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) • Opens 1/11.



AGE OF AQUARIUMS: Shiang-Chyi Chen in *What Time Is It There?*

New Films

Ali
Michael Mann directed this uneven odyssey through the career of Muhammad Ali, played by Will Smith. Ambitious and overwrought, the movie works best as a study in Ali as a son-of-a-bitch *Raging Bull*; when it tries to emblematize Ali as a righteous Everyman, it becomes hagiographic. (Rainer; 12/24/01) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) • 6; 13; 14; 15; 16; 32; 34; 37; 40; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 49; 51; 52; 53; 54; 55; 56; 57; 59; 61; 62; 63; 65; 71; 72; 75; 76.

★ Amélie
Jean-Pierre Jeunet's frenetic frolic is about a Parisian waitress, played by Audrey Tautou, who sees herself as the rescuer of sad souls. (Rainer; 11/12/01) (2 hrs.; R) • 1; 11; 26; 47; 50; 64.

A Beautiful Mind
Russell Crowe plays the real-life mathematician and paranoid schizophrenic John Nash in this rather conventionalized view of madness and creativity and the redemptive powers of love. Crowe has a lumbering grace as Nash, but his performance is too lumpy and indrawn. Ron Howard directed. (Rainer; 1/7/02) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; PG-13) • 9; 11; 14; 15; 22; 28; 30; 43; 58; 61; 63; 72.

Behind Enemy Lines
Director John Moore's debut stars Gene Hackman as an Air Force commander who aborts a mission to save a captured young charge (Owen Wilson). (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) • 10; 16; 29; 35; 44; 46; 58; 63; 66; 76.

★ Black Hawk Down
Ridley Scott's lacerating war movie set in Mogadishu, Somalia, during a disastrous 1993 campaign puts you right into the clamor of combat. As a purely logistical feat, the film is a knockout, but it's so stripped down and devoid of vivid characterizations and political context that it becomes numbing and repetitive. Josh Hartnett, Sam Shepard, and Tom Sizemore co-star. (Rainer; 1/1/02) (2 hrs. 23 mins.; R) • 43.

Ground Rules These synopses, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote releases that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. **NOTE: Each review is followed by numbers indicating theaters where the film is playing; a key to theaters begins on page 68.**

Black Knight
Martin Lawrence is transported to the Middle Ages. Directed by Gil Junger. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) • 16; 68.

★ The Business of Strangers
The movie looks like it's a product of the Neil LaBute Finishing School, but Stockard Channing, as a CEO confronting a pathological assistant (Julia Stiles), has one of her few strong movie roles here, and she plays it to the hilt. (Rainer; 12/17/01) (1 hr. 23 mins.; R) • 1; 38; 64.

Charlotte Gray
Gillian Armstrong's World War II love story stars Cate Blanchett as the title character, a British agent who's searching France for her lover but finds Billy Crudup instead. (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 43.

Dark Blue World
Two Czech pilots escape Nazi labor camps to fight alongside the British, but clash when they both fall in love with the same woman. Directed by Jan Sverák, in Czech, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) • 5.

★ The Devil's Backbone
The new horror film from the extravagantly talented Mexican director Guillermo Del Toro blends agitprop Marxism with ghoulishness without seeming silly. (Rainer; 11/26/01) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) • 2; 64.

Eisenstein
Simon McBurney plays the twenties master filmmaker Sergei Eisenstein, and the film follows him from Russia to Mexico. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) • 4.

Focus
William H. Macy and Laura Dern star in a case of mistaken identity during World War II. Director Neal Slavin's debut; from the Arthur Miller novel. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • 19.

★ Gosford Park
Robert Altman's murder mystery is set in a British estate in 1932, and it boasts perhaps the best cast in the movies right now, including Alan Bates, Clive Owen, Jeremy Northam, and Emily Watson. They're all wonderful. The film is an artful blend of whodunit and something deeper—a meditation on class and a vanishing gentry. (Rainer; 12/24/01) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) • 9; 12; 15; 22; 25; 43; 54.

Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone
Chris Columbus's literal-minded, scrupulously faithful rendition of J. K. Rowling's beloved children's best-seller lacks transcendence. (Rainer; 11/19/01) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; PG) • 9; 14; 22; 32; 40; 43; 44; 45; 46; 48; 50; 51; 53; 54; 58; 61; 63; 71; 72; 76.

Heist
David Mamet wrote and directed this spottily entertaining wheeze about a veteran thief (Gene Hackman) who pulls off one last job. (Rainer; 11/12/01) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) • 24.

How High
Hip-hop collaborators Redman and Method Man star as zonked-out city kids who wind up at Harvard. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) • 9; 14; 15; 16; 29; 30; 39; 40; 41; 42; 44; 45; 46; 49; 51; 53; 55; 56; 61; 62; 63; 70; 72; 76.

Impostor
Gary Fleder (*Don't Say a Word*) directs this futuristic noir, based on a short story by Philip K. Dick, and starring Gary Sinise as a brilliant scientist accused of being an alien spy. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) • 2; 14; 15; 16; 32; 39; 40; 41; 42; 45; 46; 49; 53; 54; 55; 56; 59; 60; 65; 67.

★ In the Bedroom
Todd Field, in his directorial debut, has made a fine, straightforward film about a murdered son and the parents who slowly writhe for retribution. As the parents, Tom Wilkinson and Sissy Spacek are extraordinary. (Rainer; 11/26/01) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) • 1; 12; 29; 38; 47; 60.

Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius
Animated spinoff of Nickelodeon's popular series about the world's smartest boy, who battles evil but still has to face his parents and school. (1 hr. 22 mins.; G) • 6; 13; 14; 15; 16; 29; 33; 39; 40; 41; 44; 45; 46; 49; 51; 52; 53; 54; 55; 56; 57; 59; 60; 61; 62; 63; 65; 67; 71; 74; 76.

Joe Somebody
Tim Allen plays a pharmacist who, having been robbed of his parking space, makes a concerted effort to regain respect. Directed by John Pasquin. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) • 2; 11; 16; 29; 36; 44; 51; 58; 63; 70; 72; 73; 74; 76.

Kandahar
Iranian writer-director Mohsen Makhmalbaf's film is about a woman (Nelofer Pazira) journalist who must rescue a suicidal sister in Afghanistan. In Farsi, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) • 5; 38; 64.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF WINSTAR CINEMA.

Kate & Leopold
Meg Ryan and Hugh Jackman are falling in love, but they're from different time zones—Ryan in contemporary New York, Jackman in the late nineteenth century. Directed by *Girl, Interrupted's* James Mangold. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; PG-13) • 9; 11; 14; 15; 22; 27; 43; 50; 51; 52; 54; 58; 63; 69; 73; 76.

Lantana
Anthony LaPaglia plays a Sydney police detective whose search for a missing psychiatrist intersects with four unhappily married couples. Directed by Ray Lawrence; with Geoffrey Rush. (2 hrs.; R) • 9; 10; 38.

★ The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring
For most of the way, Peter Jackson's film of J.R.R. Tolkien's book *Fellowship of the Ring* is powerfully imaginative. The cast includes Elijah Wood as the hobbit Frodo and Cate Blanchett as Lady Galadriel, and they have the same gnarly, paradisiacal quality as the imagery—they're artworks all on their own. (Rainer; 12/25/01) (2 hrs. 40 mins.; PG-13) • 9; 11; 14; 15; 17; 22; 27; 37; 40; 41; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 48; 50; 51; 52; 53; 54; 56; 57; 58; 59; 61; 62; 63; 65; 67; 70; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76.

The Majestic
Jim Carrey is a blacklisted Hollywood screenwriter who subsequently suffers from amnesia and is mistaken for a missing local war hero in this overlong swatch of two-ton whimsy. Frank Darabont directed. (Rainer; 1/7/02) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; PG-13) • 2; 15; 16; 29; 32; 43; 51; 54; 57; 59; 63; 69; 73; 74; 76.

The Man Who Wasn't There
The movie isn't there, either. (Rainer; 11/5/01) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) • 2; 16; 64.

★ Memento
Christopher Nolan's low-budget noir stars Guy Pearce as a man seeking out his wife's murderer. His character has a mental handicap: a condition where he can't remember anything for more than fifteen minutes or so. (Rainer; 3/26/01) (2 hrs.; R) • 3.

Monster's Ball
Billy Bob Thornton has developed a style of acting that is beyond minimal; it's near nonexistent. He plays a Georgia death-row prison guard who winds up in a depth-charged affair with the wife of a man he helped execute. As the wife, Halle Berry is hell-bent on showing us how unglamorous she can be, but her bracing openness periodically snaps the movie out of its arty dreamwalk. Marc Forster directed. (Rainer; 1/14/02) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) • 5; 31; 38.

★ Monsters, Inc.
No *Shrek*, but enjoyable family entertainment. (Rainer; 11/12/01) (1 hr. 33 mins.; G) • 2; 9; 10; 19; 22; 39; 44; 46; 53; 60; 61; 71; 76.

Mulholland Drive
Naomi Watts and Laura Elena Harring play an ingenue and an amnesiac making their way through a noirish L.A. dreamscape in David Lynch's latest weirdo fantasia. (Rainer; 10/22/01) (2 hrs. 26 mins.; R) • 3; 16; 20.

No Man's Land
Three soldiers, two Bosnians and a Serb, are stuck between enemy lines during the Bosnian war in writer-director Danis Tanovic's absurdist debut feature film. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) • 1; 38.

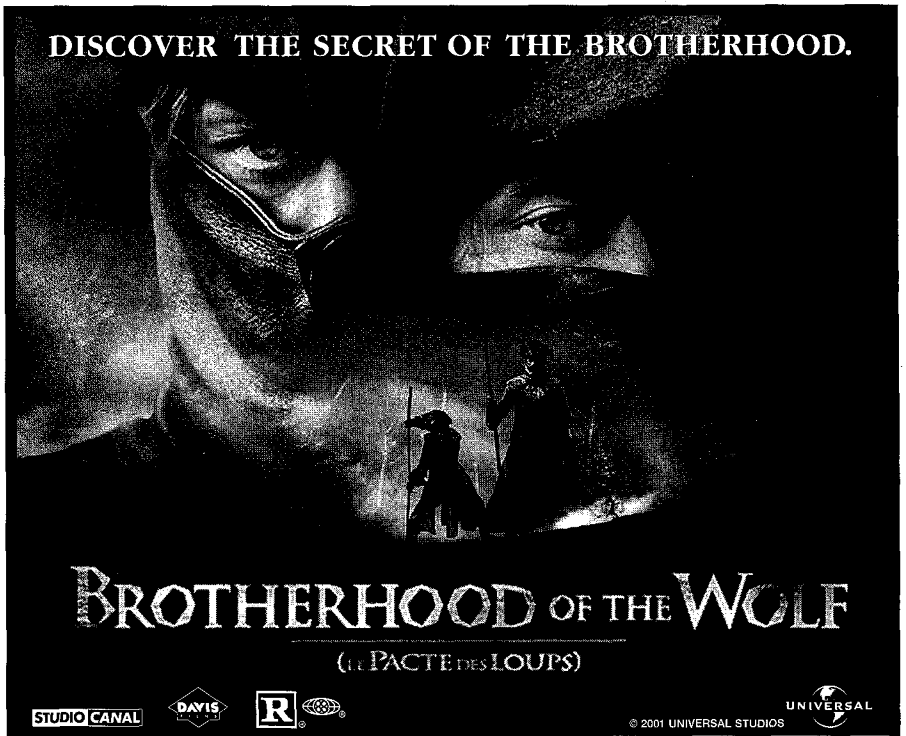
Not Another Teen Movie
Director Joel Gallen's film debut spoofs the past fifteen years of the teen-movie genre. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) • 9; 11; 22; 32; 34; 39; 40; 44; 45; 46; 51; 53; 56; 58; 59; 60; 61; 63; 71; 73; 74; 75; 76.

Novocaine
Writer David Atkins's directorial debut stars Steve Martin as an unraveling dentist. With Helena Bonham Carter. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) • 8; 64.

★ Ocean's Eleven
Steven Soderbergh shoots the works in this snazzy, somewhat chilly stars-on-parade heist movie set in Vegas. (Rainer; 12/10/01) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) • 6; 13; 14; 16; 21; 32; 34; 36; 39; 40; 44; 45; 46; 48; 50; 51; 53; 54; 58; 59; 61; 63; 65; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76.

The One
Jet Li plays both the hero and the villain in James Wong's (*Final Destination*) interplanetary sci-fi adventure. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) • 24; 68.

The Others
Nicole Kidman plays a mother raising her two children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in a haunted house while her husband is serving in World War II. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) • 2; 16.

Porn Star: The Legend of Ron Jeremy
Ron Jeremy is the all-too-willing subject of this unrated documentary, which contains no hard-core scenes but probably could have used a few. (Rainer; 12/3/01) (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) • 3.

The Royal Tenenbaums
Wes Anderson's new movie has a tip-top cast, including Gene Hackman, Anjelica Huston, Gwyneth Paltrow, Ben Stiller, and Danny Glover. It's about a family of prodigies gone to seed, and Anderson frames everyone in tight, flat compositions, as if he were offering up these people as specimens. Despite good work from Hackman, as the con-man patriarch Royal Tenenbaum, and Huston, as his long-suffering wife, the acting is pretty zombified. (Rainer; 12/10/01) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) • 9; 11; 14; 15; 16; 18; 27; 43; 47; 50; 54; 61; 74.

Second Skin
Spanish director Gerardo Vera's film stars Javier Bardem as a surgeon who becomes involved with a married man (Jordi Mollá). In Spanish, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • 7.

Serendipity
John Cusack and Kate Beckinsale are the star-crossed lovers in this airless romantic comedy that owes more than a bit to *Sleepless in Seattle*. (Rainer; 10/15/01) (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) • 24.

Shallow Hal
Do we really need the Farrellys to champion inner beauty? (Rainer; 11/19/01) (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) • 16; 68.

★ The Shipping News
Lasse Halstrom has a fine feeling for the ways in which people are formed by the ravages of their natural surroundings—in this case, bitter, beautiful Newfoundland. The film is a modestly successful adaptation of the E. Annie Proulx novel about a closed-off man, played (rather too reticently) by Kevin Spacey. Julianne Moore, Scott Glenn, Judi Dench, and Pete Postlethwaite co-star. (Rainer; 1/7/02) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) • 6; 13; 15; 16; 29; 43; 47; 72.

Sidewalks of New York
Edward Burns writes, stars in, and directs this romantic comedy with an ensemble cast including Stanley Tucci, Heather Graham, and Brittany Murphy. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • 2; 10; 16; 68.

Spy Game
Robert Redford is a retiring CIA agent—and then his protégé (Brad Pitt) is wrongly imprisoned overseas. Directed by Tony Scott. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) • 16; 19; 39; 66; 68.

13 Ghosts
Shannon Elizabeth and Matthew Lillard star in Steve Beck's remake of William Castle's 1960 film. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) • 68.

★ Training Day
Denzel Washington plays a corrupt L.A. narcotics detective and Ethan Hawke plays his rookie sidekick in this dawn-to-dawn melodrama with higher pretensions. (Rainer; 10/15/01) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) • 24.

★ 2001: A Space Odyssey
Stanley Kubrick's science-fiction masterpiece about aliens, the dawn of mankind, and a radio wave to Jupiter. (2 hrs. 19 mins.; R) • 23.

Vanilla Sky
Tom Cruise plays a publishing executive and playboy who goes through a dream-time nightmare in a quest for true love—or something like that. Cameron Crowe directed, Penélope Cruz and Cameron Diaz co-star, and the whole convoluted and unconvincing mess is perhaps the most baroque chick flick ever made. (Rainer; 12/17/01) (2 hrs. 16 mins.; R) • 6; 13; 14; 22; 25; 32; 36; 40; 43; 44; 45; 46; 50; 51; 53; 54; 58; 59; 60; 61; 63; 65; 71; 73; 74; 75; 76.

★ Waking Life
Richard Linklater has made a one-of-a-kind movie. A live-action digital-video movie was "painted over" by scores of computer animators, and the result has an amazing fluidity. The film is about a young man who passes through a linked series of encounters that may or may not be dreams. One of the very best movies of the year. (Rainer; 10/29/01) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • 3.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

1. CC Angelika Film Center
18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Amélie; The Business of Strangers; Charlotte Gray; In the Bedroom; Iris; No Man's Land

2. CC Village East
189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • The Devil's Backbone; Impostor; Joe Somebody; The Majestic; The Man Who Wasn't There; Monsters, Inc.; The Others; Sidewalks of New York

3. Cinema Village
22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • Memento; Mulholland Drive; Porn Star: The Legend of Ron Jeremy; Waking Life

4. Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • Eisenstein; Trembling Before G-d (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

5. Landmark Sunshine Cinema
143 E. Houston St. (212-358-7709) • Dark Blue World; Kandahar; Monster's Ball

6. Loews Village
66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • Ali; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Ocean's Eleven; The Shipping News; Vanilla Sky

7. Quad Cinema
34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • Ghost World; Second Skin

8. The Screening Room
54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • Ghost World; Novocaine

9. UA Union Square
13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • A Beautiful Mind; Gosford Park; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; How High; Kate & Leopold; Lantana; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Monsters, Inc.; Not Another Teen Movie; The Royal Tenenbaums

14th–41st Streets

10. CC Murray Hill Cinemas
160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) • Behind Enemy Lines; Ghost World; Lantana; Monsters, Inc.; Sidewalks of New York

11. Clearview's Chelsea
260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • Amélie; A Beautiful Mind; Joe Somebody; Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Not Another Teen Movie; The Royal Tenenbaums

12. Clearview's Chelsea West
333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • Gosford Park; In the Bedroom

13. Loews 19th St. East
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • Ali; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Ocean's Eleven; The Shipping News; Vanilla Sky

14. Loews 34th St. Theatre
312 W. 34th St. (212-244-8850) • Ali; A Beautiful Mind; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; How High; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Ocean's Eleven; The Royal Tenenbaums; Vanilla Sky

15. Loews Kips Bay Theatre
550 Second Ave., at 32nd St. (212-50–LOEWS#558) • Ali; A Beautiful Mind; Gosford Park; How High; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Majestic; The Royal Tenenbaums; The Shipping News

42nd–60th Streets

16. AMC Empire 25 Theatres
234 W. 42nd St. (212-398-3939) • Ali; Behind Enemy Lines; Black Knight; Bridget Jones's Diary; Ghost World; How High; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Joe Somebody; The Majestic; The Man Who Wasn't There; Moulin Rouge; Mulholland Drive; Ocean's Eleven; The Others; The Royal Tenenbaums; Shallow Hal; The Shipping News; Shrek; Sidewalks of New York; Spy Game

17. CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • Kate & Leopold; Iris; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring

18. CC Eastside Playhouse
919 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-755-3020) • The Royal Tenenbaums

19. CC Sutton
205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • Focus; Monsters, Inc.; My First Mister; Spy Game

20. Clearview's 59th Street East
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • Mulholland Drive

21. Clearview's Ziegfeld
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Ocean's Eleven

22. Loews 42nd Street E Walk
42nd St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • A Beautiful Mind; Gosford Park; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Monsters, Inc.; Not Another Teen Movie; Vanilla Sky

23. Loews Astor Plaza
44th St., at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • 2001: A Space Odyssey

24. Loews State
1540 Broadway, nr. 45th St. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • Heist; The One; Serendipity; Training Day

25. New York Twin
1271 Second Ave, nr. 66th St. (212-505-CINE#590) • Gosford Park; Vanilla Sky

26. Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • Amélie

61st Street and Above, East Side

27. CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Royal Tenenbaums

Opening

Family Ties

It wasn't enough for Tom Hanks's son to play opposite Sissy Spacek's daughter in **Orange County**: The director also had to have a famous name. "I know the pedigree is surreal," says Jake Kasdan, who spent his youth on the sets of the films of his father, Lawrence (among them *The Big Chill*). Fittingly, his comedy about a graduating high-school senior (Colin Hanks, pictured with Schuyler Fisk) concerns a family as dysfunctional as any: a pill-popping brother (Jack Black), a Chardonnay-swilling mom (Catherine O'Hara), and a corporate-raiding father (John Lithgow) in the throes of an unhappy—but funny—second marriage. The script is by Mike White, author of the beautifully icky *Chuck & Buck* and a Kasdan pal. "Mike wrote a different kind of story," Kasdan, 27, says. "He has a beautiful way of writing very uncomfortable things." Opens January 11.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GAMMA LAMANOA.

28. Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., nr. 65th St. (212-777-FILM#606) • A Beautiful Mind

29. Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • Behind Enemy Lines; How High; In the Bedroom; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Joe Somebody; The Majestic; The Shipping News

30. Clearview's Park and 86th St.
125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • A Beautiful Mind; How High

31. Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • Monster's Ball

32. Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • Ali; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; Impostor; The Majestic; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

33. UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius

34. UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • Ali; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven

61st Street and Above, West Side

35. Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • Behind Enemy Lines

36. Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, nr. 99th St. (212-777-FILM#609) • Joe Somebody; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

37. Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, nr. 106th St. (212-777-FILM#613) • Ali; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring

38. Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway nr. 62nd St. (212-757-2280) • The Business of Strangers; In the Bedroom; Kandahar; Lantana; Monster's Ball; No Man's Land

39. Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • How High; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Monsters, Inc.; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Spy Game

40. Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • Ali; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; How High; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

41. New Coliseum
701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) • How High; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring

42. Nova
3589 Broadway, nr. 147th St. (212-862-5728) • Ali; How High; Impostor; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring

43. Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • Ali; A Beautiful Mind; Black Hawk Down; Charlotte Gray; Gosford Park; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Majestic; The Royal Tenenbaums; The Shipping News; Vanilla Sky

Bronx

44. Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • Ali; Behind Enemy Lines; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; How High; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Joe Somebody; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Monsters, Inc.; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

45. Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • Ali; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; How High; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

46. Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • Ali; Behind Enemy Lines; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; How High; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Monsters, Inc.; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

Brooklyn

47. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) • Amélie; In the Bedroom; The Royal Tenenbaums; The Shipping News

48. Brooklyn Heights Pavilion
70 Henry St. (718-369-0838) • Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Ocean's Eleven

49. Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • Ali; How High; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius

50. Cobble Hill Cinema
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • Amélie; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Ocean's Eleven; The Royal Tenenbaums; Vanilla Sky

51. Court Street 12
106 Court St. (718-246-7469) • Ali; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; How High; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Joe Somebody; Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Majestic; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

52. Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • Ali; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring

53. Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • Ali; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; How High; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Monsters, Inc.; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

54. Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • Ali; Gosford Park; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Majestic; Ocean's Eleven; The Royal Tenenbaums; Vanilla Sky

55. Pavilion Flatbush
314 Flatbush Ave. (718-596-7070) • Ali; How High; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius

56. Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) • Ali; How High; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Not Another Teen Movie

57. UA Marboro
6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) • Ali; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Majestic

58. UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • A Beautiful Mind; Behind Enemy Lines; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; Joe Somebody; Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

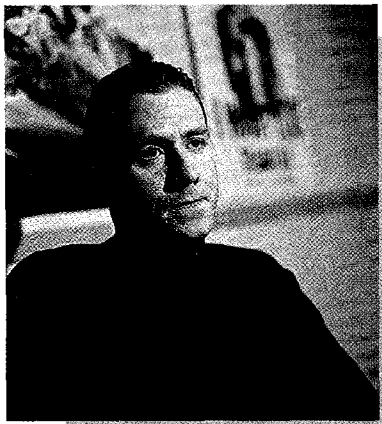
Queens

59. Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Ali; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Majestic; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

60. Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • Impostor; In the Bedroom; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Monsters, Inc.; Not Another Teen Movie; Vanilla Sky

61. College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • Ali; A Beautiful Mind; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; How High; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Monsters, Inc.; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; The Royal Tenenbaums; Vanilla Sky

62. Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Ali; How High; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; The Lord of the Rings: The



Festival

Gang of New York

On the eve of the **Sundance Film Festival**, two first-time New York directors were adding the finishing touches to their still-unfinished films. "We're getting our final print tomorrow," says Eric Eason (pictured, left), the director of *Manito*, a film about two brothers in Washington Heights. "But then I have to send the picture back out for subtitling. Sundance is going to be a running-with-the-film-can type thing." The Sundance Film Festival is a buyer's market for independent-film distributors—and for a first-time director, it can determine whether his or her picture will ever be seen. "Sundance is great, but it's also horrifying," says Peter Mattei (right), director of *Love in the Time of Money*, a romantic comedy set in New York during the Internet boom. "I feel like my film is going to fall apart any minute." Both directors wrote their scripts and filmed on location in New York. "Shooting in the city is tough because it's so overcrowded, but any interior in Williamsburg can look like New York," says Mattei. "Filming in New York is a dream," Eason adds. "As long as you do it north of 96th Street." And both agree that September 11 has got people thinking about the city. "I think people will look at our work closer now," says Eason. "Maybe," he adds with a laugh, "we can play upon the rest of the country's guilt in getting our films acquired." The Sundance Film Festival starts January 10 in Park City, Utah. B.K.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTT JONES.

Planning a trip to

?

chicagomag

The Web site of *Chicago* magazine gives you the city in a nutshell—the best places to eat, the top cultural events, and other essential information.

A **PRIMEDIA** Publication

Fellowship of the Ring

63. Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • Ali; A Beautiful Mind; Behind Enemy Lines; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; How High; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Joe Somebody; Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Majestic; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

64. Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • Amélie; The Business of Strangers; The Devil's Backbone; Kandahar; The Man Who Wasn't There; Novocaine; Trembling Before G-d

65. Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • Ali; Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

66. North Shore Towers
27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) • An American Rhapsody; Behind Enemy Lines; Spy Game; Trembling Before G-d

67. Plaza
103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • Impostor; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring

68. UA Astoria
28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) • Black Knight; The One; Shallow Hal; Sidewalks of New York; Spy Game; 13 Ghosts

69. UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • Kate & Leopold; The Majestic

70. UA Crossbay
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • How High; Joe Somebody; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring

71. UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • Ali; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Monsters, Inc.; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

72. UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • Ali; A Beautiful Mind; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; How High; Joe Somebody; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Ocean's Eleven; The Shipping news

73. UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • Joe Somebody; Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Majestic; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

Staten Island

74. Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • Kate & Leopold; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Joe Somebody; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Majestic; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; The Royal Tenenbaums; Vanilla Sky

75. UA Hylan Plaza
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • Ali; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

76. UA Movies at Staten Island
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • Ali; Behind Enemy Lines; Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone; How High; Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius; Joe Somebody; Kate & Leopold; The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring; The Majestic; Monsters, Inc.; Not Another Teen Movie; Ocean's Eleven; Vanilla Sky

Museums, Societies, Etc.

77. American Museum of the Moving Image
36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $8.50. • "W.C. Fields." 1/12: *Million Dollar Legs* (1932); *The Old Fashioned Way* (1934). 1/13: *It's a Gift* (1934); *The Man on the Flying Trapeze* (1935).

78. Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8. • 1/10-1/15: *American Astronaut* (2001).

79. Cinema Classics
332 E. 11th St. (212-677-5368); $5. • 1/8: *Rosemary's Baby* (1968). 1/9-1/10: *Aguirre: Wrath of God* (1972). *1/12-/13: Stalker (1979). 1/14-1/15: Sweet Sweetback's Badassss Song* (1971).

80. Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9. • "Greatest Hits: Highlights From Film Forum's Repertory Screen." 1/8: *Written on the Wind* (1956); *Imitation of Life* (1959). 1/9-1/10: *Don't Look Back* (1966); *Gimme Shelter* (1970). 1/11-1/12: *A Clockwork Orange* (1971); *The Shining* (1980). 1/13-1/14: *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* (1971); *The Long Goodbye* (1973). 1/15: *Chloe in the Afternoon* (1971); *Pauline at the Beach* (1983).

81. French Institute
Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6100); $8. • "A Portrait of the Artist's Life." 1/8: *La Comédie-Francaise ou l'amour joué* (1996). 1/15: *Quai des Orfévres* (1947).

82. Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors. • "Mauritz Stiller—Restored." 1/8: *Hotel Imperial* (1927). "Marlene Dietrich: A Centennial Salute." 1/13-1/14: *The Scarlet Empress* (1934).

83. New York Film Academy
100 E. 17th St. (212-802-8000); $5. • 1/11: *A Clockwork Orange* (1971).

84. New York Jewish Film Festival
The Walter Reade Theater, 65 W. 65th St. (212-875-5600); $9. • 1/13: *Szulamit* (1916); *The Wedding Day* (1912); *One of the Hollywood Ten* (2000); *The Vow* (1937); *Once We Grow Up* (2000). 1/14: *Once We Grow Up* (2000); *The Vow* (2000); *One of the Hollywood Ten* (2000); *Conspiracy* (2001). 1/15: *The Travellers: This Land Is Your Land* (2001); *Pacha Macha* (2001); *Thank God for India* (2000); *Zygielbojm's Death* (2001); *The Secret* (2001).

85. YWCA Cine-Club
610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $7. • "Cinema of the Shadows: The Hollywood Film Noir." 1/12-1/13: *The Brasher Doubloon* (1947).

Revival

Dawg Days

"It's about friendship and family," says Gillian Grisman about **Grateful Dawg**, her documentary on the musical partnership between Jerry Garcia and her bluegrass-musician father, David. Although the film includes live sixties-era performance footage of the two, it's Gillian's fly-on-the-wall scenes of Garcia in the early nineties that are unique and touching. "People wanting to see a Jerry biopic about his personal life and his battle with heroin are going to be disappointed," says the 32-year-old New Yorker. "My dad and Jerry's relationship was based on music—they were musicologists, and friends, and that's what my film is about." Grisman will answer questions at the January 15 show. At Makor, 35 West 67th Street; through January 17.

Trailers

AS WEIRD AS IT GETS Adam Sandler and **Jack Nicholson** have signed on as unlikely co-stars of the film *Anger Management*. Sandler will star as an introverted businessman who is sent in error by his company to get treatment from an overzealous and hot-tempered anger-management specialist (Nicholson); Revolution Studios, Happy Madison Productions, and John Jacobs will produce.

AMERICA UNDERCOVER Steven Soderbergh and **George Clooney** are coming together on yet another venture; the two (who will work through their production company, Section Eight) have signed on to produce an adaptation of the upcoming memoir *See No Evil: The True Story of a Foot Soldier in the CIA's Counterterrorism War*, by former high-ranking operative **Robert Baer**. *Traffic* screenwriter **Stephen Gaghan** is in talks to join them as writer and director, with Warner Bros. to distribute.

I SPY Miramax's Dimension Films just bought the rights to Intermedia's *Mindhunters*, to be directed by **Renny Harlin** (*Driven, Cliffhanger*). The action thriller, which will star **Val Kilmer**, **Christian Slater**, **LL Cool J**, and others, follows a team of FBI trainees in an elite psychological-profiling program who are forced to use their newfound sleuthing skills when they discover that there is a serial killer in their midst; production is scheduled to start later this month in the Netherlands.

IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN Ang Lee has found a cast for his upcoming *The Hulk*, an adaptation of the classic comic book; **Eric Bana** (*Black Hawk Down*) will play the unassuming scientist Dr. Bruce Banner (his raging green counterpart will be computer-generated), and **Jennifer Connelly** (*A Beautiful Mind*) will star as his sweetheart. **Sam Elliott** and **Nick Nolte** are reportedly also in talks to appear in the film, production on which kicks off in March. Universal Pictures will distribute. SARA CARDACE

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, BY DEXTER JOHNSON; RIGHT, ROBIN PLATZER (2).

Theater

Edited by Logan Hill

Broadway

Now Playing

Aida
Disney's epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian prince, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. More important, the eye-popping sets and chichi costumes are designed by Bob Crowley. Maya Days, Idina Menzel, and Adam Pascal star. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Beauty and the Beast
The family-friendly musical adaptation of Disney's film is no *Lion King,* but it's still entertaining kids by the busload. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

Cabaret
This gritty revival of the Kander and Ebb musical won four Tonys in 1998 for its portrayal of the decadent world of Weimar-era Berlin cabaret. Based on Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories,* the production has a much darker edge than the Liza Minnelli film. Now starring Molly Ringwald and Raúl Esparza. $25–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Chicago
This delightfully raunchy musical tribute to tough women and the men they murder won six Tonys in 1996. In this stylish production, choreographed by Ann Reinking and directed by Walter Bobbie, female inmates in a Jazz Age Chicago prison vie for the attention of a flashy lawyer and the tabloid press. $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Contact
This sensational, Tony-blessed dance-theater work by John Weidman and Broadway's reigning choreographer, Susan Stroman, presents a triptych of inventive pieces, ranging from a naughty flirtation to a suicidal adman's frantic fantasy. Charlotte d'Amboise, Colleen Dunn, and D.W. Moffett now star. $90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Dance of Death
Ian McKellen and Helen Mirren play the feuding spouses in August Strindberg's classic drama. $50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/13. • Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

45 Seconds From Broadway
Neil Simon's new comedy, starring Lewis J. Stadlen, Marian Seldes, Louis Zorich, and Rebecca Schull, is an affectionate tribute to the Edison Hotel coffee shop, the legendary Broadway hangout otherwise known as the "Polish Tea Room." $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

42nd Street
Come and meet those dancin' feet. This revival of the Al Dubin and Harry Warren musical about the proverbial chorus girl who gets her big break is snappily directed by Mark Bramble, with exuberant choreography by Randy Skinner, and features a top-notch cast: Michael Cumpsty, Christine Ebersole, David Elder, Jonathan Freeman, and Mary Testa. $20–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

The Full Monty
A rambunctious yet heartfelt musical adaptation of the 1997 film about desperate, destitute men who have nothing to lose but their underwear. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. $31–$86. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Hedda Gabler
Kate Burton plays Hedda, a woman trapped in convention and bored with her scholarly husband, in this Jon Robin Baitz adaptation of Ibsen's classic, directed by Nicholas Martin. $30–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/13. • Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables
An audacious button-pusher with over-the-top songs like "Do You Hear the People Sing?" and "I Dreamed a Dream," producer Cameron Mackintosh's mega-hit, based on the Victor Hugo novel, still stands as the best of the big British commercial imports. $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Lion King
Based on the popular Disney movie, this sublimely inventive production showcases some of the best experimental theater techniques of a generation, wrought with joyful mastery by experimental director extraordinaire Julie Taymor, and rewarded with a bouquet of Tonys in 1998. $30–$95. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Mamma Mia!
This season's feel-good hit is an unabashedly silly musical about a young bride-to-be and her single mom is scored with 22 shimmery disco tunes by Abba's Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus. Louise Pitre, Judy Kaye, Tina Maddigan, and Karen Mason star. Call for schedule. $55–$98.75. • Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-563-5544).

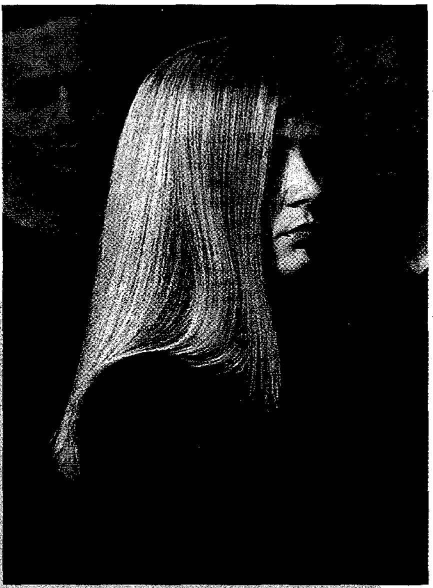
Noises Off
Patti Lupone, Peter Gallagher, Richard Easton, and Faith Prince star in this lively revival of Michael Frayn's London hit, a slapstick farce about a touring theatrical troupe. This fast-paced diversion has been one of the winter's unexpected delights. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).

The Phantom of the Opera
Andrew Lloyd Webber's campy version of the macabre tale, given an opulent spin by director Hal Prince. $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Producers
Nathan Lane and Matthew Broderick produce the ultimate "surefire flop," *Springtime for Hitler,* in Mel

Previews

Tape Dispenser



Unlike those Off Broadway playwrights who crave and dream of a star-studded film adaptation, Stephen Belber's been there, done that, and he's headed back downstream. His modest Off-Off Broadway play **Tape** was plucked from Access Theater's fifth-floor walk-up by Ethan Hawke, who first wanted to perform it alongside Albee's *Zoo Story* on Broadway and then settled for a well-reviewed film adaptation, directed by Richard Linklater and released last fall, co-starring Robert Sean Leonard and Hawke's wife, Uma Thurman. Though Belber admits that the film's debut at Sundance was "the thrill of a lifetime," he's now taking the play back to the stage—with two members of its original, unsung cast (Dominic Fumusa, left, and Josh Stamberg, right, pictured with Alison West). "As great as the movie actors were," he says, "I'm looking forward to going back to the guys I wrote it for." And though the cast, including a friend Belber's known "since the fourth grade," will reflect the play's roots, fans of the original production *or* the movie may not recognize much. "It was a cute little intriguing play before," he says, "but I've done major rewrites and expanded it into something that's hopefully a more thoughtful approach to how people change over time." The drama, originally confined to one hotel room and unfolding in real time, now spans three decades to assess the impact of an unforgotten high-school trauma. "The movie was the most intimate rendition of the play I've seen," says Belber, "but only theater can really get at the danger of what words can do in a small room." Previews begin January 8. (See "Off Broadway.") L.H.

Ground Rules Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and in temporary quarters at Bowling Green Park Plaza; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE XENOS.

Brooks's triumphant new musical and Tony Award record-setter. Based on his Oscar-winning 1968 film, directed and choreographed with aplomb by Susan Stroman, this giddy romp is the hottest ticket in town. $30–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7:30. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Proof

Jennifer Jason Leigh plays a chronically depressed young woman whose father, a famous mathematician, recently lost his mind and then his life. When Catherine's type-A sister rolls into town to bury him, a graduate student (the exceptional Josh Hamilton) finds a groundbreaking proof among her father's otherwise nonsensical papers and Catherine is jolted out of her near-catatonic state and into the confusing world around her. Justly rewarded with a Pulitzer and several Tonys, David Auburn's *Proof* is a virtuoso piece of writing. Daniel Sullivan's direction is impeccable. $24–$69. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

"QED"

Alan Alda stars in Peter Parnell's new two-character play about the odd physicist Richard Feynman. $35–$55. Sun. and Mon. at 8. • Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Rent

The late Jonathan Larson's hauntingly scored, Pulitzer-winning reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as lived by a gaggle of East Village hipsters at the peak of grunge and the AIDS epidemic. $35–$80. Mon., Tues., Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

The Rocky Horror Show

Just reopened: Christopher Ashley (*Jeffrey*) directs a surreal cast in Frank N. Furter's naughty pad for this fun stage version of the cult film about a Transylvanian transsexual and a kooky all-American couple. Throughout the performance, a celebrity emcee narrates laugh-out-loud improvisatory commentary (this fall's lineup includes Jerry Springer, Robin Leach, and Gilbert Gottfried), while the audience screams out call-and-response jokes. Featuring hair-band legend Sebastian Bach (*Jekyll & Hyde*), *Rent* star Daphne Rubin-Vega, and Terrence Mann. $30–$85. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9:45, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 1/6. • Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

Sexaholix

John Leguizamo returns with his first solo Broadway show since getting his *Freak* on. Leguizamo—Toulouse-Lautrec in *Moulin Rouge*—promises to riff on sex and lecture audiences with his new skit "Latinos for Dummies: From Montezuma to Me." $30–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/10. • Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife

In this shticky Manhattan comedy by downtown "gender illusionist" and camp playwright Charles Busch, Tony Roberts and Valerie Harper play a hyper allergist and his frazzled self-improving wife, whose worlds are upended by the arrival of a globetrotting debutante (played by *Knots Landing* vet Michele Lee). $30–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

Thou Shalt Not

Reigning Broadway super-choreographer Susan Stroman (*Contact, The Music Man, The Producers*) teams up with Harry Connick Jr. on a new musical adaptation of Émile Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, set in Connick's home town of New Orleans. Craig Bierko plays a jazz musician who returns from WWII and seduces a local married woman, played by Kate Levering. $20–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/6. • Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Urinetown

A downtown hit, this weird musical, with book and lyrics by Greg Kotis and music and lyrics by Mark Hollman, is now a Broadway smash. The plot? In a corrupt city beset by a disaster of apocalyptic proportions, water is worth its weight in gold, and pedestrians are forced to comply with a pay-per-pee system. $75–$85. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

The Women

The Roundabout stages Clare Boothe Luce's 1936 classic about a woman whose marriage is ruined by gossip. The formidable ensemble includes Kristen Johnston, Rue McClanahan, Cynthia Nixon, Jennifer Tilly, and Mary Louise Wilson. $40–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 1/13. • American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Brutal Imagination

This imaginative work tells the story of the imaginary African-American man who supposedly killed Susan Smith's children. Written by poet-playwright Cornelius Eady, with music by Diedre Murry performed by a jazz quartet, it's based on Eady's striking volume of poetry, *Brutal Imagination*, a finalist for the 2001 National Book Award. $15–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/8 opening. • Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).

Hobson's Choice

Brian Murray and Martha Plimpton star in Harold Brighouse's 1915 comedy about a tyrannical cobbler and his three daughters. David Warren directs. $45. Call for schedule. In previews for a 1/10 opening. • Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).

Mostly Sondheim

Musical vet Barbara Cook's new solo show arrives in New York after a successful West End run. Cook is joined by musical director Wally Harper on piano and John Burr on bass. $40 and $60. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. In previews for a 1/14 opening. Through 2/11. • Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Mrs. Feuerstein

Off-Off vet Murray Mednick's drama about a Holocaust-obsessed writing teacher who fantasizes about a ménage à trois with two German colleagues. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/8 opening. • Chashama, 135 W. 42nd St. (212-206-1515).

The Phantom Lady

The founder of Repertorio Espanõl, René Buch, directs Pedro Calderón de la Barca's classic, a ghostly drama about a sheltered aristocratic widow. $28–$35. In previews for a 1/21 opening. Through 2/17. • Theatre 80, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (212-598-9802).

Tape

Already adapted into a film directed by Richard Linklater, Stephen Belber's intimate drama about three friends who reunite ten years after their high-school graduation returns to the stage. Belber has expanded the drama considerably, and forsaken Hollywood gentry for members of its original Off-Off Broadway cast. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8. In previews for a 1/17 opening. • Jose Quintero Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

Now Playing

And God Created Great Whales

Rinde Eckert returns with his terrific show about a frazzled piano tuner who attempts to compose a great opera based on *Moby-Dick*. It's an all-too-rare instance of experimental theater where the experiment actually works. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. Through 1/13/02. • 45 Bleecker Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

Are You Dave Gorman?

A solo show by comedian Dave Gorman, in which the comedian continues his quest to discover everyone on the planet who shares his name. $25–$40. Wed.–Sat. at 8. • Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-741-0391).

Blue Man Group: Tubes

Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, tourists, haters and lovers of performance art. $55–$65. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 2, 5, and 8. Opened: 11/17/91. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare *(Abridged)*

An uninspired crash-course through the Bard's works. $25–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 5, and 8, Sun. at 4. • Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

De La Guarda

A raucous show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $20–$50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show

A wild, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. Cable sex icon Robin Byrd hosts on Wednesdays. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8,

Previews

Rails and Reels

Taking advantage of the brief winter break between major Broadway openings, downtown's experimental theaters are making this January as exciting as any month in downtown memory. Beginning on the 11th, the Obie-winning Clubbed Thumb company will stage **The Train Play** by Liz Duffy Adams, a comic drama about some very odd strangers on a train, including an earth goddess, a 12-year-old with superpowers, and three brothers from Ulyanovsk. And through February 3, downtown favorite Big Art Group will use live video feeds, inventive sound design, and gender-bending costumes to stage **Flicker** (cast pictured), a comic meditation on slasher films. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

PHOTOGRAPH BY LINSEY BOSTWICK.

Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Elaine Stritch: At Liberty
The extraordinary Elaine Stritch has collaborated with New Yorker writer John Lahr and director George C. Wolfe to present a biographical solo show. She's sure to sing her signature song, "The Ladies Who Lunch" from *Company*, but you should also expect her to riff on old friends like Brando, Matthau, Coward, and Clurman. $40. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. • Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Everett Beekin
Bebe Neuwirth stars in Richard Greenberg's latest, which crosscuts between Jewish families in forties New York and nineties Orange County. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/6. • Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

The Fantasticks
The enchanting musical that has launched many a career (including Jerry Orbach's) since "Try to Remember" was first sung 41 years ago. The show closes early this year, so be sure to catch a piece of history before it's gone. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. • Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway 2001: A Spoof Odyssey
Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof of musicals past and present takes on the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way, from preening divas to painful premises. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Good Thing
For the New Group theater company, Jo Bonney directs a new drama by Jessica Goldberg (*The Hologram Theory, Refuge*) that contrasts a young couple anticipating a baby and an older couple in the throes of a painful midlife crisis. $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/13. • The New Group Theatre at St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).

Homebody/Kabul
In this prescient drama by Tony Kushner, the justly heralded author of *Angels in America*, a London woman becomes obsessed with Afghanistan, and her husband and daughter journey to the country after receiving a report that she has been murdered. Written several years before September 11, the drama features Dylan Baker and Linda Emond and is a work of admirable ambition, if uneven execution. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 1:30. • New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-239-6200).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change
They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. A musical revue about heterosexual love. $49.50–$60. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 8/1/96. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Iphigeneia at Aulis
Agamemnon and his daughter Iphigeneia clash in this Euripides classic, directed by the Pearl Theatre's Shepard Sobel. $28–$25. Tues. at 7, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. • Theatre 80, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).

La Lupe: My Life, My Destiny
Carmen Rivera's successful musical about the salsa star returns, starring Doreen Montalvo. Tuesday performances are in English; all others are in Spanish. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6:30, Sat. and Sun. at 2. • Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

Love, Janis
An enjoyable new bio-musical based on *Love, Janis* by Joplin's sister Laura and performed by a trio of actresses. Cathy Richardson and Catherine Curtin are now joined by pop singer Beth Hart. $35–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Village Theater, 158 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

Marc Salem's Mind Games, Too
The mentalist Marc Salem reads minds and blows them, with mind-reading, mind-over-matter tricks, and some good-spirited audience interaction. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/13. • The Duke on 42nd St., 229 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Murdered by the Mob
Interactive off-line entertainment: a mob dinner where a crime unfolds in front of your pasta. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. • Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).

Naked Boys Singing
Just like a regular musical revue, but without pants. $35–$50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

Othello
Two of our finest Shakespearean actors take the stage. Keith David plays the title role; Liev Schreiber plays Iago. Former Long Wharf Theatre artistic director Doug Hughes directs. $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2. • The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Perfect Crime
The long-running thriller. $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 4/5/87. • Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).

Puppetry of the Penis
An oddly innocent lesson in "the ancient Australian art of genital origami." Two Australian comedians perform penile contortions like "The Hamburger," and "The Windsurfer." $29.90–$39.90. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 7. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

The Shape of Things
Gretchen Mol, Paul Rudd, Rachel Weisz, and Frederick Weller star in the latest wicked drama by Neil LaBute, the author of *bash* and the filmmaker behind *In the Company of Men*. The play tracks an ambitious artist who bends an unwitting lover to her peculiar will and is a hit-and-miss jumble of intense provocations and unbelievable motivations. $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).

[sic]
The Obie-winning Soho Rep stages Melissa James Gibson's new comedy about three neighbors: a novelist, a musician, and an auctioneer. $30. Most nights at 7:30. Through 1/18. • Soho Rep, 46 Walker St. (212-479-7979).

Speaking in Tongues
Despite an impressive opening scene, this mysterious drama by Aussie playwright Andrew Bovell, the author of *Strictly Ballroom,* ultimately feels more contrived than complex. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 1/20. • The Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-307-4100).

Stomp
A boisterous riot of found-object percussion. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

The Streets of New York
A flat new adaptation of Dion Boucicault's musical, with songs and direction by Charlotte Moore. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/20. • Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).

Summer of '42
A musical adaptation of the movie and 1971 Herman Raucher novel about three boys coming of age on a pristine island during WWII. Music and lyrics by David Kirshenbaum; book by Hunter Foster. $25–$65. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. • Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

The Syringa Tree
Kate Blumberg plays 28 characters in Pamela Gien's superb solo drama about a young girl coming to terms with life in sixties South Africa. It's a surprising and unpredictable, utterly believable and affecting tale of family love and loss amid the violence of apartheid. $49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-307-4100).

Tick . . . Tick . . . Boom!
This passionate, semi-autobiographical musical by the late Jonathan Larson (*Rent*) tracks the life of a struggling composer about to turn 30. Pulitzer winner David Auburn (*Proof*) shaped the script; Scott Schwartz (*Bat Boy*) directs. Now starring New Kids on the Block vet Joey McIntyre. $30–$55. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. • Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding
A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $75–$80. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

True Love
Charles L. Mee's *True Love*, an exploration of love set in a gas station, follows *First Love* and *Big Love* (opening soon at BAM). $45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. Through 1/20. • The Zipper, 336 W. 37th St. (212-239-6200).

Underneath the Lintel
In Glen Berger's new play, subtitled "The Mystery of

Previews

Barca Roles

Though the works of Pedro Calderón de la Barca are reputedly among the best of world literature, the dearth of English-language performances can make his boosters' claim a little difficult to verify here. Luckily, we can all brush up when the founder of Repertorio Español, René Buch, directs the Spanish master's classic **The Phantom Lady**, a ghostly drama (featuring Celeste Ciulla and Jason Manuel Olazábal, pictured) about a sheltered aristocratic widow, for the Pearl Theatre Company. Previews begin January 10. (See "Off Broadway.")

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM BLOOM.

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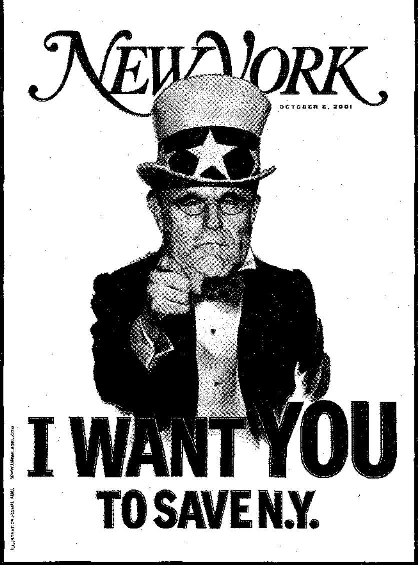

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the Abandoned Trousers," a librarian begins a peculiar investigation after discovering a returned book that is 123 years overdue. $40. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

The Vagina Monologues
Eve Ensler's oral history of a body part stitches together testimony from women from all over the world, from those who have experienced terrible abuse to those who have invented cute nicknames for this play's namesake. Originally a one-woman show, it's now performed by a rotating trio of actresses. Through 1/20: Kate Clinton, LaChanze, and Marcia Wallace. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Voice of the Turtle
Mint Theater stages John van Druten's WWII-era comic drama. $35. Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. at 7, Fri–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 1/20. • Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-315-0231).

What Goes Up
In this family-friendly performance, the Flaming Idiots perform comic gymnastics and make bologna sandwiches with their toes. $10–$40. Call for schedule. Through 1/13. • New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Where's My Money?
John Patrick Shanley's dark comedy about Brooklyn divorce lawyers transfers to the MTC after a successful Labyrinth Theatre run. $45. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/13. • MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Off-Off Broadway

Arms and the Man
Ernest Johns directs George Bernard Shaw's wartime comedy about a "chocolate cream soldier" who finds solace in a rich woman's bedroom. $15–$40. Call for schedule. Through 3/28. • Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

Conversations with the Pool Boy
Vortex Theater stages the 1994 Robert Coles comedy about a Manhattan man on the verge of a nervous breakdown. $19. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 1/13. • Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave. (212-206-1764).

Criss Angel Mindfreak
A futuristic illusion and escape art show. $15–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Fri. at 10, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 2 and 5. • World Underground Theater at WWF New York, Broadway, at 43rd St. (212-307-4100).

Culturemart 2002
Here stages an ambitious slate of hybrid performances by multidisciplinary artists, including Joshua Fried, Daniel Levy, Ivan Talijancic, and Troika Ranch. Curated by Here's executive director Kristin Marting. $12. Call for schedule. Through 1/13. • Here, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

Duck's Crossing
Jane Shepard's warm-spirited country comedy is directed by Julie Hamberg. $15. Call for schedule. 1/10–1/27. • Vital Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-592-0129).

Ecco Porco
Written and directed by Mabou Mines founder Lee Breuer, this drama tracks Gonzo Porco, a persecuted pig who seeks solace in the Animations Anonymous company of Rose the Dog and Sri Moo the Guru Cow. Mabou Mines veterans Frederick Neumann and Ruth Maleczech star. Wed.–Sun. at 7. $25. Through 1/27. • P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).

Flicker
The ever-interesting Big Art Group riffs on the world of slasher films in this multimedia production, which integrates two projectors displaying live video feeds. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 2/3. • P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5933).

I Never Sang for My Father
Terese Hayden directs Robert Anderson's drama, in which a college professor attempts to reconcile with his elderly father. $10. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/13. • Theatre 22, 54 W. 22nd St. (212-472-1789).

Maria del Bosco (Sex & Racing Cars: A Sound Opera)
The latest Richard Foreman production tackles horny ballerinas who fall in love with a race car "that turns out to be human consciousness in disguise." $15. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. • Ontological Theater at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).

Medeamaterial and Quartet
Cx & Company stage two of Heiner Muller's dark experimental works. Cradeaux Alexander directs both productions. $15. Mon. and Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/27. • Access Theatre, 380 Broadway at White St. (212-414-7773).

Monday Night Magic
Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. • Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-615-6432).

Mono
This inventive, interactive play set in a barlike environment, with a sock puppet, has been a suprising success downtown. $10–$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (212-358-3447).

No. 11 (Blue & White)
Alexandra Cunningham's new play, directed by Daniel Aukin (*[sic]*), tracks teens in a typically dysfunctional suburban high school. $15. Call for schedule. Through 2/3. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-206-1515).

Oedipus the King
Jean Cocteau Rep stages the classic. $15–$40. Call for schedule. Through 1/24. • Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

Rebel Without *a* Pause
Having ditched the monologue she planned to deliver after the events of September 11, solo performer Reno is confronting the WTC disaster, the war, and more. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. • La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

The Tender
Gregor Drozdek's drama about a gambling, alcoholic bartender is directed by Sasha Schulman. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 1/19. • Kraine Theater, 85 E. 4th St. (212-375-0859).

The Alamo Piece
Sigfrido Aguilar and Jim Calder stage a tribute to the people of the Mexican-American border, produced by Intar, the longest-running Hispanic theater in the country. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/20. • Intar 53 Theatre, 508 W. 53rd St. (212-279-4200).

The Train Play
The talented downtown troupe Clubbed Thumb stages a comic drama by Liz Duffy Adams about some very odd strangers on a train, including an earth goddess, a 12-year-old with superpowers, and three brothers from Ulyanovsk. $15. Thurs.–Sun., 1/21, and 1/28 at 8. Through 2/2. • Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-802-8007).

Unexpected Journeys
The Kazbah Project and the Lower East Side Tenement Museum present a festival of new plays by women from Muslim communities, including playwrights from Armenia, Egypt, Australia, Nigeria, Turkey, the United Kingdom, and the United States. $15. Call for schedule. 1/10–1/27. • Tenement Theatre, 97 Orchard St. (212-431-0233).

What You Will
Rebecca Holderness directs Shakespeare's comedy with a cast of 22 actors, including Katy Silverstone, Eric Weiner, and Walton Wilson. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 8. 1/12, 1/13, and 1/19 at 3. Through 1/19. • Clark Studio, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (212-924-0077).

Why Cleaning Fails
Cleanliness is next to silliness in Obie-winner Deb Margolin's comedy about the tyranny of Mr. Clean and his clan. $15. Fri–Sun. at 7:30. Through 1/13. • Here, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

Wise Guise
A new show by the vaudeville troupe Wise Guise (Craig, Scott, Juan, and Dan). $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/13. • Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave. (212-254-1109).

Art

Edited by Edith Newhall

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Sarah Austin
Playful collage constructions of color-Xerox images that reflect on Old Master paintings and sculptures; 1/10–2/9. • Venardos & Co. and Zoubok, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-879-5858).

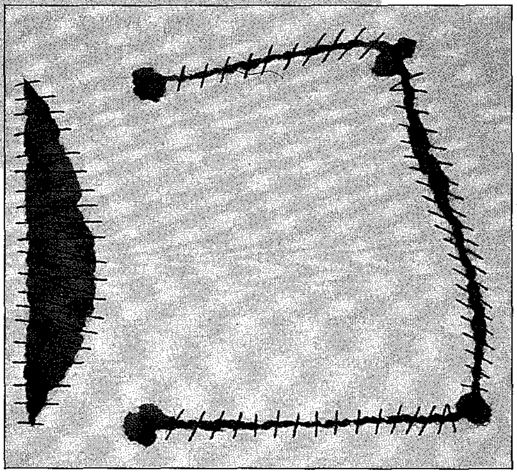
Gordon Matta-Clark
A survey of drawings by this artist who fused various media—including architecture, performance, photography, and film—and was known for transforming the city's abandoned buildings into works of art (see "Solos: SoHo and TriBeCa"); 1/11–2/16. • Zwirner & Wirth, 32 E. 69th St. (212-517-8677).

Albert Oehlen
Self-portraits in oil on wood; through 1/31. • Skarstedt, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-737-2060).

Retrospective

Southern Exposure

Anna Maria Maiolino: A Life Line/Vida Afora marks the first U.S. museum exhibition of the Italian-born, Brazil-based artist Anna Maria Maiolino. Part of Rio de Janeiro's New Objectivity movement of the sixties and known for her sculptures and installations that involve accumulations of clay forms, Maiolino is represented here by more than 100 drawings characterized by cuts, folds, and stitched seams (pictured, *Untitled*, 1976) that explore the dualities of black and white, inside and outside, positive and negative, and art and life. At the Drawing Center, 35 Wooster Street; January 10 through February 21.



57th Street Area

Richard Baker
Recent still paintings by this artist known for his simple, elegiac compositions; through 1/26. • Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Dan Graham/Dara Birnbaum
Five of the artist's early films from the late sixties and early seventies that used the variables of camera and body, performer and spectator, and the split screen to invert conventions of classical cinema/An audio-and-visual installation, *Erwartung: Expectancy* is the artist's updated version of the 1909 Schoenberg opera and presents its main character, a woman in search of her lover, as a contemporary and more contemplative figure. Through 2/9. • Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Jacob Lawrence
More than 30 paintings by the African-American artist (1917–2000) whose work is currently the subject of a Whitney Museum retrospective; through 1/26. • D C Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2111).

Andrew Lenaghan
Paintings that continue the artist's exploration of industrial and waterfront areas of Manhattan and Brooklyn; through 1/24. • Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (212-644-5665).

Lane Twitchell
Whimsical, labor-intensive cut-paper "paintings" that comment on the destructive forces in American culture through tapestrylike images of tiny buildings, cars, kudzu vines, and road signs; through 2/9. • Artemis Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

Neil Welliver
A survey of the artist's early paintings of nude female figures in forest settings from the late sixties and early seventies; through 1/26. • Alexandre, 41 E. 57th St. (212-755-2828).

Trevor Winkfield/Tom Burckhardt
Vividly colored paintings of narratives involving astronomers, navigators, ornithologists, athletes, and poets/Totemic arrangements of ink-and-graphite drawings on aged book leaves. Through 2/9. • De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alighiero e Boetti
Paper-on-canvas works from the artist's "Biro" series of the seventies and eighties, in which he and his assistants would use blue, red, green, and black ball-point pens to create graphlike compositions often containing puzzles, puns, and linguistic codes; 1/10–3/2. • Sperone Westwater, 212 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Tacita Dean
Photogravures based on postcards collected by the artist that transform each postcard image into the final scene of an imagined film, complete with inscribed stage directions; through 2/9. • Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Judy Fox/Lynne Yamamoto
A life-size, cast-marble figure of a beautiful youth posed as the Hindu god Krishna by this artist known for her uncannily lifelike sculptures of naked children/An installation of digitally rendered cherry blossoms affixed to painted walls. Through 1/19. • P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (212-941-8642).

Felrath Hines
Lyrical abstract paintings spanning 1958 to 1991 by a consummate colorist (1913–1993) who had been the chief conservator at the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden until his retirement in 1984; through 2/5. • Kelly, 591 Broadway (212-226-1660).

Gordon Matta-Clark
Photographs, cut-drawings, and drawings relating to the artist's 1973 project *A W-Hole House* for a gallery exhibit he was having in Genoa, Italy, the centerpiece of which was a single-story building in Genoa that the artist was invited to architecturally transform by making cuts in its walls and roof (see "Solos," "Madison Avenue and Vicinity"); 1/10–2/16. • Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (212-966-9074).

Chelsea

Carlos Betancourt/Mónica Castillo
Large-scale color photographs of human bodies covered with ancient African and pre-Columbian symbols and the artist's signature reverse handwriting/Paintings, painted objects, photographs, and video; through 2/2. • Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Leo de Goede
Two new groups of paintings, including the artist's signature "board paintings" on plywood in which colors are applied following the contours of the plywood's grain and monumentally scaled black-and-white paintings on plywood; 1/10–2/16. • Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Eneas
Painted portraits of leaders in the arts, business, and society, which though based on photographs required a sitting in the artist's studio; through 3/3. • Mansion, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-505-9577).

Steve Gianakos
Irreverent, often lewd paintings and drawings from the seventies that use cartoon-derived imagery to portray the human condition as an absurd interplay of sexuality and psychological fragmentation; through 1/19. • Fredericks Freiser, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6555).

Daniel Heimbinder
Hallucinogenic drawings of a depraved cast of characters from the artist's imagination; through 2/2. • Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937).

Luke Gray/Patrick Strzelec
Hard-edged paintings on eight-foot-square canvases accompanied by spontaneous gestural paintings on the gallery's walls/Sculptures composed of cast-rubber coils balanced on steel armatures. Through 1/19. • Snyder, 601 W. 29th St. (212-871-1077).

David Moreno/Nancy Shaver
Playfully hued paintings of patterns that reference technology/Wall sculptures constructed from found wood boxes; through 2/9. • Feature, 530 W. 25th St. (212-675-7772).

Karim Noureldin
A site-specific installation of wall drawings; through 1/19. • Schoormans, 508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159).

Kristin Oppenheim
An installation titled *Black Sabbath* in which the artist's voice and music combine with other elements to create an ephemeral whirl of desire; through 2/8. • 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Bernard Piffaretti
Abstract paintings in flat, unmixed colors that are divided in half by a vertical line and depict a pattern on one side and its replica on the other; through 2/9. • Cheim & Read, 547 W. 25th St. (212-242-7727).

Carol Rhodes/Amy Sillman
Paintings of aerial landscapes based on a variety of pho-

Ground Rules Galleries are generally open Tuesday through Saturday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE DRAWING CENTER.

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tographic and illustrative sources such as geography books and the artist's own photographs/An improvisational, multi-page drawing that plays out on a simple horizontal landscape from left to right like a drawn letter; through 2/2. • Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262).

David Row
"Reverse Pop" paintings, prints, and drawings that unite an abstract image with the artist's "pop tech" method of production; through 1/19. • Von Lintel, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Yvonne Thomas
Recent geometric abstract paintings; through 2/2. • DeWitt, 547 W. 27th St. (212-695-6845).

Frederic Matys Thursz/Sean Scully
A selection of the late artist's luminous abstract color paintings from the seventies and eighties/One new painting from the artist's continuing series, "Wall of Light." Through 2/2. • Lelong, 528 W. 26th St. (212-315-0470).

Marjorie Welish/Peter Downsbrough
Abstract paintings that use a diptych format to play color and black-and-white passages off each other/A wall drawing. Through 1/23. • Baumgartner, 418 W. 15th St. (212-633-2276).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Castelli
Paintings and sculpture incorporating silver color surfaces, by Cesar, Koons, Kusama, Pollock, Warhol, Watts; through 2/2. • 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470).

Hirschl & Adler
A selection of neoclassical furniture, silver, lighting, metalwork, porcelain, and glass produced in the United States, England, and France between 1810 and 1840 for an expressly American clientele; through 2/2. • 21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810).

Shapolsky
Paintings by L. Alcopley (1910–1992) and his wife, Nina Tryggvadottir (1913–1968), and collages by their daughter, Una Dora Copley; through 2/23. • 152 E. 65th St. (212-452-1094).

57th Street Area

Krugier
An exhibition pairing rare works of primitive art from Africa, Oceania, and North America with works by Dubuffet, Gonzalez, Miró, Picasso, and other artists who took inspiration from primitive and tribal art; through 1/19. • Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (212-755-7288).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander
Works that incorporate symbols by Albers, Guston, Johns, Nauman, Mullican, Schwitters, others; through 1/25. • 59 Wooster St. (212-925-9565).

Apexart
"Gain," works that address the role of technology in daily life, by Anderson, Linehan, Matthews, Polli, Matiasek, Sonami; through 1/26. • 291 Church St. (212-431-5270).

Hoffman
Orchid-inspired paintings by Bierk, Brady, Depman, Gregory, Halili, Moore, Raffael, Richards; through 1/16. • Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

Chelsea

Boesky
"Crisp," works by eleven artists represented by the Los Angeles gallery Richard Telles Fine Art, many of whom have not previously exhibited in New York; through 2/2. • Boesky, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-680-9889).

Eller
Recent works by Bovasso, Dupuis, Masullo; through 2/2. • 526-30 W. 25th St. (212-206-6411).

Harris
"Curious Terrain," works that use the landscape as vehicle for personal vision, by Downes, Gornik, Hatton, Henle, Kühn, Mann, Martin, Tucker, York, others; through 2/2. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

Indo Center
"From Goddess to Pin Up: Icons of Femininity in Indian Calendar Art," 90 calendar images of women from the sixties onward; through 1/19. • 530 W. 25th St. (212-462-4221).

Taylor
"Humanoid," paintings, sculpture, photographs, and video inspired by, though not necessarily representative of, the human form, by Church, Davidson, Diamond, Levy, Long, Ramirez, Yoder, others; through 1/19. • 535 W. 22nd St. (646-230-0992).

Van de Weghe
Sculptures by Calder, Serra, Stella; through 1/26. • 521 W. 23rd St. (212-929-6633).

Photography

Roger Ballen
Stark, unsettling portraits, still lifes, and interior scenes from the new book *Outland* (Phaidon Press) that were taken by this Johannesburg-based native New Yorker between the mid-eighties and the present in remote areas outside Johannesburg; 1/10–2/16. • Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (212-744-2313).

E. J. Bellocq
Portraits of prostitutes in New Orleans's Storyville district taken in the early 1900s; through 2/2. • Saul, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-627-2410).

Richard Caldicott
Large-format color photographs by a London-based artist that transform Tupperware boxes and lids into mysterious forms; through 2/16. • Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway (212-625-3434), Wed.–Fri. 11–6.

David Goldes
Black-and-white images of mysterious scientific experiments involving electricity and water by a photographer who was trained as a molecular biologist; through 2/9. • Milo, 552 W. 24th St. (212-414-0370).

George Hoyningen-Huene/Horst
An exhibition pairing the work of the former, the Russian-born baron and fashion photographer known for his dramatic lighting and classical compositions, with that of his similarly talented Condé Nast protégé; through 2/2. • Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

ICP
"New Histories of Photography 3—The First Snapshots: At Home and Abroad," 60 pioneering Kodak snapshots from the 1880s and 1890s, from the collections of ICP and the George Eastman House in Rochester, New York; 1/11–3/17. • "Foreign Body: Photography and the Prelude to Genetic Modification." A look at the way individuals were portrayed between 1852 and 1945 in medical and scientific photography, portraiture, and popular imagery; 1/11–3/17. • "Another Vietnam: Pictures of the War From the Other Side." An exhibit of more than 120 black-and-white photographs by Vietnamese soldier-photographers, co-organized by ICP and National Geographic; 1/11–3/17. • "Hidden Truths: Bloody Sunday 1972." Photographs by Fulvio Grimaldi, Fred Hoare, Gilles Peress, Robert White, and others documenting the protest march in Derry, Northern Ireland, in which thirteen civilians were killed by British soldiers; 1/11–3/17. • 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (212-857-0045), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

Seydou Keïta
Black-and-white studio portraits by an African photographer known for his formal but uncontrived images of Africans; through 2/2. • Kelly, 528 W. 29th St. (212-239-1181).

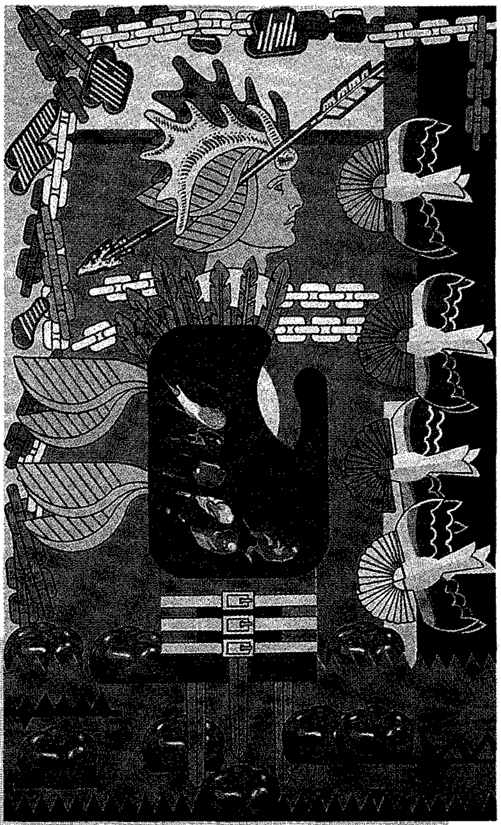
Perry Ogden
Photographs from Ogden's recently published book, 7 *Reece Mews: Francis Bacon's Studio* (Thames & Hudson), that offer an intimate look at the painter Francis Bacon's disorderly studio in South Kensington, London, showing it exactly as he left it at the time of his death in 1992; through 1/26. • Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

Jerry Spagnoli
Daguerreotypes of anatomical details and abstracted bodies in motion by a contemporary photographer who has literally reinvented the nineteenth-century process; through 1/26. • Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-7070).

August Strindberg
A traveling exhibition organized by the Strindberg Museum in Stockholm of the Swedish playwright's portraits, self-portraits, and experiments with abstraction; through 1/28. • Scandinavia House, 58 Park Ave. (212-779-3587).

Kunié Sugiura
Life-size photograms depicting characteristic gestures, performances, and actions by a variety of artists; through 2/2. • Tonkonow, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-255-8450).

Throckmorton
"Diego y Frida," photographs of the Mexican artists Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo taken by their friends and colleagues, among them Lucien Bloch, Manuel



Opening

Job Fair

In his latest paintings, **Trevor Winkfield** uses his signature candy-colored palette to eye-popping effect in whimsical narratives whose protagonists include astronomers, navigators, ornithologists, athletes, poets, and—in a first—the artist himself (pictured, *Self-Portrait*, 2001). At Tibor de Nagy Gallery, 724 Fifth Avenue, near 56th Street; through February 2.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF TIBOR DE NAGY GALLERY.

and Lola Alvarez Bravo, Leo Matiz, and Tina Modotti; through 3/2. • 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Edward Weston

A selection of the American modernist's photographs from his family's collections; through 1/26. • Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (212-334-0010).

Masao Yamamoto

Intentionally stained, bent, and scratched photographs of simple objects and scenes that explore memory, ambiguity, and the passage of time; through 1/19. • Richardson, 535 W. 22nd St. (646-230-9610).

Museums

American Craft Museum

"Mikromegas." Whimsical stickpins by well-known jewelry designers; through 4/28. • "Objects for Use: Handmade by Design." Functional works by 200 artists, among them Aroner, Hotchkiss, McKie, Rice, Teraki, Walden; through 4/28. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), daily 10-6, Thurs. 10-8 (pay what you wish 6-8); $7.50, $4 students and seniors.

American Folk Art Museum

"Darger: The Henry Darger Collection at the American Folk Art Museum." The museum's first presentation of 26 large-scale, rarely seen paintings, plus drawings, original manuscripts, books, and sketches from the artist's archives; through 6/23. • "American Radiance: The Ralph Esmerian Gift to the American Folk Art Museum." Paintings, sculpture, pottery, textiles, furniture, and scrimshaw recently donated to the museum by the folk-art collector; through 6/2. • 45 W. 53rd St. (212-977-7170), Tues.-Sun. 10-6 (Fri. to 8); $9, $5 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History

"Pearls." The first exhibition ever presented on pearls, weaving science, art, history, and literature into the story of pearl-forming mollusks; through 4/14. • "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An annual exhibit featuring 400 to 500 live butterflies from Central, South, and North America; through 5/27. • "Meeting God: Elements of Hindu Devotion." A portrait of Hinduism in photographs, devotional objects, and video-portraits; through 2/24. • Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; $10 suggested contribution, $7.50 students and seniors, $6 children.

Asia Society and Museum

"Conversations With Traditions: Nilima Sheikh and Shahzia Sikander." Works by two female South Asian artists who draw on traditional techniques of Indian miniature painting; through 2/17. • "The Creative Eye: New Perspectives on Asia Society's Rockefeller Collection." Selections from the society's renowned permanent collection; through 4/14. • 725 Park Ave. (212-288-6400), Tues.-Sun. 11-6 (Fri. 11-9, free admission 6-9); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts

"One Planet Under a Groove: Hip Hop and Contemporary Art." An exhibition exploring the influence of hip-hop on contemporary art, featuring works by 30 artists based in the United States, Europe, and Japan; through 3/3 • "Context: Recent Art From Cuba in the Permanent Collection"; through 3/3. • 1040 Grand Concourse, the Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. noon-9, Thurs.-Sun. noon-6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art

"Eternal Egypt: Masterworks of Ancient Art From the British Museum." More than 140 ancient Egyptian masterpieces, many of which have never before traveled to the United States; through 2/24. • 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11-6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution

"Russel Wright: Creating American Lifestyle." A retrospective of the American designer's work, including examples of his dinnerware, furniture, appliances, textiles, and interiors; through 3/10. • "Glass of the Avant-Garde: From Vienna Secession to Bauhaus." The first public exhibition of the Torsten Bröhan Collection from the Museo Nacional de Artes Decorativas in Madrid, Spain, featuring glass works by the master glasshouse Lötz Witwe; by Secessionist and Wiener Werkstätte designers such as Josef Hoffmann, Koloman Moser, and Dagobert Peche, and by Wilhelm Wagenfeld and other Bauhaus designers; through 2/24. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. noon-5, Tues. 10-9 (5-9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum of Art

"Telling Tales II: Religious Images in Nineteenth-Century Academic Art." Paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures on religious themes from the museum's collection and on loan from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Jewish Museum, and the Shepherd Gallery; through 1/26. • 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts

"Mapping the Studio I (Fat Chance John Cage)." A new large-scale video installation by Bruce Nauman that records the nocturnal activity in the artist's studio of his cat and an infestation of mice during the summer of 2000; 1/10–6/16. • "Roni Horn: *Blah, blah, blah, your hair, Blah, blah, blah, your eyes; Blah, blah, blah, blah, care, Blah, blah, blah, blah, skies.*" Three new photographic series and a glass sculpture that continue the artist's exploration of the construction of identity; through 2/17. • "Alfred Jensen: *Concordance*." Key paintings by the Guatemalan-born Danish artist, including his final artistic statement, *Great Pyramid,* which is on public exhibition for the first time; through 6/16. • "Jorge Pardo and Gilberto Zorio: *Reverb*." The former's redesign of Dia's bookshop, lobby, and gallery and the latter's *Microfonia*, a sound work first created in 1969; through 6/16. • "Diana Thater: *Knots + Surfaces*." An environment of layered video projections and clustered monitors that interacts with the open space of Dia's third-floor gallery; through 6/16.• 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.-Sun. noon-6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center

"Anna Maria Maiolino: A Life Line/Vida Afora." Drawings by an Italian-born Brazil-based conceptual artist also known for her sculpture, performances, installations, and photographs; 1/10–2/21. • "Suzan Frecon: drawing painting." Approximately 50 of the American abstract artist's watercolors from the nineties, on view in the Drawing Center's Drawing Room, at 40 Wooster St.; 1/10–2/21. • 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.-Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11-6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection

"The Art of the Timekeeper: Masterpieces From the Winthrop Edey Bequest." The first exhibition of the watches and clocks given to the Frick Collection in 1999 by one of the most remarkable twentieth-century collectors of timepieces; through 2/24. • "Six Paintings From the Former Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney on Loan From the Greentree Foundation." Paintings by Degas, Manet, Picasso, and Redon; through 4/21. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; $10, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery

"Pastoral to Postindustrial: British Works on Paper From the Whitworth Art Gallery." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century watercolors and drawings from the University of Manchester's Whitworth Art Gallery, by artists ranging from J. M. W. Turner and John Constable to Damien Hirst and Rachel Whiteread; through 1/26. • 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11-6, Wed. 11-8, Sat. 11-5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum

"Norman Rockwell: Pictures for the American People." The most comprehensive exhibit ever assembled of the American artist and illustrator's work, including 70 paintings and all of the 322 covers he created for *The Saturday Evening Post*; through 3/3. • "Brazil: Body and Soul." A survey of artistic production in Brazil from the seventeenth century to the present; through 1/20. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.-Wed. 9-6, Fri. and Sat. 9-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum

"The Emergence of Jewish Artists in Nineteenth-Century Europe." An exhibition focusing on the creativity of Jewish artists within the context of nineteenth-century art, featuring paintings by Daniel Moritz Oppenheim, Camille Pissarro, Simeon Solomon, and others; through 3/17. • "Ben Katchor: Picture-Stories." The first museum exhibition devoted to the illustrations, graphic novels, and set designs of the creator of "Julius Knipl, Real Estate Photographer" and the comic-strip novel *The Jew of New York*; through 2/10. • "Doug and Mike Starn: Rampart's Café." A multimedia installation with sound that evokes everyday life in Jerusalem; through 2/10. • "Arnold Dreyblatt: Re-Collection Mechanism." A multimedia environment of projected and recited text taken from *Who's Who in Central and Eastern Europe;* through 2/10. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45; Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5, pay what you wish), Fri. 11-3, Sun. 10-5:45; $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

"Earthly Bodies: Irving Penn's Nudes, 1949–50." Images of voluptuous nude female torsos that the photographer, then known largely for his work for *Vogue*, made as an antidote to the artifice of fashion magazines (see Whitney Museum of American Art listing for concurrent exhibition of Penn's recent nudes); 1/15–4/21. • "Splendid Isolation: Art of Easter Island." The first American exhibition devoted to the Polynesian art of Easter Island, featuring objects dating from the thirteenth to the nineteenth centuries; through 8/4. • "Bill Viola: The Quintet of Remembrance." A color-video installation inspired by the artist's study of late-medieval and early-Renaissance paintings; through 5/5. • "Treasury of the World: Jeweled Arts of India in the Age of the Mughals." More than 300 works of the Mughal period (1526–1858) on loan from the al-Sabah Collection in Kuwait; through 1/13. • "Benjamin Brecknell Turner: Rural England Through a Victorian Lens." Approximately 40 photographs of the English countryside in the 1850s that depict ruined abbeys and castles, thatched barns, cottages, and other picturesque subjects; 1/15–4/21. • "Glass of the Sultans." Rare glass objects from the Islamic world, ranging from seventh-century works influenced by Imperial Roman glass-making traditions to nineteenth-century Persian and Indian glass; through 1/13. • "The Pharaoh's Photographer: Harry Burton, Tutankhamen, and the Metropolitan's Egyptian Expedition." Photographs taken between 1906 and 1939 by members of the Metropolitan Museum's Egyptian Expedition, the majority of which were taken by Harry Burton, the outstanding archaeological photographer of his day; through 3/31. • "Extreme Beauty: The Body Transformed." Costumes that conform the body to a physical ideal, ranging from a sixteenth-century iron corset to Thierry Mugler's "Motorcycle" bustier; through 3/3. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:30, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

Morgan Library

"Views of Yellowstone: William Henry Jackson Photographs From the Gilder Lehrman Collection." Photographs taken of the Yellowstone region in 1872, the year before it became the first national park in the United States; through 1/20. • "Oscar Wilde: A Life in Six Acts." The life of the celebrated writer (1854–1900) as told through his books, manuscripts, portraits, letters, drawings, photographs, and ephemera; through 1/13. • "Cottontails and Corgis: The Children's Books of Beatrix Potter and Tasha Tudor"; through 1/27. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.-Thurs. 10:30-5, Fri. 10:30-8, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio

"O Fio da Trama/The Thread Unraveled: Contemporary Brazilian Art." Works in diverse media by 21 artists, among them Miguel Rio Branco, Vera Martins, Vik Muniz, and Ernesto Neto; through 2/3. • 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.-Sun. 11-5; $5, $3 students and seniors (free admission Thurs. from 5 till 8).

Museum for African Art

"Bamana: The Art of Existence in Mali." Sculptures, headdresses, masks, puppets, and other objects made by the Bamana people of Mali; through 3/3. • 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon-6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

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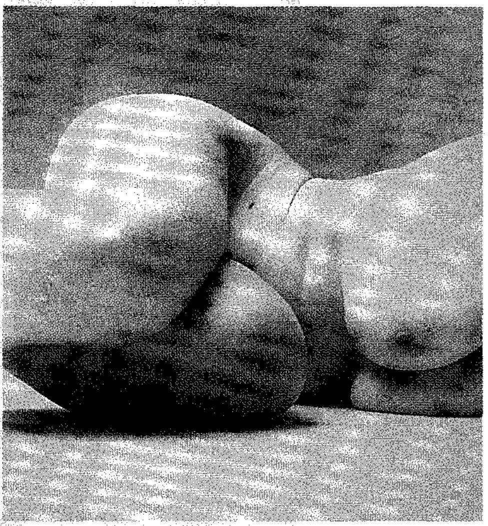
Photography

A Large Body of Work

He has always been the most elegant and orderly of photographers—a man who could transform even cigarette butts and trash into objects of mysterious beauty. So it's not surprising that Irving Penn's fleshy nude women have the erotic curvaceousness of Titian goddesses. What is startling is the time this work was made—1949 and 1950, when Penn, a rising star among *Vogue*'s photographers, was spending his working hours shooting lithe high-fashion models like Jean Patchett and his wife-to-be, Lisa Fonssagrives. The 60 silver and platinum prints that constitute the 84-year-old photographer's new exhibition, **Earthly Bodies: Irving Penn's Nudes, 1949–50** (Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Avenue, at 82nd Street; January 15 through April 21), offer visible proof that Penn, who had studied painting, considered himself an artist long before his public transition from commercial photographer to "art photographer" in the seventies. Penn's first models for the series, which he began in the summer of 1949, had the boyish figures of the women he'd been shooting (clothed) for *Vogue*, but he soon realized that a more buxom body was what he had in mind, and later worked exclusively with two particularly corpulent women, one of whom was responsible for the largest number of successful pictures (pictured, *Nude #70*). Penn married Fonssagrives shortly after the nude sessions ended and put the photographs away, worried they were too shocking (he did eventually show 76 of the 150 images at the Marlborough Gallery in 1980). Now, five decades later, the work Penn calls "closest to his heart" is arguably his strongest. (A companion exhibit of Penn's 1999 nudes of the dancer Alexandra Beller is on view at the Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Avenue, at 75th Street, from January 12 to May 12.) E.N.



Museum of Modern Art
"Projects 74: Ricci Albenda." An installation on the museum's mezzanine level that transforms the gallery's walls into sculptures that visitors can enter; through 1/22. • "Projects 73: Olafur Eliasson—Seeing yourself sensing." An installation that transforms the windows of the museum's Garden Hall into a work of art designed to alter viewers' perceptions; through 5/21. • "Collection Highlights." A selection of modern masterpieces from the museum's permanent collection, including works by Brancusi, Cézanne, Picasso, Pollock, and others; through 5/30. • 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York
"*The Little Red Lighthouse and the Great Gray Bridge*: Illustrations by Lynd Ward." Illustrations from the 1942 children's book that were recently given to the museum; through 4/28. • "Hirschfeld's New York." The first major museum exhibition of drawings by the New York illustrator known for his caricatures of Broadway personalities; through 1/27. • "The Children's Village: A Legacy of Caring." An exhibition celebrating the past, present, and future of residential treatment center that was founded in New York in 1851 and originally called the New York Juvenile Asylum; through 1/20. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology
"London Fashion." Clothing and accessories by some of the city's most influential contemporary designers, among them Hussein Chalayan, John Galliano, Alexander McQueen, and Vivienne Westwood; through 1/12. • Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. noon–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Neue Galerie
"New Worlds: German and Austrian Art, 1890–1940." The museum's inaugural exhibition, of selected works from its collection by Max Beckmann, Gustav Klimt, Oskar Kokoschka, Egon Schiele, and others; through 2/18. • 1048 Fifth Ave. (212-628-6200), Fri., Sat., Mon. 11–7; Sun. 1–6; $10, $7 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art
"Tom Friedman." A survey of the artist's sculptures, photographs, works on paper, and site-specific installations; through 2/3. • "Jacqueline Fraser: A Portrait of the Lost Boys." A site-specific installation depicting a progression of eleven life-size female wire figures alongside the wire-sculpted heads of young boys; through 1/13. • "A Work in Progress: Selections From the New Museum Collection." Works by Robert Colescott, Bob Flanagan, Hans Haacke, Mona Hatoum, David Wojnarowicz, and others; through 1/13. • "Dig." A site-specific installation by Jason Middlebrook; through 2/3. • "WorldViews." Works by thirteen artists who were participants in the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council's artist-in-residence program from May to November 2001, and had studios on the 92nd floor of Tower One of the World Trade Towers; through 1/13. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Tues.–Sun. noon–6, Thurs. noon–8 ($3 admission Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library
"The Public's Treasures: Americana From the New York Public Library." Seldom-displayed books and documents from the library's collections, including a copy of the first book printed in America; through 1/26. • Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089), Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society
"John Koch: Painting a New York Life." A retrospective of the realist painter (1909–1978) who chronicled mid-century life in New York City; through 1/27. • "75 Years of Holiday Magic: Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade." Photographs, drawings, and archival material chronicling the history of the parade; through 2/17. • "New York September 11 by Magnum Photographers." Photographs of the World Trade Center attack and its aftermath by Paul Fusco, Thomas Hoepker, Steve McCurry, Susan Meiselas, Gilles Peress, and Alex Webb; through 2/25. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center
"Loop." Film, video, sculpture, photography, and performance illustrating various aspects of the phenomenon of the loop, by Alÿs, Baranowsky, Floyer, Graham, Pfeiffer, Sierra, Tellez, others; through 1/27. • "Animations." Works by 31 artists who use or reference animation, among them Francis Alÿs, Jeremy Blake, Liam Gillick, and Karen Yasinsky; through 1/20. • "Janet Cardiff: A Survey of Works, Including Collaborations With Georges Bures Miller." The first survey of the Canadian artist's installations and "Walks," in which visitors follow the artist's directions through a site; through 1/31. • "Richard Deacon: Recent Work." Five new steel sculptures by the British artist that are installed throughout the main outdoor gallery and appear to float above the ground; through 1/31. • "Kenny Scharf." Two new large-scale paintings and a series of 30 painted cels for *The Universals*, an animated television special that will make its debut on the Cartoon Network in the spring of 2002; through 1/30. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art
"Translated Acts: Performance and Body Art From East Asia, 1999–2001"; through 2/17. • "Big Eyes." A sculpture and a painting by Charley Friedman on the subject of being watched; through 2/7. • "Kinesthesia." An installation by Susan Wolsborn; through 2/7. • New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. noon–5; $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art
"Over the Line: The Art and Life of Jacob Lawrence." A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by the African-American artist (1917–2000) who took his subjects from the Civil War period of the 1860s to the civil-rights movement of the sixties and beyond; through 2/3. • "Dancer: 1999 Nudes by Irving Penn." An exhibition of the photographer's recent series of nudes of the dancer Alexandra Beller that is concurrent with an exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art of his nudes from 1949 and 1950; "Into the Light: The Projected Image in American Art, 1964–1977." A survey of film, video, and slide installation works; through 1/27. • "Paul Pfeiffer." A new video installation by the 2000 Bucksbaum Award winner and Whitney artist-in-residence; through 2/24. • "Burt Barr: Projections." Four silent projections that subvert filmic devices; through 1/27. • "Charles Burchfield." Works on paper by the American artist (1893–1967) known for his visionary interpretations of the American landscape; through 1/20. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.–Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Fri. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Auctions

Doyle
1/9 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings." On view from 1/5. • 175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730).

Swann Galleries
1/9 at 2: "Shelf Sale." On view from 1/5. 1/11 at 2: "New Collectors: Prints and Posters." On view from 1/7. • 104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710).

PHOTOGRAPH © 1950-2002 BY IRVING PENN.

Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

Openings

Bistro 60
Le Taxi has gone permanently off duty, but in its stylish stead comes this new, vintage-poster-bedecked source of Gallic classics like onion soup, foie gras torchon, steak au poivre, and duck à l'orange. • 37 E. 60th St. (212-230-1350). (M)

Bukhara Grill
At the second branch of a popular midtown restaurant and the fourth Indian kitchen to colonize this raita-ridden block, one whiff is pungent proof that they don't stint on the spices, which permeate the clay-oven specialties, the myriad vegetarian dishes, and everything on the sixteen-course $13.95 lunch buffet. • 230 E. 58th St. (212-339-0090). (M)

Guss's Pickles
The pickle business ain't what it used to be, but Guss's is holding steady. After a rent dispute, the owners have rolled the barrels over from Essex Street to a new location, at the Lower East Side Tenement Museum, where the suburban hordes are sure to gobble them up. • 97 Orchard St. (I)

Roy's New York
The Manhattan outpost of Roy Yamaguchi's Hawaiian-fusion empire—forced to close in September when the Marriott Financial Center, where it resides, became a temporary Red Cross respite area—reopens this week with the same chef (Jim Dangler), the same menu (Thai-style hot pot, macadamia-crusted mahimahi, dim sum "canoe"), and the tremendous good fortune of being two blocks from ground zero and emerging miraculously unscathed. • 130 Washington St. (212-266-6262). (M-E)

Wild Tuna Restaurant & Market
It's not Jorma Kaukonen's venture into the restaurant business, but Shelly Fireman's latest back-and-forth with what began as an Italian restaurant, then turned into a Brooklyn-inspired seafood emporium, and later became the East Side outpost of the Brooklyn Diner. Now, Fireman has erased all the outer-borough references, taken the bronze Brooklyn Dodgers sculptures out of the game, and piled on the seafood again, this time at slightly lower prices. • 1081 Third Ave., nr. 63rd St. (212-838-7570). (M-E)

New and Noteworthy

AKA Cafe
From the folks at 71 Clinton Fresh Food: Think 'ino meets Ratners, crossed with a little Chicama and a clever small-plates menu with nods toward the neighborhood and its suppliers. A pressed meat-loaf sandwich with red-onion relish and Gus's pickle slices on a Kossar's bialy; oyster soup with Streit's's matzo on the side; perfectly flaky braised-pork empanadas—everything artfully presented with a dollop of tomato marmalade here, a dab of salsa rosado there. And nothing over $7. • 49 Clinton St. (212-979-6096). (I)

★ Arezzo
An unlikely partnership between the owners of the Gotham Comedy Club and executive chef Margherita Aloi, formerly of Le Madri, Arezzo is nevertheless nothing to joke about. The menu, showcasing Aloi's signature fresh pastas, includes uncommon salads; "focaccina" halved and smeared with Robiola cheese, fresh spinach, and a touch of truffle oil; and a sensational dry-aged rib eye with herb-strewn Tuscan fries and tangy chopped dandelion. • 46 W. 22nd St. (212-206-0555). (M-E)

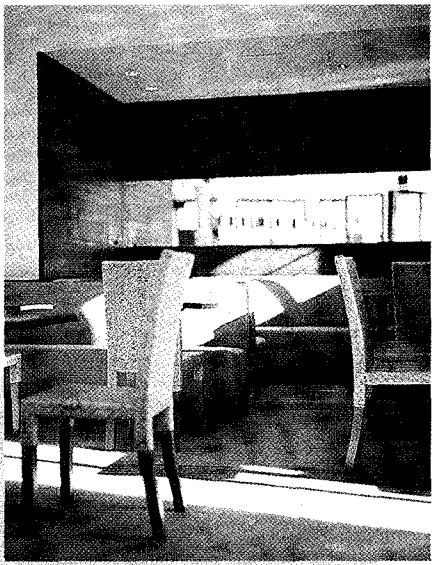
Bid
Tentation, the ritzy caterer that feeds Sotheby's collectors and curators, enlisted three-star chef Tom Colicchio to consult on its elegant new auction-house restaurant. With his own gifted hands quite full running the kitchens at Craft and Gramercy Tavern, Colicchio tapped longtime sous-chef Matthew Seeber to execute a menu of seasonal Americana like braised lobster with corn relish, sautéed quail with smoked bacon, and roasted lamb with Brin d'Amour and ratatouille. • 1334 York Ave., at 71st St. (212-988-7730). (E)

Café LULUc
The bright, lively spinoff of Banania Cafe has the trappings of a bistro—the painted-tin ceiling, the rear-wall mirror, the water carafes, the magazine racks—and the soul of a diner, with a croissant-and-egg breakfast menu that kicks in at 7:30 A.M., and a something-for-everyone selection of offbeat salads, pressed sandwiches, pastas, and a $12 hanger steak-frites. • 214 Smith St., nr. Baltic St., Brooklyn (718-625-3815). (I-M) ($)

Café Sabarsky
Museum Mile is full of museum cafés, but none quite like this elegant evocation of a Viennese-style kaffeehaus at Ronald Lauder's Neue Galerie New York. The artistic sensibility permeates the café, with its reproductions of Josef Hoffmann sconces, Adolf Loos bentwood chairs, and Otto Wagner fabrics. And the theme continues with tortes (Sacher and Linzer), Bavarian ham for breakfast, and cod strudel for lunch. • 1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-288-0665). (M)

Opening

Greeting Meet



The metamorphosing meatpacking district continues to lose chilly meat lockers and gain hot new restaurants, and the name of the latest such conversion from the raw to the cooked says it all. **Meet** has a D.J. booth, an illuminated catwalk, ostrich-leather banquettes, coconut-wood tables, an amber onyx bar, and, according to consulting master Tin Sun, fine feng shui. Chef Ten Vong, formerly of Mercer Kitchen, has crafted a menu that hits all the right contemporary notes, from brandade ravioli with parsley water to walnut-crusted rack of lamb with pomegranate glaze (entrées, $16 to $25). And next door, the smaller but equally luxe Meet Café features lighter bites along the Italianate lines of panini, crostini, focaccia, and pizzetta. (71-73 Gansevoort Street; 212-242-0990.)

★ Citarella: The Restaurant
Former Le Bernardin chef de cuisine Brian Young challenges the piscatory supremacy of his old boss Eric Ripert on the latter's own midtown surf and turf. Young brings to the battle an ambitious seafood menu (shaved geoduck clam with asparagus chives, a langoustine "roll," and a $75 Asian-seafood tasting menu), plus former Bouley Bakery pastry chef Bill Yosses, and a design by David Rockwell. Not to mention an in at the fish market. • 1240 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-332-1515). (E)

★ Commissary
Matthew Kenney (Canteen, Commune) reestablishes his uptown presence with a kitchen that revives some of his signature Mediterranean flavors in dishes like polenta with mascarpone at breakfast (coming soon); panini of prosciutto, pear, blue cheese, and white-truffle honey at lunch; and lamb loin stuffed with goat cheese, mint, dates, and almonds, served with saffron fregula, at dinner. • 1030 Third Ave., at 61st St. (212-339-9955). (E)

Danzón
From the mother-and-daughter team behind Zarela comes this culinary love letter to Veracruz, a Mexican melting pot of Spanish, African, Cuban, and Italian immigrants and indigenous ingredients. Seafood plays a major role, from fish tacos and lime-marinated-conch cocktail to the classic red snapper veracruzana. Wines are exclusively Spanish and Mexican, should one choose to veer off the fabled Zarela margarita path. • 126 E. 28th St. (212-252-1345). (M)

Deborah—Life Love Food
After legitimizing hemp as a cooking ingredient at Galaxy, taking an Asian-tropical detour to Miami at Chow, and grilling Korean barbecue at Woo Lae Oak, chef Deborah Stanton turns her attention to what she calls modern American comfort food. Mini meat loaf and pork chops are a given, but plundering the global larder for beer-battered fish and chips and a Cuban sandwich doesn't make her the least bit uncomfortable. • 43 Carmine St. (212-242-2606). (M)

The Harrison
Another local hangout from the Red Cat crew that's already so popular you'll have to book far ahead to sample the sweetbreads saltimbocca and grilled Arctic char. The hulking pork chop is too dry, and an itsy portion of cavatelli with veal cheek barely fills our own cheek. But it's early yet and the welcome is huge; the wait staff, well-drilled. And the pumpkin tart veers triumphantly into delicate creaminess. • 355 Greenwich St. (212-274-9310). (M)

★ La Brunette
Williamsburg is overrun with cute little bistros, and this one stands out from the pack with its professional service, an ambience that doesn't strain itself trying to be hip, and a menu that melds Caribbean seasonings and ingredients with French technique. Scotch-bonnet

Ground Rules These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive; (M) = moderate; (I) = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; ($) = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRIK RYTIKANGAS.

peppers make their fiery presence felt in avocado-and-oxtail terrine, red-snapper tartare, and coq au vin served over a dense mound of mashed plantains. • 300 N. 6th St., Brooklyn (718-384-5800). (I–M)

Les Halles Downtown
Kosher steakhouse Le Marais closed on September 11, and has reopened as the second local branch of Les Halles, home of juicy steak-frites and, when he's in town, chef-writer Anthony Bourdain. New additions to the popular formula: fruits de mer, Chinatown seafood, and a burger for the bear economy. • 15 John St. (212-285-8585). (M)

Long Tan
A sprawling, minimalist-chic Thai restaurant and lounge with a snug garden, house-infused cocktails, an intriguing Australian wine list, and a kitchen that challenges nearby Blue Ribbon's late-night supremacy, serving till 2 a.m. Chef Jeff Hardinger, late of Ruby Foo's, turns out lively, gently priced renditions of shrimp-and-litchi spring rolls, rice-and-garlic sausages, vegetarian jungle curry, and grilled-kangaroo salad—which we'd imagine goes splendidly with a glass of Tasmanian pinot noir. • 196 Fifth Ave., nr. Union Street, Brooklyn (718-622-8444). (I–M)

Marseille
Named for the gritty, industrial port city, this Hell's Kitchen kitchen imbues the Film Center Building with a Casablanca-era French-Moroccan feel, replete with tile floor and zinc bar, but no piano. Chef Alex Ureña, late of Blue Hill, traverses the Mediterranean for stuffed zucchini blossoms, mussel bruschetta, rock-shrimp falafel, and the inevitable bouillabaisse. • 630 Ninth Ave., at 44th St. (212-333-3410). (M)

Max Court
It's one thing for a thriving East Village pasta parlor to clone itself in crostini-deprived Harlem. It's something else entirely to infiltrate the heavily Italian Carroll Gardens, where this offshoot of Max on Avenue B and Max SoHa on 123rd Street takes on the entrenched local competition with an arsenal of crowd-pleasing pastas, a flair for stylish thrift-shop rusticity, and a succulent ragù. • 394 Court St., near Carroll St., Brooklyn (718-596-9797). (I–M) ($)

Melissa Blue
This friendly new restaurant and bar opposite the Kips Bay multiplex struggles to define itself: healthy but not health food, veggie-friendly but not vegetarian. Luckily, dishes like crispy herbed salmon with roasted new potatoes, garlic spinach, and cilantro yogurt are easier to eat than to classify. Seitan and soy show up where you'd least expect them—most convincingly inside spicy vegetarian "buffalo wings" served with celery sticks and blue-cheese dressing. • 575 Second Ave., nr. 32nd St. (212-481-4844). (I–M)

The Minnow
Aaron Bashy grew up in New England, trained at Le Bernardin, and has found, as is the current chef fashion, his own home on the range in Brooklyn. There's a bit of Ipswich in his fried-fish basket, and a recognition of the excruciatingly finicky New York dining public in his willingness to poach, sauté, grill, or fry any of the day's fresh catch, served with a choice of two sides. • 442 Ninth St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-832-5500). (M)

Nam
Nam, with its pale-lemon-and-celadon walls and its illuminated bamboo poles, is a pristine haven from the still-acrid air north of the Chambers Street subway station. Sample wonderful bo bia (soft rice-paper rolls filled with jícama, shrimp, and sweet sausage), luscious shrimp-chicken-and-bean-sprout-filled coconut crêpes, and street-food-inspired thit nuong cuon (lemongrass-beef-and-sesame rice-paper rolls), all lovingly prepared by a trio of talented Vietnamese cooks. • 110 Reade St. (212-267-1777). (I–M)

Opia
Considering that Frederick Lesort and Antoine Blech have specialized in the sort of smoky nightspot (Frederick's, Jour et Nuit, Orienta) where the preferred greeting is the double-cheek kiss, it's no surprise that their first collaboration is in a budget hotel that appeals to transatlantic tourists. But even less physically affectionate locals might like exotica like Laos-style chicken-and-cucumber salad, and Indian flatbread with marinated lamb and onion jam. • 130 E. 57th St. (212-688-3939). (M)

Papillon
Former Atlas chef Paul Liebrandt, the Ornette Coleman of free cuisine, has resurfaced downtown, determined to thrill us with a budget-minded $45 prix fixe and no caviar, no truffles, and only one foie gras dish, in which the ubiquitous goose liver is pickled and crowned with écume de mer. Like-minded pastry chef Will Goldfarb ensures that the meal ends on a suitably avant-garde note by adorning his liquid chocolate tart with a paper-thin sheet of pulverized Halls Mentho-Lyptus. • 575 Hudson St. (646-638-2900). (M–E)

Sherwood Café
Light French fare like the croque miss, an open-face poached-egg-and-ratatouille sandwich, is served in the garden of this Boerum Hill antiques shop, where funky seating arrangements are fashioned from an antique tin bathtub, a barbershop chair, even a (well-scrubbed, we presume) carved bluestone Turkish toilet. "I propose for people to take their shoes off, stay two hours," says owner Bernard Decanali—and maybe drop $650 on a 1930 walnut buffet on the way out, too. • 195 Smith St., Brooklyn (718-596-1609). (I)

Smith
Brian McNally leaps back into the lower-Manhattan restaurant fray by converting an ungainly East Village garage into a smart dining room and café, each with its own menu overseen by '44' veteran Kenny Addington. In true French style, the roast chicken is carved tableside, and the familiar French-bistro theme extends to roast duck breast with artichoke spaetzle and mustard greens, oyster pie with leeks, and steak-frites. • 64 E. 1st St. (212-260-3189). (M)

TanDa
Another Park Avenue South restaurant-lounge, this one from a few survivors of the original Moomba, and featuring Hong Kong chef Stanley Wong's Southeast Asian fare. Tan Da was a Vietnamese poet who wrote, "Food and wine are the essence of life." The corresponding significance of lounges and D.J.'s eluded him, but it's a safe bet that the owners of TanDa won't make the same mistake. • 331 Park Avenue S. (212-253-8400). (M–E)

Tarallucci e Vino
When Pepi di Giacomo and Luca di Pietro converted the East Village bakery that used to be Alcazar into Tarallucci e Vino, they added a cozily rustic seating area and an excellent Italian-sandwich menu. But until the liquor license arrives, don't expect to find the namesake vino or tarallucci, the savory semolina cookies that accompany wine. Instead, sample an iced espresso, vigorously shaken in authentic Italian fashion. • 163 First Ave. (212-388-1190). (I) ($)

Tuk Tuk
A tuk tuk is a three-wheeled motorized Thai taxi that looks a little like a golf-cart-size version of Jed Clampett's rickety old ride. The toy model at the door isn't for sale, but the cans of jackfruit and curry paste on the shelves are. And the menu ranges from the familiar (tom yum, larb) to the more obscure (crispy whitefish salad, and a bizarre but tasty American fried rice complete with a couple of mini franks, splayed wide.) • 204 Smith St., nr. Butler St., Brooklyn (718-222-5598). (I–M)

★ Via Emilia
After playing it safe for years with a greatest-Italian-hits menu, the chef-owner of the former Trattoria i Pagliacci has returned to his Emilia-Romagna culinary roots. The menu features homemade tortellini and tortelloni, a preponderance of balsamic vinegar, and best of all, gnoccho fritto, a basket of puffy fritters served with great cured meats—street-festival fried dough gone to finishing school. • 240 Park Ave. S., nr. 20th St. (212-505-3072). (I–M)

Manhattan

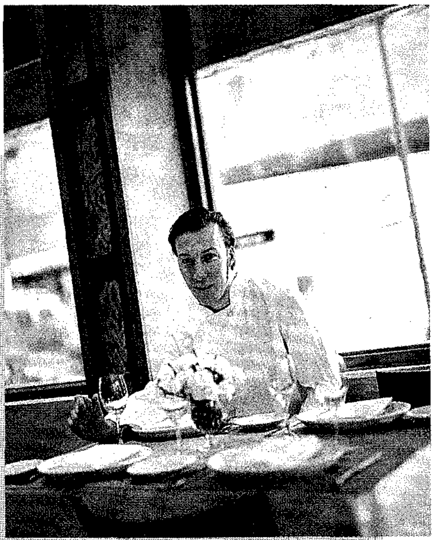
Lower New York

★ Aquagrill
Ever since we tasted chef-owner Jeremy Marshall's inspired falafel-crusted salmon, a naked pink fillet has been tough to swallow. But despite the high level of cooking, an offbeat and well-priced wine list, and unexpected grace notes like a welcoming *amuse-bouche* and complementary petits fours, it's still a rollicking neighborhood spot, where you can park yourself at the lively bar and watch the dexterous oyster shucker in action. • 210 Spring St. (212-274-0505). (M–E)

★ Bubby's
As familiar and dependable as relatives from the old country. Breakfasts are solid and sandwiches two-fisted, and it's one of the few places where ordering meat loaf or roast chicken makes sense. We'll forgive the service that is sometimes as hard to read as the specials

Preview

Two Times a Chef



If you're an enterprising young chef, it must be tough running only one kitchen these days—friends and colleagues might think you're a slacker. With the February 1 opening of **Alias Restaurant**, a more ambitious sibling to the terrific AKA Cafe (both offshoots of 71 Clinton Fresh Food), Scott Ehrlich (pictured) joins the ranks of chef-nomads like Mario Batali and Tom Colicchio, wandering tocques who hustle from one hot spot to another on a nightly basis. Since Alias (formerly a Latino rice and beanery with the same name) is only half a block south of AKA, Ehrlich doesn't have far to go—a good thing if you wear clogs to the office. There, in a dining room designed by Takehiro Murao, the architect responsible for Jewel Bako, and a kitchen twice the size of AKA's, he'll have more room to experiment with clever bistro dishes like fried rabbit and waffles, skate fish cakes, and, in tribute to a fading Lower East Side industry, a pickle-plate appetizer. (76 Clinton Street; 212-505-5011.)

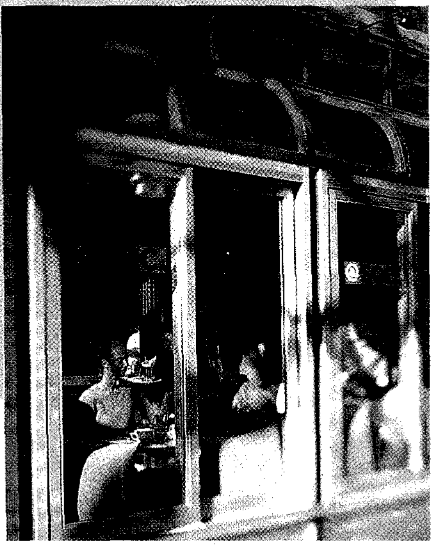
Find a restaurant. Search hundreds of listings by cuisine, price range, and location.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRIK RYTIKANGAS.

Ask Gael

Is there a new world view on the Upper West Side?

With the launch of his couturier baby foods at Avenue, an uptown dining mecca for stroller moms and their mates, I decided chef-partner Scott Q. Campbell must see his mission as bringing a little class to the steppes of West Side Manhattan. Sure enough, **@SQC** brings cool style and quite good food to a stretch of real estate that has been a little *triste* since the Silver Palate closed. Tiny tables tucked ingenuously close barely have space for a wonderful endive salad with Roquefort and green apples or a spiffy Caesar, plus the offering of crisps and focaccia, a timbale of eggplant-and-sesame dip, and my fragrant stuffed chicken. Silly slate rectangles for side dishes and desserts squeeze onto (and teeter on) crowded tabletops where simple rounds just won't fit. But an apple tart with caramel and ice cream in three acts is wondrously good. Ditto frites in parchment. (270 Columbus Avenue, near 72nd Street; 212-579-0100.)



blackboard, and the cultural travesty they call an egg cream. You have to make allowances for any place willing to serve rich, lumpy mashed potatoes with almost everything. • 120 Hudson St. (212-219-0666). (I-M)

★ City Hall
Chef-owner Henry Meer may be imagineering Old New York, with back-lit photos of bygone street life, but he can't help refining it, too. The triple-tier "Chrysler" shellfish highrise is global gluttony via the jet stream. Chesapeake she-crab soup is creamy perfection. But go for the marvelous double steak on the bone, a behemoth served stunningly rare. • 131 Duane St. (212-227-7777). (M-E)

Delmonico's
Eat with the Big Boys at this sprawling, beautifully restored New York City icon. Start the feast the way Diamond Jim would have, with oysters Rockefeller and clams Casino, and end it with baked Alaska; in between there's lobster Newburg, rack of lamb, and, of course, the classic Delmonico's steak. And don't forget your jacket—or your wallet. • 56 Beaver St. (212-509-1144). (E)

★ Dim Sum gogo
What do you get when a French-American food writer (Colette Rossant) collaborates with a Hong Kong chef (Guy Lieu)? Dumpling dough flavored with beet juice, seasoned beef patties on steamed buns with taro fries, roast chicken smothered with fried garlic stems, and 24 kinds of dumplings. Plus four variations on the dough-wrapper theme and microwave-safe takeout containers. • 5 E. Broadway (212-732-0797). (I-M)

Ecco
Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classically prepared pastas, veal chops, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturday night. • 124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M)

Gigino Trattoria
It's on such a wide and wind-whipped street that in the winter it's almost too painful to get out of the taxi. But on the other side of Gigino's door, its rustic embrace melts people into puddles of relief and gratitude. Gigino's is a true hideaway, a place you bring friends to watch them relish an old-fashioned lusty pizzaiola sauce over a lustier grilled prime rib, or a chicken scapariello remorselessly uncouth with garlic. • 323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M)

★ Hampton Chutney Co.
SoHo can be a soulless place, not to mention maddeningly expensive, and in desperate need of good karma and grub. This eighteen-seat offshoot of a popular Amagansett enterprise satisfies both criteria with its Indian-chant soundtrack, fountain, and addictive dosas and uttapa stuffed or topped with everything from traditional spiced-potato-masala to untraditional tuna and avocado ($6.50 to $10.50). Plus daily soups, chai teas, cardamom coffee, and brownies. • 68 Prince St. (212-226-9996). (I) ($)

★ Le Zinc
Once you open a place like Chanterelle, where do you go from there? If you're Karen and David Waltuck, you head two blocks south and two blocks east to open a casual bistro—the perfect spot to unwind after a long night shaving truffles. The menu, a French framework embellished with Asian, Jewish, and Hungarian highlights, reads like the homespun work of someone who's sown his wild *hautes*: charcuterie, steak-frites, crispy duck wings, Grandma Gaby's stuffed cabbage. A burger, even. And nothing over $19. • 139 Duane St. (212-513-0001). (I-M)

★ The Mercer Kitchen
Within Christian Liaigre's conversion of a catacomb into a sultry, shadowy quartet of fluid yet diverse sectors, executive chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten reveals how a few ingredients can create flavors that are lucid and compelling. Olive and radicchio join stewed rabbit, mint and coriander ring sea bass carpaccio, tomato soup is sparked by chili pepper and crabmeat. You may be sorry you never sprang for that loft on Spring. • 99 Prince St. (212-966-5454). (E)

★ Montrachet
No matter how many more restaurants the indefatigable Drew Nieporent has up his sleeve, this one's his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. The wine list is killer. • 239 W. Broadway (212-219-2777). (E)

★ Oliva
We might have missed a Jimmy Choo or two under the tiny, painted tables. But it seems that Oliva is full of youngish dressed-for-comfort East Villagers here for the fabulous Basque cooking, not for a teeny martini and a lettuce leaf. Don't miss the clams piperrada, ribboned with red peppers, and the pintxos plate, a collection of savory two-bite tapas. Share the txangurro (stuffed crab) or tender calamari bravas to start, then shrimp, mussels, clams, and hake in a sea-tinged tomato bath. As the evening progresses, soft jazz and flamenco get more electronic and the bar heats up. • 161 E. Houston St. (212-228-4143). (M)

S.O.B.'s
Few people know there's a kitchen in this popular Latin American music hall. The menu—a fusion of Latin, Caribbean, and Brazilian flavors—includes dishes like grilled shrimp tossed with tropical relish and chicken breast stuffed with plantains and chorizo. • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940). (M)

Stella
A breezy American restaurant with a New World wine list. If you've never had a Cockfighter's Ghost Semillon by the glass, here's your chance—alongside Cornish hen braised with prunes and olives, or a potpie of shrimp, scallops, and summer corn. Not to mention crostini at the bar, Monday-night wine dinners, and what co-owner Anna Weinberg calls a "rock-star brunch," served between 1 and 6 P.M. • 58 MacDougal St. (212-674-4968). (M)

Thom
The new SoHo hotel 60 Thompson has all the boutique accoutrements: interior design by Aero Studio's Thomas O'Brien, uniforms by Nino Cerruti, linens by Frette, and, naturally, its own fashionable restaurant, Thom. Entrées like double-cut lamb chops with peppermint and potato chips, and lobster with fermented black beans, Riesling, taro, and soy beans run $21 to $28—a deal, considering that rooms upstairs start at $370 a night. • 60 Thompson St. (212-219-2000). (E)

Below 14th Street, East

★ Cocina Cuzco
This colorful room decorated with Incan pottery is connected to the jungle-themed Lemongrass Grill next door; they're both part of an empire that includes the Lemongrass Thai-food chain, plus assorted Japanese, Korean, and Malaysian kitchens. But there's no culinary confusion on this traditional Peruvian menu, which features seven kinds of seviche, succulent rotisserie chicken, and varying degrees of peppery sauces. • 55 Ave. A (212-529-3469). (I) ($)

★ Gnocco Caffe
Co-owner Pierluigi Palazzo named this café after the traditional Modenese snack of crispy, puffy fried dough, usually served with prosciutto di Parma. But just to complicate matters, the gently priced menu also offers two versions of gnocchetti (an entirely different, equally delicious thing), plus well-dressed, unusually fresh salads and an unassuming pork tenderloin lavished with Parmesan shavings and an aged-balsamic emulsion. • 337 E. 10th St. (212-677-1913). (I) ($)

★ Jewel Bako
The façade of this tiny East Village jewel box of a restaurant references those forbidding midtown restaurant-cum-clubs with Japanese-only clientele, but the welcome from owner Jack Lamb and his wife, Grace, couldn't be warmer. The snug 24-seat dining room is clad in dramatic bamboo arches that lead back to the six-seat sushi bar, where unsung chef Tatsuya Nagata reigns over a piscatory realm of rarities like Japanese spotted sardines and ark-shell clams. • 239 E. 5th St. (212-979-1012). (M-E)

Marquet Patisserie and Café
If you're the sort of person who'd happily consume a dacquoise or mille-feuille for dinner, here's your chance: This popular bakery has extended its hours on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday till 10 P.M. Work your way up to the grand finale with hefty sandwiches, pasta and chicken specials, and French onion soup, a Saturday special. • 15 E. 12th St. (212-229-9313). (I-M)

Osso Buco
Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

★ 2nd Avenue Deli
A recent facelift struck fear in the hearts of those who believe that a true pastrami sandwich must be authenticated by grimy Formica and atmospheric shabbiness. But his East Village landmark continues to draw dedicated fressers with its great fries, chicken in the

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

pot, the near-lethal hush puppy (a frank in a potato knish), and the hard-boiled service. • 156 Second Ave. (212-677-0606). (I-M)

Below 14th Street, West

Alfama
The family-reunion feel of the welcome you receive when you set foot inside this cozy corner of Portugal in the Village sets the mood. And chef Carmen Santos, a onetime fado singer, seals the deal with authentic dishes like a luscious seafood mariscada, codfish soufflé, and an oddly delicious shellfish bread pudding with tiger prawns. Bonus points for an interesting Portuguese wine list and live fado music on Wednesdays. • 551 Hudson St. (212-645-2500). (M-E)

★ Blue Hill
Despite some culinary trendiness (to wit: a delicious asparagus soup with Parmesan froth), the atmosphere couldn't be more congenial. The room is pretty, too, comfortable and sophisticated, and the three-sided limestone bar accommodates diners and drinkers alike. • 75 Washington Pl. (212-539-1776). (M-E)

Burrito Loco
The house burrito comes with three sauces and a choice of beef, pork, or chicken. There's a rendition stuffed with roasted lamb, another with a chipotle-spiked tomatillo salsa, and lots of vegetarian options. And even though it could probably survive just by serving the hordes of marauding college students nachos and tacos, the festive cantina keeps things interesting with cactus salad and shrimp seviche. • 166 W. 4th St. (212-675-1977). (I-M)

★ Chow Bar
Chef-partner Peter Klein cooked at China Grill and El Teddy's before settling in the West Village, where he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak-frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively crowd, which seems delighted to have found such a fun, quasi-exotic neighborhood place. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)

★ Macelleria
Vegetarians beware: The name is Italian for "butcher shop," and the space used to be a meat locker. But there's much more to chef Jeffrey Edwards's menu than his dry-aged porterhouse for two. Whole peppercorns enliven Gorgonzola salad dressing. Zesty fennel sausages adorn a cannelini-bean stew. Delectable pastas are served with hearty ragus, perfect for fall. • 48 Gansevoort St. (212-741-2555). (M)

★ Mary's Fish Camp
Here's a tip for anyone who's ever paced up and down Cornelia Street waiting for a vacant stool at Pearl Oyster Bar: Now there are *two* West Village sources for world-class lobster rolls, silken clam chowder, herb-stuffed whole fish, and extended sidewalk pacing. One of Pearl's chef-partners left to open this sunny corner spot equipped with a curved stainless-steel counter and ten tiny tables. • 246 W. 4th St. (646-486-2185). (M)

★ Peanut Butter & Co.
Smooth or chunky is only the beginning: Savor the sticky stuff 21 different ways at this kitschy café, where you're transported back to elementary school with one bite of "ants on a log," celery sticks slathered with the peanut butter of your choice and studded with raisins. Request your Elvis (grilled peanut butter, banana, honey, bacon) on whole wheat if you must, though we're certain the King would disapprove. • 240 Sullivan St. (212-677-3995). (I-M)

Sushi Samba 7
Co-chefs Eiji Takase and Michael Cressotti bring their innovative Latino-Japanese seviches, samba rolls, and sashimi to a Sheridan Square offshoot big enough to handle the caipirinha-fueled overflow from their Gramercy flagship. There's a sunken cocktail lounge, an oyster bar, and a bold new Brazilian accent, especially in the churrasco a' Rio Grande: a feijoada-inspired fantasy of beef, pork, quail, sausage, rice, beans, greens, and farofa. • 87 Seventh Ave. So. (212-691-7885). (M)

Tio Pepe
Can't decide between Mexican and Spanish? This Greenwich Village kitchen has been doling out both for over three decades, and to judge by the liquor supply, the bar's been stocking a new brand of tequila every year. That sort of variety contributes to the general merriment, as do a heaping paella Valenciana and bicultural tapas like garlic shrimp and nachos, which many seem to enjoy in the skylit garden room. • 168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I-M)

Villa Mosconi
Traditional Northern Italian home cooking in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. • 69 MacDougal St. (212-673-0390). (M)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

★ AQ Café
Scandinavia House's sleek new concession run by Aquavit and its star chef, Marcus Samuelsson, provides a gastronomic introduction to Nordic culture. On the menu: textbook tender Swedish meatballs, a superb smorgasbord plate, and salmon lasagna crowned with ascending dollops of tomato salsa and salmon salad for which Samuelsson's mother country should award him a Nobel Prize. • 58 Park Avenue, at 38th St. (212-847-9745). (I)

Bambou
A hint of the tropics on 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry amid a relaxing, palm-fronded bar and dining room. • 243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M)

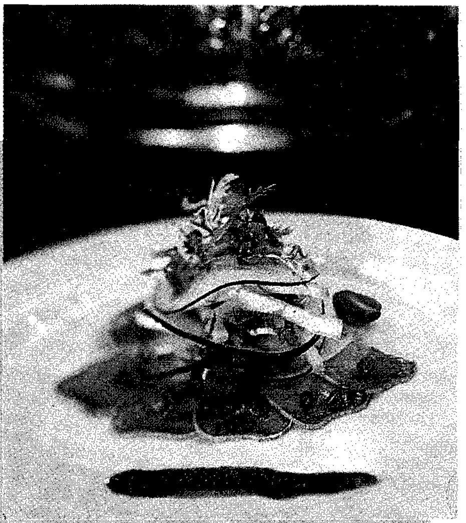
★ Campagna
The far-too-cautious interior is woefully inappropriate preparation for the whoops of joy that erupt when patrons sample Mark Strausman's gleefully game sense of Italian cuisine. The lobster broth in his cacciucco is a blast. And his grandma's lasagna makes you sorry you never met her. • 24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E)

★ Cipriani Le Specialità
To that age-old question "Where can I get a good, cheap takeout lunch in midtown?" here's a surprising answer: a sunny, two-table café run by those high-livin', Bellini-swillin' Cipriani boys. The shop specializes in cakes and pastries, but the kitchen really excels with a terrific variety of Italian sandwiches and daily pasta specials like gnocchi alla romana: five toothsome dumplings shaped like large scallops in a subtle tomato sauce. Great espresso, too. • 110 E. 42nd St. (212-212-557-5088). (I-M)

★ Craft
Tom Colicchio is a chef with a mission, two jobs, and what must be a crackerjack support team. When he's not supervising the three-star kitchen at Gramercy Tavern, he's reducing cooking (or elevating it, depending on

Trend

Tongue in Chic



"Excuse me, can I ask you what that is? It looks wonderful," said the blonde drinking a blood-orange Bellini and eyeing my plate at the bar at Babbo recently. "Sure, it's calf's-tongue peperonata, and it's amazing," I said. A pause. "You don't think it's wonderful anymore, do you?" I asked. "No," she said coldly, immediately relinquishing her coveted bar stool. In spite of this setback, **tongue**, that old delicatessen-case monster meat, is hot these days, turning up on some of the best menus. "I think the real tongue lovers are still the older crowd," says chef Mario Batali, "but at this point, people at Babbo will try just about anything." Then I tell him about the woman who fled his restaurant at the sight of a calf's tongue. "She'll come back," he says, "just to be freaked out again—it's like scary movies." These beautifully prepared, artfully presented dishes shouldn't frighten you out of your seat. Really. R.P.

The Harrison 355 Greenwich Street 212-274-9310	After much continuing success with brains, tripe, and "little rabbit kidneys served over polenta" at the Red Cat, chef Jimmy Bradley has turned his attention to braised lamb's tongue sautéed with cremini mushrooms, deglazed with Barolo, and served as an appetizer on grilled bread ($8).
Babbo 110 Waverly Place 212-777-0303	Evidently, Mario "Beef Cheeks" Batali inherited his way with variety meats. The recipe for his lingua salmistrata, or pickled calf's tongue with winter radishes and salsa verde (pictured, $13), one of several dishes that feature tongue on the menu, comes courtesy of his father, Armandino.
Town 15 West 56th Street 212-582-4445	Geoffrey Zakarian stuffs exceptionally rich and tender slow-braised veal tongue "Basque-style" with curry, potato, leeks, and onion, and serves it with a radish-and-artichoke salad ($25). "I love tongue," Zakarian says, "but I thought for sure the staff and I would be eating this dish." Instead, they have to share with a ravenous dining public.
AKA Cafe 49 Clinton Street 212-979-6096	Not necessarily suitable for Junior's lunchbox: thin-sliced-lamb's-tongue sandwich with almond butter and red-currant jelly ($7).
Chanterelle 2 Harrison Street 212-966-6960	"There are certain things I put on my menu because I like them, although I realize no one may order them," says chef-owner David Waltuck. "Calf's brain is one, tongue is another." The latter occasionally appears on Chanterelle's $73 prix fixe menu in the elegantly rustic form of a terrine of thinly sliced smoked beef tongue layered with foie gras and served with sourdough toasts.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

your point of view) to its most basic elements, a tactic that works only when the ingredients are of the highest possible quality, procured from small family farms and artisanal producers. At his first solo venture, literally around the corner from Gramercy and similarly elegant, he and his chef de cuisine, Marco Canora, collaborate on a high-concept menu that focuses almost obsessively on raw materials. • 43 E. 19th St. (212-780-0880). (M–E)

★ Eleven Madison Park

While this soaring grand space in the MetLife lobby will never be a room for clandestine assignations, the grace of the staff and big-flavored dishes—capon stuffed with pistachio and garlic, cod with sausage and mustard greens that don't get lost in the landscape—make it a vibrant place to do business and an incredibly sensible choice for the family. • 11 Madison Ave. (212-889-0905). (E)

★ Fleur de Sel

Chef Cyril Renaud wanted his first restaurant to be a personal statement. So he hung his own watercolors, painted the menu covers, and named the place after the highly prized, hand-harvested sea salt that's native to Brittany, just like him. At lunch, the $20 tasting menu shows off his equally distinctive culinary style in the form of truffle-flecked parsnip soup with chestnut ravioli, and chicken breast with foie gras sauce. • 5 E. 20th St. (212-460-9100). (M–E)

Heartland Brewery

A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café. Accompany your choice of microbrew with stout-battered onion rings, a buffalo burger, or sesame-crusted ahi tuna. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. • 35 Union Square W. (212-645-3400). Also, 1285 Sixth Ave., at 51st St. (582-8244). (I–M)

★ Mi

Gary Robins (best known for his pan-Asian pyrotechnics at Aja and Match Uptown) has resurfaced at Mi Restaurant and fans of his will recognize signature dishes like Thai grilled-squid salad with chickpeas and green-chili-cilantro oil, and five-spice-crusted breast of duckling. Neophytes who think Asian-fusion is so nineties will find the cooking a revelation. • 66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M–E)

The Pump Energy Food

There simply isn't any way to cheat at this "Physical Fitness Restaurant" and takeout shop. The falafel is baked, not fried; the tuna is low-sodium; and all the egg dishes are whites-only. In fact there's no fried food at all, no oil period, not even a soda in the house. • 113 E. 31st St. (212-213-5733). Also, 40 W. 55th St. (246-6844). (I)

★ Sahara's Turkish Cuisine

The owners of Sahara Grill, the bare-bones garment-district gyro joint, have branched out with this bona fide restaurant with cushy red velvet window-seat banquettes and a serious kitchen. You can make a meal of the delicious meze along with the freshly baked flatbread that washes up on the table like a puffy, sesame-crusted raft. But then you'd miss out on impressive entrées like iskender kebab and the "special beyti sarma." • 513 Second Ave., nr. 28th St. (212-532-7589). (M)

Slate

At Manhattan's first billiards club–cum–full-service restaurant, poolside dining means contemporary Middle Eastern specialties—a "Mediterranean raw bar" plate with fava-bean-horseradish sauce, mini kufteh pockets, and tangerine-glazed chicken—amid all the action from the 34 pool tables. • 54 West 21st St. (212-989-0096). (I–M)

★ Union Pacific

A dramatic otherworldly rain-forest setting is a fitting stage for wunderkind turned matinee idol Rocco DiSpirito's wildly inventive, wonderfully weird cooking. Sweet, small scallops nuzzled in their shells by blobs of sea urchin with an essence of tomato, mustard oil, mirin and black mustard. Halibut braised in goose fat with ginger jus and shallot cracklings. Mango and papaya carpaccio with pineapple sherbet and candied cilantro. In less capable hands, mad delusions; in DiSpirito's, pure genius. • 111 E. 22nd St. (212-995-8500). (E)

★ Veritas

Does the wine list make the restaurant? If you've got a chef like Scott Bryan whipping up arctic-char carpaccio with warm fingerling potato salad and a sublime, marrow-and-wine-fortified fillet of beef, it doesn't have to. His elegant American fare ($68 prix fixe only) complements the cellar, a joint obsession of the owners, who seem to take intense pleasure in sharing their private collection. • 43 E. 20th St. (212-353-3700). (E)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Arno

Garment District bigwigs and pre-Garden revelers flock to this lively, upscale northern Italian restaurant. Try reliable classics like veal scaloppine and red snapper sautéed with shrimp and clams, garlic, and white wine. • 141 W. 38th St. (212-944-7420). (M–E)

★ City Bakery

Heavenly tarts, perfectly textured cookies and brownies, luscious lemonades, ultra-thick and creamy hot chocolate—even homemade marshmallows—beckon irresistibly from the checkout counter. Pre-dessert, there are inspired sandwiches like roasted pear and ricotta salata, and the only salad bar we obsess over, plus a breakfast and lunch counter with its own separate menu, and a habit-forming weekend brunch. • 3 W. 18th St. (212-366-1414). (I–M)

★ Ilo

Though its neutral, geometric décor may appear too understated to crest the torrential wave of hotel restaurants, Ilo makes the rest of them seem like washouts. Chef-owner Rick Laakkonen's charms and talents are many: a rich lemon-thyme-scented ragout of octopus and Manila clams; pan-roasted rabbit with olives and oregano; grilled quail devilishly grounded by white hominy; and a gloriously simple roasted duck that will make you consider taking up residence at the Bryant Park. • 40 W. 40th St. (212-642-2255). (E)

★ Lotus

Everything you wanted from a trendy club-bar-restaurant and less. Less attitude, less discomfort, less elbow contact, and less forgettable food. Lotus is a blooming surprise. A slight kitschiness keeps it warm. Nice-guy owners keep it friendly. And chef Richard Farnabe keeps you well-fed. Think of the velvet rope outside as a ribbon. And Lotus as a gift. • 409 W. 14th St. (212-243-4420). (M–E)

Ohm

An all-in-one entertainment center offering dinner, dancing, and lounging on velvet furniture. Plus sesame chicken tenders, beef tenderloin shisk kebabs, and bay scallops with white wine over angel-hair pasta. • 16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E)

★ Restaurant Above

Twenty-one floors above the to-'n'-fro of 42nd Street, this handsomely designed hideaway in the Times Square Hilton awaits you, and so does Lutèce veteran Denis Fitzgerald and his first-rate celebration of Americana (with just a few Asian blips). Namely, mignon of yellowfin tuna, a classic Caesar, and lacquered pork chops with cottage-fried sweet potatoes. • 234 W. 42nd St. (212-642-2626). (E)

★ Scotch Bonnet Jamaican Gourmet

Dawn D'Aguilar graduated from a pair of Wall Street lunch carts to this underlit, bare-bones garment-district joint, where Bob Marley's on a muted video loop, Steel Pulse is on the sound system, and the powerful flavors of Jamaica emanate from the (sometimes plodding) kitchen. "Cha-cha" chicken, tender morsels of hacked meat, are swaddled in a mildly spicy sauce studded with pineapples and onion; crispy codfish fritters come with a fiery dip so popular D'Aguilar's planning to bottle it. And terrific homemade drinks soothe the slow burn. • 32 W. 31st St. (212-594-7575). (I–M)

World Yacht Dining Cruises

Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown and Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

★ Avra

Just as they are uptown at sister restaurant Trata, Fulton Street-fresh whole fish are priced by the pound and described on the menu like wines. Barbounia, for example, is a "Mediterranean delicacy that tends to be bony but flavorful." Elsewhere on the menu, spinach pie goes Gallic as spanakopita napoleon and grape leaves get an unexpected stuffing of raw salmon, tuna, and cucumber. • 141 E. 48th St. (212-759-8550). (M–E)

★ D'Artagnan, The Rotisserie

After fifteen years of selling foie gras and game to restaurants, D'Artagnan has opened its own: a narrow, high-ceilinged duplex countrified with tiled floors, rough ocher walls, a communal table, and Basque linens. Besides the signature terrines and charcuterie, there's seriously rib-sticking Gascon fare like cassoulet, spit-roasted free-range chicken, and "la garbure et son chabrot," a duck-confit soup dense enough to be eaten with a fork—or drunk in the true Gascon style, directly from the bowl. • 152 E. 46th St. (212-687-0300). (M–E)

Divine Bar

This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found unwinding. • 244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). Also, 55 Liberty St., second floor (791-9463). (I–M)

★ Fresco

A family restaurant thriving on Arthur Avenue in the Bronx one can understand. But in midtown? Yet the Scotto clan strolls around the dining room, cajoling, nudging, hugging, as if you'd shown up at their house for leftovers the day after Thanksgiving. For them, Fresco is one big welcome mat. Doesn't matter that the pizza is to die for, the lasagna superb; and if you like liver, you may never want to leave. • 34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M–E)

Giambelli 50th Ristorante

Upscale Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as careful. • 46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M)

★ Maloney & Porcelli

Maloney & Porcelli claims it isn't a steakhouse, but the tide of pinstripe and hunks of food suggest otherwise. The best meat dish, though, isn't steak but a mammoth "crackling" pork shank—which arrives with a steak knife thrust deep into it—and the service couldn't be nicer. • 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E)

Nino's Positano

Upscale Italian specializing in food from the south, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

One 51

A twenties opera house turned twenty-first-century nightclub, with weekly theme nights like Latin Tuesdays. And should all that dancing make you hungry, the kitchen offers polyglot-American tapas and prix-fixe dinners, incorporating global flavors in everything from "semi-sushi" salmon with wasabi cream and ginger, to slow-roasted duck breast with cantaloupe glaze and polenta. • 151 E. 50th St. (212-753-1144). (M–E)

Rothmann's Steakhouse & Grill

A sophisticated steakhouse with something for everyone, from "Asian-fried calamari" and "West Coast chicken" to the $132 porterhouse for four. Carnivores are in good hands—those of Christopher Hollis, fresh from Les Halles. • 3 E. 54th St. (212-319-5500). (E)

Smith & Wollensky

Urban cowboys herd together over big steaks with knives to match at impresario Alan Stillman's signature chophouse. The place has that landmark-steakhouse look—bare oak floors, a raffish air, and bustling waiters wearing service stars. There's surf and turf aplenty, improvisations at lunch, and an enviable wine cellar. • 797 Third Ave., at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M–E)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne

Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hotel restaurant. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern French menu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a salad with braised mango), foie gras (with beet sorbet), and roasted Colorado rack of lamb. The $50 prix fixe dinner is a (relative) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E)

★ Baldoria

Everyone at Frank Pellegrino Jr.'s Baldoria toils to make sure customers stay happy enough to sing along with Jimmy Roselli on the jukebox. There's luscious veal scallopini, aromatic spaghetti with clams, a raw bar upstairs, and best of all, 136 seats. So, if you still can't get into Rao's—Junior's father's legendary celebrity hangout—now you don't have to. • 249 W. 49th St. (212-582-0460). (E)

Ben Benson's Steak House

This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. At a time when steakhouses were famous for rudeness and hauteur, Benson's made a point of homeyness. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but there's a weatherproofed "front porch" and a dining room devoted entirely to the assiduous consumption of prime aged beef. • 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E)

Cascina

The communal farmhouse tables and equally rustic house wines, imported from the owner's Northern Italian vineyard, conspire to make this trattoria feel more Tuscan countryside than Hell's Kitchen storefront. Beyond lasagne and minestrone, the menu surprises with dishes like rabbit casserole in a bread crust, barbecued veal ribs, and whole-wheat pizza with smoked salmon and cream cheese. • 647 Ninth Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-245-4422). (M)

Cité

Ambassador of beef Alan Stillman cops a French accent at this soaring midtown steakhouse known for its wine dinners. Meat is just the hard core of the menu, a document that also includes pan-roasted salmon "choucroute," grilled chicken merguez sausage, and desserts big enough for two or more to share. For more casual dining, try the Cité Grill next door. • 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E)

Da Rosina

Those with curtains to make and bellies to fill find just what they're looking for in this Restaurant Row standby, a reliable source for homemade pasta, chicken and veal cutlets every which way, and Italian classics from fried clams to tirami su. A $22 prix fixe dinner and $13.95 lunch make it easy to splurge on affordable indulgences like spicy lobster frutti di mare and broiled sirloin steak. • 342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M)

★ DB Bistro Moderne

Daniel Boulud's latest venture is supposed to be an homage to the simple bistro foods of his youth, but the great chef can't help making things fancy. Take boeuf en gelee, which Chef Boulud coats with sweet horseradish cream and serves in a dainty parfait glass. Or the $27 "DB Burger," leavened with foie gras and short ribs and a silver cup of pommes soufflés on the side. The space can feel a little hectic around theater time, but elbow your way in if you can. • 55 W. 44th St. (212-391-2400). (E)

★ Del Frisco's

Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbane steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. From the usually overrated filet mignon, whose buttery blandness gets surmounted by a brash pepper-splattered crust, to the superb 26-ounce "double eagle" strip, Del Frisco's is a silverware-clanking crowd pleaser. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

District

At this hotel restaurant, David Rockwell's design makes playful reference to the theater-district locale, and Sam DeMarco's menus make reference to the fun food he popularized at First. For breakfast, there's the Scramble (smoked salmon, cream-cheese fondue, latkes, and dill-caper gremolata). For lunch, "double features" like pierogi with a brisket sandwich. Plus a $28 pretheater dinner and a late-night "mini-bar." • 130 W. 46th St. (212-485-2999). (M)

Heartland Brewery & Chop House

With hefty hunks of prime aged beef, braised buffalo short ribs, and lobster-and-crab-stuffed ravioli—not to mention a superb artisanal-cheese-and-beer tasting plate—this third branch of the popular brewpub chain is clearly the most culinarily ambitious. But the mood is still mellow, especially at the bar, a rare, comfortable Times Square spot to toss back some of the terrific hand-crafted brews. • 127 W. 43rd St. (646-366-0235). (M–E)

Johnnie's Italian

This old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over four decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. • 135 W. 45th St. (212-869-5565). (I–M)

Martini's

Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing sidewalk café and rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. • 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M)

Pig and Whistle

A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. • 165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). Also, 922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M)

★ Rinconcito Peruano

The seviche at this Peruvian Hell's Kitchen hole-in-the-wall is sublime: tidbits of sea bass, whole shrimp, and squid in an expert lime-juice marinade redolent of garlic, ginger, red onion, cilantro, and pepper. And the caliber of the seviche augurs well for the rest of the menu, which shrinks considerably during the week. (Go on Saturday.) Don't leave without ordering something yellow—one of those national specialties suffused with spicy, marigold-yellow aji pepper sauce. • 803 Ninth Avenue, at 53rd Street (212-333-5685). (I) ($)

St. Andrews

In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features rack of lamb and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. • 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I–M)

Trattoria Dopo Teatro

Famous for its signature open ravioli of lobster and lamb, the menu also offers an across-the-board selection of regional Italian specialties. The dining room is decorated with Italian cinema stills and single-minded connoisseurs, and private parties can pursue their passions in the wine room, the grappa room, or the cigar lounge. • 125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M)

Utsav Festive India

The $12.95 all-you-can-eat lunch buffet may be pricier than some, but the setting—an elevated bridge between two midtown office buildings—is posher, with tablecloths and flowers and gracious waiters wearing chili-pepper-patterned neckties. Every day brings a selection of four vegetable and three meat dishes, plus salads, chutneys and pickles, nan, superb saffron-speckled rice, and silky-sweet Indian puddings for dessert. • 1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M)

Zanzibar

The crowd at this loungey Hell's Kitchen restaurant is as eclectic as the menu. African, Arabic, Asian, and Mediterranean touches appear in dishes like tuna and ginger ravioli; mussel soup with garlic, chickpeas, and cilantro; and a root vegetable and peanut stew served over rice. • 645 Ninth Ave, nr. 45th St. (212-957-9197). (M)

57th–60th Streets

★ Alain Ducasse at the Essex House

The epitome of posh, from the decorous welcome to the postprandial lollipop cart, Ducasse's American outpost has found its groove. And even if a $160 dinner doesn't become a weekly habit, the extravagantly Art Deco cocoon of a room should be experienced at least once, as should the obsessively seasonal menus, the cheese course, and the high-concept wine list. The twice-weekly $65 lunch is, relatively speaking, a steal. • 155 W. 58th St. (212-265-7300). (E)

Caviarteria

If you like to sip Taittinger and nibble caviar by the eighth of an ounce on a whim, this is the place for you. The casually elegant café also offers sampler platters of Sevruga, Osetra, and Beluga, plus related luxuries like a black-truffle soup, smoked trout from Idaho, salmon from Scotland, and a host of roe-centric sandwiches. • 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-759-7410). (M–E)

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant

Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars is unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. • 11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E)

The Manhattan Ocean Club

Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics. A pictorial menu features a dozen or so smiley-faced fish. Preparations range from classic (Dover sole meunière) to creative (grouper with roasted pineapple and black peppercorns). Or have the chef prepare your fish any way you like. • 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E)

★ Nicole's

Restaurants in clothing stores are usually more amenity than attraction. But this minimalist-chic dining room in the basement of Nicole Farhi's boutique is a rare exception. Chef Annie Wayte is obsessed with seasonal produce, and changes her menu every six weeks to prove it. The less expensive bar menu changes *daily*. Which means one ought not to grow too attached to her grilled-scallop-and-fennel salad, or the fritto misto of wild striped bass, haricots verts, and artichoke hearts. • 10 E. 60th St. (212-223-2288). (E)

ONEc.p.s.

Alan Stillman, along with executive chef David Burke and designer Adam Tihany, has rewired the Plaza's Edwardian Room. Tihany has colored the oaken walls caramel and put huge scarlet lampshades on the chandeliers, and the irrepressible Burke has concocted a whimsical menu that includes a foie gras–spiked burger and a rack of lamb accompanied by shepherd's pie. The mosaic floors and ceiling remain untouched, and the view of Central Park is as grand as ever. • 1 Central Pk. So. (212-583-1111). (E)

★ San Domenico

You won't find a more elegant big-deal Italian restaurant in New York. We treasure it for the luxurious space at and between tables, the cool coach-leather chairs, the clockwork service, and the refinement of the risottos, pastas, fish, and game. Owner Tony May has an uncompromising passion for the highest quality Italian ingredients and devotedness to classical technique that rivals any Michelin-starred chef, and it shows. • 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E)

★ Shelly's New York

The latest Shelly Fireman production inhabits an old Automat space, ergo the "Horn & Hardart" creamed spinach and macaroni and cheese. Only the assimilative Fireman (of Brooklyn Diner fame) would offer towering shellfish platters and stone crabs flown in daily from Joe's in Miami Beach alongside miso-glazed halibut, chicken schnitzel, and a 50-ounce porterhouse steak cooked "Brooklyn style" and make it all work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E)

Above 60th Street, East Side

The Boathouse in Central Park

Claim a table by a flowery umbrella on the pondside deck and give thanks to Frederick Olmsted and generations of park champions for preserving this precious greenery. The American menu leans toward fresh seafood like pan-roasted monkfish with spring onions and garlic confit, and seared wild striped bass. • E. 72nd St. and Park Drive N. (212-517-2233). (M–E)

★ Cafe Boulud

Most chefs have one menu to worry about. At Daniel Boulud's beige-on-beige bistro, Andrew Carmellini has four. For "Le Voyage," he globe-trots from Vietnam to New Orleans. Mixing and matching is encouraged, so there's no reason why you can't begin with fresh- and smoked-salmon latkes from "La Saison," segue into potato-crusted sea bass from "La Tradition," and conclude with a warm fig tart from the menu called "Le Potager," nirvana for the vegetarian gourmet. • 20 East 76th Street (212-772-2600). (E)

Emo's

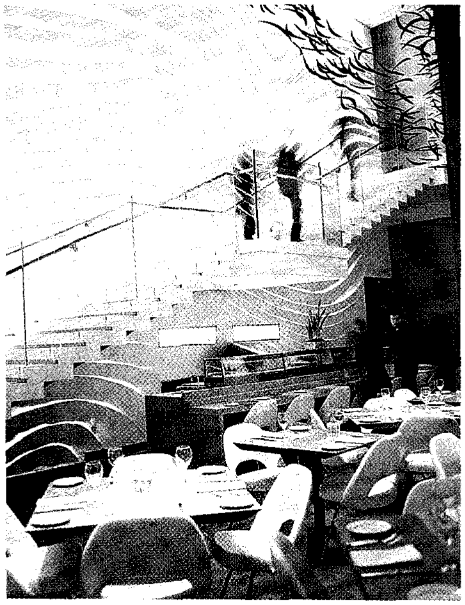
This spiffy spot hopes to give the neighborhood's plethora of sushi bars and Chinese takeouts some much-needed competition by introducing Upper East Siders to the kimchee-spiked pleasures of Korean cooking. Savory scallion pancakes called pajan come with calamari, scallops, and shrimp; tofu-stuffed dumplings are adeptly pan-fried. The menu features bibimbop and all sorts of seafood, but none of that participatory grill-your-own barbecue, which should ensure a smoke-free evening. • 1564 Second Ave., near 81st St. (212-628-8699). (M)

Fred's
The black-Lab namesake of Amsterdam Avenue's top neighborhood joint has sniffed out new territory across town, where his master, Larry Johnston, and Johnston's partner David Honor have opened an East Side outpost. Expect the same congenial atmosphere, something-for-everyone menu, and canine decor. • 1649 Third Ave., nr. 92nd St. (212-289-2700). (I-M)

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge
A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's round booths are so big and luxurious they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. • 1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (212-249-3600). Also, 477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M)

★ JoJo
This is where it all began, where Jean-Georges Vongerichten first stunned gourmands with his herbal essences, vegetable sauces, and gossamer desserts. The once-staid townhouse has been rendered nearly unrecognizable with a fin de siècle French-bordello remake and a hip-hop soundtrack, but in his reigning wisdom, the megachef still lets them eat cake—specifically, his signature molten Valrhona-chocolate masterpiece. • 160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E)

92
With a menu that appeals to Carnegie Hill kids and their parents alike (fish sticks and grilled cheese for the under-12 set, oysters and steak au poivre for those of us feigning more mature appetites), this spiffy newcomer could very well become the neighborhood canteen. The Dreesen's doughnuts will be familiar to anyone who's spent time in the Hamptons, a sure sign of how well owner Ken Aretsky knows his market. • 45 E. 92nd St. (212-828-5300). (M-E)



Nino's
Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. • 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E)

★ Park Avenue Cafe
A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the neighbors rapt with signature dishes like salmon pastrami with crushed pepper. • 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E)

★ The Post House
How grand can a steakhouse get? If you took a meat-and-potatoes guy who liked to hang out at the Art Student's League, gave him a few years at Princeton, and financed his *Wanderjahr* abroad, he might come home and open the Post House. It's clubby but not snooty, with a Christo here and a Twombly there, and a well-traveled menu that includes everything from a Cajun rib steak to venison osso buco. • 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E)

Sel & Poivre
Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. • 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M)

Trata
With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood, this bustling Upper East Side restaurant offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. • 1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M)

Above 60th Street, West Side

★ A
This barbershop turned four-table café has been outfitted with a big blue A in the window and what might be the world's tiniest professional kitchen: two hot plates, a mini-fridge, a sink, and a cutting board. Chef-owner Marc Solomon (who used to run Red Strype and Les Deux Lapins downtown) uses that space to maximum effect cooking simple, inventive Jamaican-inspired French dishes like curried lamb pie with coconut crème fraîche and pan-fried ackee-and-callaloo crêpes. • 947 Columbus Ave., nr. 106th St. (212-531-1643). (I)

Alibaba
A twelve-seat glatt kosher restaurant and takeout shop specializing in Yemenite-Israeli cuisine—with a macrobiotic twist. Owner Moshe Harizy imports spices, fava beans, and fruit nectars from Israel and bakes his own lafah, the flatbread that makes his turkey shawarma something special. • 515 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 85th St. (212-787-6008). (I)

Corner
A nicely appointed neighborhood restaurant as inviting as its name and the warm glow from its copper sconces. Chef Maurice Hurley's pleasing, something-for-everyone menu includes grilled smoked sausage, Atlantic salmon, and Vietnamese duck with linguine and sambal. • 461 Columbus Ave., at 82nd St. (212-875-1619). (M)

Jimmy's Uptown
Jimmy Rodriguez's new joint brings a little bit of SoHo to Harlem. The former residential space on Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard has been decorated with half-moon leather banquettes and luminous Lycra lamps. There is foie gras on the menu (served atop sweet calabaza squash); filet mignon with horseradish-flavored grits; and plump, pecan-crusted catfish fillets. Some of the culinary experiments are more successful than others, but the scene—and the Glory Glory Hallelujah $25 Sunday brunch—are worth the trip. • 2207 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd. (212-491-4000). (E)

Max SoHa
This charming offshoot of Max, the perennially cramped East Village trattoria, has settled in a previously broccoli-rabe-bereft Morningside Heights neighborhood. The cooking—hearty rigatoni with meatballs and Italian sausage, toasted garlic bread with anchovies, osso buco—is as good as it is at Max downtown, so, at least until the competition arrives, you can take your waiter's word for it when he announces that this is the best tirami su around. • 1274 Amsterdam Ave., at 123rd St. (212-531-2221). (I-M) ($)

★ Ouest
After cultivating a coterie of foodie followers at places like Alison on Dominick and Cascabel, Tom Valenti brings his distinctive style of boldly layered flavors—and those lamb shanks—to a neighborhood legendarily short on sophisticated grub. Clearly, he's doing his darnedest to turn the tide with reprises of old favorites like potato, goat cheese, and truffle terrine with transcendent beets; and lusty short rib on an ooze of polenta perfumed with smoked onions. • 2315 Broadway, near 84th St. (212-580-8700). (M-E)

Scaletta
A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks is the tranquil setting for refined Northern Italian fare, from smoked salmon and beef carpaccio to a selection of risotto and veal dishes. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. • 50 W. 77th St. (212-769-9191). (M)

Brooklyn

Grappa Café
A culinary coup on a congested stretch of Court Street known primarily for fast food and red sauce, where chef Anthony Parascondola—a veteran of Picholine, Remi, and Maxim's—revs up juicy chicken breast with pan-seared gnocchi and lemon-rosemary jus; swaps lamb shank for veal in his osso buco; and packs risotto with wild mushrooms, smoked duck, and truffle oil, a tribute, perhaps, to Picholine's signature dish. • 112 Court St., Brooklyn (718-237-4024). (M)

★ Peter Luger
Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own Peter Luger credit card, or bring cash. • 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($)

Queens

Tibetan Yak
Uma Thurman and Richard Gere have yet to make an appearance, but the Free Tibet contingent would feel right at home here with the Dalai Lama playing continuously on video. Dumpling connoisseurs will like the momo, the Tibetan take on potstickers served with a sesame-dressed cabbage salad, or la ping, two mung bean cakes drizzled with spicy chile-soy sauce. And the influences of China and India emerge in dishes like chow mein and shogok khatsa, spicy potatoes served, in a double carbo whammy, with steamed rolls. • 72-20 Roosevelt Ave., Jackson Heights (718-779-1119). (I)

Opening

Blue Man Group

How can you tell you're in a W hotel? Look for striking, inspired-by-nature design; a hip Rande Gerber bar; and an upscale restaurant run by a seasoned industry veteran like Drew Nieporent, Todd English, or, in the case of the new W Times Square, Stephen (Ruby Foo's) Hanson. At **Blue Fin**, Hanson has assembled a troika of culinary talent (a sushi chef from San Francisco, an executive chef from Icon, and a pastry chef from Gotham Bar & Grill), and unleashed their combined energies on an area better known for fast-food franchises than for sautéed pompano with black-pepper gnocchi. Theatergoers and nearby office workers are sure to relish the Chilean barnacles, the $60 shellfish "castle," the 50 wines by the glass, and the upstairs jazz club, but only lucky hotel guests can order homemade ice cream by the pint off the room-service menu. (1567 Broadway, at 47th Street; 212-918-1400.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRIK RYTIKANGAS.

Classical & Dance

Edited by Alicia Zuckerman

Classical Music

Philharmonia Orchestra, London
Vladimir Ashkenazy conducts Rachmaninoff's *The Isle of the Dead*, *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*, and Symphony No. 3 in A minor, 1/8 at 8; Piano Concerto No. 3 in D minor and Symphonic Dances. 1/9 at 8. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $29–$52.

The New York Festival of Song
Presents "Song of the Midnight Sun," music by the Scandinavian composers Grieg, Sibelius, Nielsen, and others, featuring tenor Paul Groves. 1/9 at 8, Carnegie Hall. Also, "At Harlem's Height," a concert celebrating the Harlem Renaissance. 1/14 at 8, Aaron Davis Hall. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (646-230-8382); $33. Aaron Davis Hall, City College, 135th St. and Convent Ave. (212-650-7148); $35–$100.

"I, Too, Sing America"
Second Martin Luther King Jr. tribute also marks the 100th anniversary of Langston Hughes's birth with the world premiere of Erik Santos's *Dreamer* , a song cycle set to Hughes's poetry; Theodore Wiprud's setting of Robert Hayden's *American Journal*; and Adolphys Hailstork's *Love and Justice*, set to King's texts. 1/10 at Riverside Church; 1/12 at Merkin. • Riverside Church, Claremont Ave. and 120th St. (212-870-6784); $15. Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $25.

New York Philharmonic
Norwegian pianist Leif Ove Andsnes plays one of his favorites, Lutoslawski's Piano Concerto. Works by Ravel, Kodály, and Strauss are also on a program led by Sir Andrew Davis. 1/10–1/12; 1/15. Call for details. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $19–$82.

"String Summit"
The Kitchen hosts three nights of new-music string ensembles. String Army, Ethel, Tom Chiu & Friends, Invert, and Sojourner & Kelvyn Bell perform Xenakis, Colon Nancarrow, Julia Wolfe, and the Beatles. 1/10–1/12 at 8. • The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-255-5793, ext. 11); $12 ($25 for all three).

Carnegie Hall Workshop Chorus
André Previn leads Brahms's *Requiem* in the culmination of a five-day workshop, with the Orchestra of St. Luke's, soprano Barbara Bonney, and bass-baritone David Wilson-Johnson. 1/12 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $32–$92.

Guarneri String Quartet
Pianist Lee Luvisi joins in for Franck's Piano Quintet in F minor; string quartets by Brahms and Beethoven are also on the program. 1/12 at 8. • Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-570-3949); $40.

New York Chamber Symphony
New York premiere of Aaron Jay Kernis's *Lament and Prayer* featuring violinist Elmar Oliveira shares the program with the world premiere of Soong Fu-Yuan's *Three Poems* for Chamber Orchestra and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3. 1/12 at 8 and 1/13 at 5. • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $40.

"A Panorama of Pan American Music"
Guitarist Tomás Rodriguez and Ensemble, the Garard Edery Ensemble, and the Marcelo Zarvos Ensemble perform Spanish, Latin American, Brazilian, and Sephardic music. 1/13 at 3. • Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $20.

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra
Zubin Mehta conducts Brahms's Violin Concerto featuring Maxim Vengerov, and Symphony No. 2 in D Major, 1/14 at 7; and works by Schubert, Schoenberg, and Mahler, 1/15 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $24–$125.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera
Il Barbiere di Siviglia has its season premiere 1/10. *Don Carlo*, *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, and *Tosca* are also onstage. Call for details, or visit www.metopera.org. • Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$265.

Encompass New Opera Theatre
Season opens with Grigori Frid's *The Diary of Anne Frank* for solo soprano and chamber orchestra, translated in 1991 from the Russian. German soprano Djuna Pechstein is Anne in this affecting adaptation. 1/10–2/3. • Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. (212-206-1515); $40.

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players
The Pirates of Penzance continues another rollicking season, directed by Albert Bergeret. 1/11–1/12 at 8, 1/12 at 3, and 1/14 at 4. "Family Overture," an introduction for children and families, is free to ticket-holders. 1/12 at 1:45. • City Center, 155 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212); $35–$65.

Festival

In the Altogether

David Dorfman and Dan Froot are swaddled in amorphous body coverings of blue fabric for their new collaboration, *Shtuck*, a self-referential look at the compulsion to entertain, taking cues from vaudeville. Complexions' *Higher Ground* is a full-company nod to the seventies, set to Earth, Wind & Fire. Merián Soto Dance and Performance brings on a live salsa band and Mambo Kings dancer Sonny Allen. Jane Comfort and Company's "urban dance opera," *Asphalt*, about a homeless D.J., uses jazz, trip-hop, ambient beats, and Zuni Indian music, and Molissa Fenley's *Short Stories* is a quartet performed partially in silence. These are among the offerings the Joyce Theater has cooked up for its 2002 **Altogether Different Festival** (several participants in which are pictured), started in 1986 as a way of presenting artists who might not be able to sell out a full week's booking. "Our vision is to try to present companies different from each other," says the Joyce's executive director, Linda Shelton. "It's really a mirror of our whole season." And a quick fix, if you're just trying to keep up on the dance scene. (See "Dance.") A.Z.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC OGDEN.

Dance

"Altogether Different Festival"
See essay. Festival runs through 1/20. Call for details. • The Joyce Theater, Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $20.

New York City Ballet
Dances at a Gathering and *The Four Seasons* make up an all-Robbins program on 1/11. Balanchine abounds with *Mozartiana*, *La Sonnambula*, *Symphony in C* (set to Bizet), and *The Four Temperaments*. Call for details or visit www.nycballet.com. • New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-307-4100); $28–$76.

"Daughter of a Pacifist Soldier"
Tamar Rogoff's dance-theater works emerged from her quest to get to know her father through interviews with three wars' worth of veterans. 1/10–1/20. Call for details. • La MaMa E.T.C. (Annex Theater), 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710); $20.

"Private Lives of Dancers"
David Gordon and the Pick Up Performance Company present a work based on events and dialogues overheard during rehearsals. 1/10–10/13 and 1/17–1/20 at 8:30. • St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-8194); $15.

Janis Brenner & Dancers
Sixteen-member group premieres *A Peace for Women*, about women and perception, with music by Steve Reich and Chuck Hammer, and *The "L" Word*. • City Center Studio, 130 W. 56th St., 4th floor (212-696-7494); $15.

"Japanese Contemporary Dance Showcase"
Presents five of Japan's emerging artists. Study of Live Works BANETO's *A Time-Knit Sweater* is an urban multimedia work; Aki Nagatani & danscapes's *SUPER RINSE* evokes a Tokyo of the future; Mako Kawano draws from butoh and ballet in her solo piece, *My Boyfriend;* also, performances by Dance Company Nomade~s and Yukio Ueshima & Company. 1/11–1/12 at 8. • Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (212-752-3015); $18.

Ronald K. Brown/EVIDENCE
Fresh from an Alvin Ailey premiere, Brown heads uptown with *Ebony Magazine: to a village*, contrasting runway-model postures with African dance; *High Life*, inspired by fifties West African music; and *Upside/Down*, about chaos. 1/12 at 8 and 1/12 at 3. • Aaron Davis Hall, W. 135th St. and Convent Ave. (212-650-7100); $20–$25.

Infinity Dance Theater
Dancers disabled and non- make up the company founded by former Washington Ballet soloist (and wheelchair user) Kitty Lunn. Works include *Access* by former South African Ballet member Marc Brew, the Lunn solo *In Time Like Air*, and *Hoop-La*, an exploration of the hula hoop. 1/13 at 5 and 7. • Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College, 68th St. nr. Park Ave. (800-799-5831); $15 (wheelchair users: $5).

Ground Rules This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brown

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill
1/9: A tribute to the Beatles featuring Strawberry Fields. 1/10: Koko Taylor and Son Seals. 1/13: Brad Mehldau and Diane Reeves. 1/14: Junior Brown. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
1/9: Mojo Mancini, featuring Rick DePofi, Conrad Korsch, John Leventhal, Brian Mitchell, and Shawn Pelton. 1/10: Neshama Carlebach. 1/11: Roger McGuinn. 1/12: Dan Hicks and the Hot Licks. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

Bowery Ballroom
1/11: Hoobastank. 1/12: Great absurdist tricksters the Moldy Peaches; the Realistics. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Fez
Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Saturdays: John Kelly's "Shiny Hot Nights: More Songs of Joni Mitchell." • Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Irving Plaza
1/10: Hardcore punk godfathers Circle Jerks. 1/11: David Cross. 1/12–1/13: Mission of Burma.• 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub
Mondays: New-music showcase. Tuesdays: D.J.'s Beverly Bond and Belinda spin hip-hop and R&B. Wednesdays: World music. Thursdays: Editors, writers, photographers, and all sorts of other non-D.J.'s take to the decks for the "Personality D.J. Series." Saturdays: D.J. Johnny spins hip-hop, house, and soul classics. • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory
1/9: Mr. Lif; the Arsonists. 1/10: "New York City Country Coalition Presents": Jack Grace Band, Miller's Farm, Earl Pickins and the Black Mountain Marauders, the Bootleg Remedy. 1/11: Club D'elf. 1/12: Ekoostik Hookah.• 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.

Makor
1/8: Local Performers' Showcase Night. 1/9: Norah Jones Quintet. 1/10: Freedy Johnston and Josh Ritter. 1/12: ESTA. 1/13: Fantcha; Les Yeux Noirs; Andy Narell. 1/14: Sandy Silva and Laura Risk. • 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).

Manitoba's
Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Tuesdays: "Popcorn Tuesdays." Fridays: Adam Roth. • 99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).

Maxwell's
1/10: Solea. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge
1/9: Amy Miles. 1/11: Emma Gibbs Band. 1/12: Interpol; Sea Ray.• 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

S.O.B.'s
1/7: Willy Chirino. • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

Clubs

APT
An apartment-themed lounge with a surprisingly good lineup of hip-hop, soul, and house D.J.'s. Mondays: Bobbito Garcia. Tuesdays: Jaymz Nylon. Wednesdays: *Fader* magazine presents Rich Medina. Thursdays: Small Change. Fridays: Ursula 1000. Saturdays: Chairman Mao and Citizen Kane. • 419 W. 13th St. (212-414-4245).

Baktun
Thursdays: The best deal in clubland: House great Tony Humphries for *free*. The first Friday of every month: Rotating house-music D.J.'s spin at "Confusion." Third Friday: Eclectic dance music with D.J. Wayne Pate at "Soularium." Fourth Friday: Icelandic promoters Holmar and A. Gram's super-cool "N'Ice." Saturdays: Drum 'n' bass at "Direct Drive." Thursdays: Deep house with D.J. Jaymz Nylon.• 418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).

Centro-Fly
Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions," with D.J. Erick Morillo and big-name special guests. Fridays: "GBH" hosts some of the more adventurous nights at the club with D.J.'s like Ashley Beedle and Marshall Jefferson. Saturdays: Energetic house and big beat with "Plant"; in the Pinky Room, Chez Music honcho Neil Aline hosts "We and the Music." 1/10: François K celebrates the launch of his mixed CD *Deep and Sexy*. • 45 W. 21st St. (212-627-7770).

Groovejet
Mondays: Classic soul and funk. Tuesdays: Funky, San Francisco–styled house music. Wednesdays: Techno upstart David Hollands. Thursdays: Jackie Christie. Fridays: Danny Tenaglia acolyte Dan Barnes.• 286 Spring St. (212-929-4780).

Luxx
Mondays: "Cult Movie Mondays." Tuesdays: D.J. Miss Guy spins rock and metal at "Hell Bent for Brooklyn." Fridays: Afro-funk with Antibalas. Saturdays: D.J. Larry Tee spins electroclash at "Berliniamsburg." Sundays: "House Music Sessions" with D.J. Raji K; D.J. Gomi. • 256 Grand Street, Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-1000).

The Roxy
Saturdays: The Chelsea boys dance all night to a rotating set of house D.J.'s. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.

Shine
Thursdays: The gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent and special guests like Phil Asher and Norman Jay. Fridays: House, techno, and trance D.J.'s unite for "Touch." Saturdays: D.J. Big Ben spins hip-hop at "The Show." •285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).

SPA
Wednesdays: Rock 'n' roll spun by D.J.'s like Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: A-listers and fashionistas take over with "Ultra," featuring hip-hop, house, and rock 'n' roll spun by D.J.'s Mark Ronson, Lady Bunny, and Cameron Douglas. Saturdays: Overdressed Euros line up for "Jet Set" with D.J. Eric LaPeau. • 76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).

Vinyl
Fridays: "Be Yourself" with progressive-house maestro D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Thankfully, the crowd has thinned a bit lately, leaving plenty of room for dancing. • 6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).

Jazz

Birdland
Mondays in January: The Scott Whitfield Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: The Duke Ellington Orchestra. Fridays: Lew Anderson's All-American Big Band. 1/9: "Channeling Chet": A tribute to Chet Baker with the Leif Arntzen Quartet. 1/10–1/12: Jim Hall Trio. 1/13: Kevin Mahogany. 1/14: Kurt Elling. Sundays:

Club Date

Mojo, Rising

The photo at right is remarkable in that it exists at all. Like Sasquatch, the five crack musicians who call themselves **Mojo Mancini** have seldom been captured on film. That would smack of careerism, anathema for an ensemble whose members—Rick DePofi (reeds), Conrad Korsch (bass), John Leventhal (guitar), Brian Mitchell (keyboards, vocals), and Shawn Pelton (percussion)—regard Mojo mainly as a haven from not-so-shabby day jobs that include first-rank session work, long-term gigs with *Saturday Night Live*, and winning the odd Grammy (Leventhal has two for his producing and writing efforts with Shawn Colvin). With five years' worth of infrequent but well-attended word-of-mouth gigs at venues like the Slipper Room, Mojo supplies the kind of fun these guys don't always have as working musicians. Their eclectic set lists typically accommodate the works of Johnny Cash, Leonard Bernstein, Muddy Waters, Stephen Sondheim, Fats Waller, James Brown, and Tchaikovsky, all of which have been, as Leventhal puts it, "ripped apart harmonically, melodically, lyrically." But "no cheap irony," thank you very much: They love these songs. So, clearly, do Rosanne Cash, Marc Cohn, Freedy Johnston, and Joan Osborne, all of whom took turns at the mike at a recent Mojo show, and most of whom—along with Teddy Thompson—are expected back for this week's gig at the Bottom Line. Mojo Mancini might finally be stepping into the spotlight, but even as its legend grows, its credo remains unshakable. As DePofi says, "It's the pounding out of it that's exciting." (See "Small Stages.") GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

Ground Rules In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WES BENDER.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE

STRICTLY PERSONALS

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Club Date

Catch the Wave

Along with Larry Levan, D.J.-producer **François Kevorkian** (pictured) helped lay dance music's foundations at seminal disco clubs like the Paradise Garage by spinning—and producing—tracks that extended the sweet rhythms of Philly soul into a blissful mix. Since then, Kevorkian has remained a vital player on dance floors: He's co-founded the dizzyingly eclectic Sunday-afternoon party "Body and Soul," released an encyclopedic two-CD history of New York dance music's roots, and started the house-music label Wave, an imprint that releases both garage-music-style soul and percussive, world- music-influenced dance records. On January 10, Kevorkian will bring the sound of Wave to Centro-Fly to celebrate the release of the label's new compilation, appropriately titled *Deep & Sexy*. (See "Clubs.")

Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Big Band. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note
1/8–1/13: Monty Alexander Quartet with Les McCann. Sets at 8 and 10:30. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

"Highlights in Jazz" presents: "The Art of Playing Standards"
1/10 at 8. With McCoy Tyner; Bucky Pizzarelli Trio. Two giants—the former a Coltrane disciple with a sweet, melodic style of piano playing, the latter a nearly peerless, swinging guitar player who recalls Django Reinhardt—take the stage together to further school the faithful.• Pace Downtown Theater, 3 Spruce St. (212-346-1715). $22.50.

Iridium
Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours.1/8–1/13: Christian McBride Quartet. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat.• 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121).

Red Blazer
Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. • 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Small's
Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food.• 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565).

Smoke
Mondays in January: Jam session with John Farnsworth. Tuesdays: "Hammond B3 Organ Grooves." Wednesdays: Hot Pants Funk Sextet Plus One. Thursdays: Jim Rotondi and David Hazeltine's Electric Band.• 2751 Broadway, at 105th St. (212-864-6662).

Tonic
1/9: Assif Tsahar, Jim Black, and Mat Maneri; Roswell Rudd and Duck Baker. 1/11: Ori Kaplan Shaat'nez Band; New Circle Quintet with Pauline Oliveros. 1/12: Smokey Hormel and Miho Hatori; Vinicius Cantuaria Band. 1/13: Klezmer Zahav Klezmer Brunch. 1/14: Greg Kelley, Jason Lescalleet, Giuseppe Lelasi, and Domenico Sciajno. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.

Village Vanguard
Mondays in January: The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 1/8–1/13: Buster Williams Quartet, featuring Mulgrew Miller, Stefon Harris, and Lenny White. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.

Comedy

Carolines on Broadway
Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 1/10–1/13: Harland Williams; Rob Stapleton. $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum. • 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).

Dangerfield's
1/7–1/13: Jerry Diner; Nancy Redman; John Rizzo; Hood; Al Ducharme; Richie Byrne. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum.• 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).

Stand-up New York
Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cover.• 236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel
Through 1/12: Andrea Marcovicci. An unabashed traditionalist known for hewing close to the songbooks of Berlin and Kern, but her soulfulness and reverence for the material are winning. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) • 59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).

Arci's Place
Through 1/12: Donna McKechnie in "My Musical Comedy Life." • 450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).

Don't Tell Mama
Cabaret acts, old-school "female impersonators," and Broadway stars share the stage at this theater-district nightspot. In January: Thursdays at 6: Seth's Broadway Chatterbox. Saturdays at 8:30: Poole Party Comedy Variety Show; at 11: "Judy Garland Live!" with Tommy Femia.• 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.

Feinstein's at the Regency
1/14–2/2: Dame Cleo Lane and John Dankworth. Tuesday through Saturday, the cover is $60. Two shows on Friday and Saturday; cover $60 per show. The food and beverage minimum is $40 per person at all 8:30 shows and $25 per person for the show at 11. • 540 Park Ave., at E. 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY SOTER/RETNA LTD. USA.

TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachka

Radio Highlights

New Sounds Top Ten and Listeners Poll
For the seventeenth year running, host John Schaefer offers a highly opinionated playlist of the year's ten best new-music pieces. The next day, the decidedly non-popular genre gets the pop treatment; Schaefer presents the year's greatest hits in the sixteenth annual count-down of contemporary oddities. • 1/9 and 1/10 at 11 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM and 93.9 FM.

"The Designated Mourner"
A special episode of Dean Olsher's variety show "The Next Big Thing" presents a radio adaptation of Wallace Shawn's eccentric new play. • 1/13 at 8 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM and 93.9 FM.

Andrew Morton
The author talks about his new book, *Madonna*, with the eponymous host of "The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show." • 1/13 at 8 P.M. WPAT, 930 AM.

Lectures and Panels

Gustave Doré and the Biblical Narrative
Curator and essayist Eric M. Zafran delivers a lecture on the French artist's religious-themed work—particularly his 220-part Bible series—in conjunction with an exhibit on religious images in nineteenth-century academic art. • 1/10 at 6:15 P.M. The Dahesh Museum of Art, 601 Fifth Ave., at 48th St. (212-759-0606, ext. 35); $7.

Vito Acconci
The iconoclastic conceptual artist talks about his life and work as part of the Whitney's "Seminars With Artists" series. • 1/10 at 7 P.M. The Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (877-WHITNEY); $17.50.

Cartoonists at Work
WNYC host Leonard Lopate talks to prominent cartoonists Roz Chast, Salih Memecan, and Doug Marlett as well as *The New Yorker*'s cartoon editor, Bob Mankoff. • 1/10 at 8:15 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $22.

"Critic's Choice"
The more than two dozen panels that are part of the *Times*' "Arts & Leisure Weekend" (also granting free weekend access to more than 100 cultural institutions worldwide) feature the paper's critics discussing the arts and entertainment with the likes of Yoko Ono, Jon Stewart, Cynthia Ozick, Alan Cumming, Elie Wiesel, and Martin Scorsese. • 1/10–1/13. (888-NYT-1870 for info and tickets; www.nytimes.com/artsandleisureweekend for passes); $25 per event.

Alexander Hamilton's Birthday
Joanne Freeman, the editor of the Library of America's volume *Alexander Hamilton: Writings*, celebrates his birthday with a presentation and book signing. • 1/12 at 2 P.M. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); free.

"New York September 11" Exhibit Conversation
A discussion moderated by columnist Christopher Gray reflects on the current exhibit of 9/11 photos and on themes like the skyscraper as symbol and the future of the city. • 1/12 at 2 P.M. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); free with $5 admission.

Lee Bollinger
The incoming president of Columbia University delivers a speech on the role of the university in advancing cultural life—also the keynote speech at the annual conference of the Association of Performing Arts Presenters. • 1/13 at 2 P.M. Hilton New York, Grand Ballroom, 1335 Sixth Ave., at 53rd St. (212-586-7000); free.

"Roger Rosenblatt & Friends on the Novel"
Rosenblatt moderates a panel about the novel featuring critically acclaimed authors Walter Mosley, Alice McDermott, and Bobbie Ann Mason. • 1/13 at 7:30 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $22.

The Written Word

Alan Glynn
The Irish author reads from his first published novel, *The Dark Fields*, and signs copies. • 1/7 at 7 P.M. Partners & Crime Bookstore, 44 Greenwich Ave. (212-243-0440); free.

Sheila Isenberg
The author talks about *A Hero of Our Own*, her biography of the man who helped save Marc Chagall, Max Ernst, Hannah Arendt, and other Jewish artists and writers from the Nazis. • 1/8 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Chris Matthews
The loudmouth who hosts MSNBC's *Hardball* gets cantankerous over his new book, *Now Let Me Tell You What I Really Think*, and signs copies. • 1/9 at 12:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 160 E. 54th St. (212-750-8033); free.

Jason Elliott
The author reads from and signs copies of his book, *An Unexpected Light*, about living among Afghan mujaheddin. • 1/9 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Hanging Loose Press Poetry Night
The publishing outfit hosts an evening of readings by three of its poets: Hayan Carara (*The Alchemist's Diary*), Tony Towle (*The History of the Invitation*), and Mary Ferrari (*Why the Sun Cannot Set*). • 1/9 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., at 22nd St. (212-727-1227); free.

Mark Dunn
The author reads from his punny gem of a novel, *Ella Minnow Pea*, and signs copies. • 1/9 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 396 Sixth Ave., at 16th St. (212-674-8780); free.

Robin Morgan
The author talks about and signs copies of her book *The Demon Lover: The Roots of Terrorism*. • 1/10 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

Stephen J. Cannell
The author of the mystery best-seller *The Tin Collectors*—also an Emmy-winning TV producer whom we can thank for *The Rockford Files* and *The A-Team*—reads from, discusses, and signs copies of his new novel, *The Viking Funeral*. • 1/10 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Claire Messud
The author reads from her new book, *The Hunters: Two Short Novels*, and signs copies. • 1/10 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., at 22nd St. (212-727-1227); free.

"Zelda, Scott, and Ernest"
Three contemporary figures enact the characters in a new theatrical adaptation (by George Plimpton and Terry Quinn) of the letters exchanged between F. Scott Fitzgerald, his wife, Zelda, and Ernest Hemingway. Plimpton plays Scott, Norris Church inhabits Zelda, and Norman Mailer is Papa. • 1/10 at 8 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $16.

Immigrant Theater Festival
This year, the six-year-old festival features "Unexpected Journeys"—plays written by women influenced by Muslim cultures all over the world, from Poland to the U.S., Israel to Malaysia. There are two staged productions and a series of readings followed by discussions. • 1/10–1/27. Readings at 8 P.M. on 1/14, 1/15, 1/21, and 1/22. The Tenement Theatre, 97 Orchard St. (212-431-0233, ext. 440, for schedule and reservations); readings $5, plays $15.

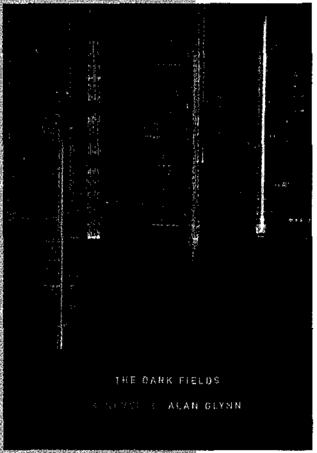
Carl Hiaasen
The author of nine "crime comedy" novels (including a new one, *Basket Case*) talks to writer S. J. Rozan. • 1/13 at 7:30 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $22.

James W. Hall
The author reads from and signs copies of his latest mystery thriller, *Blackwater Sound*. • 1/14 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

In Print

Smart Drugs, Big City

Shortly after graduating from college, Dubliner **Alan Glynn** left his economically depressed hometown for more hospitable climes. "I had gone to London to try and get work," he says, "and I'd felt almost alien. But when I stepped off the plane in New York, I felt totally at home." Though Glynn would later spend five years in Italy before returning to Dublin, his four years in New York—where he began writing in earnest—would provide his greatest literary influence. The city became the setting for his third novel (and first published book), *The Dark Fields*, a dystopian thriller wherein East Village copywriter Eddie Spinola stumbles upon a smart drug that vaults him, via day-trading, into the midst of fast-paced high finance. There is, of course, a price to pay, and Glynn's post-Prozac Gatsby is in for quite a fall. Glynn's shiny eighties-ish New York seems surprisingly quaint, a quality he recognizes. "I felt I was writing something contemporary at the time, but now it's almost like a period piece," says Glynn—who did manage to incorporate the NASDAQ crash he chanced to witness on his last return to Manhattan, a brief visit in April 2000. He also felt acutely the difference in the East Village. "I found it much mellower," he says, "whereas ten years ago, there was more of an edge in the air—which could have been scary at times." Glynn visits the city this week to brush up for his next novel, also set here, and to read from the current one at Partners & Crime. (See "The Written Word" for details.) B.K.



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Happening

A Night in Harlem

The latest concert thrown by the New York Festival of Song—a group dedicated to reviving the song recital—may not have the scope of its most eclectic themed performances, some of which have incorporated Brahms and the Beatles in one evening. But **At Harlem's Height**, a January 14 benefit for the organization's educational-outreach programs, draws on the full range of Harlem Renaissance sounds, from songs by William Grant Still, Cecil Cohen, and legendary lyricist Andy Razaf (pictured) to new adaptations of work by Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, and Langston Hughes. (See "Benefits" for details.)

Special Events

Tours

The U.S. Custom House
On the birthday of its namesake, a tour of the Alexander Hamilton U.S. Custom House at Bowling Green reveals the importance of the onetime clearinghouse for what was once the nation's largest pre-income-tax source of revenues (port frees). Memorials near the Cass Gilbert–designed Beaux-Arts structure are also visited. • 1/12 at 3:30 P.M. and 1/13 at 1 P.M. Call 212-465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.

Jewish Ellis Island
A visit (via heated ferry) to one of the city's most important receiving stations for immigrants emphasizes its centrality in the American Jewish experience. • 1/13 at noon. Meet at the immigrant statue in front of Castle Clinton Monument, Battery Park City (212-439-1090); $18.

"Greenwich Village, the Complete Story"
A trip through the historic district associated with past presidents, actors, politicians, and activists tries to cover all its most significant historic places, landmarks, and institutions. • 1/13 at 1 P.M. Meet at the southeast corner of Fifth Ave. and 12th St. (732-270-5277); $10.

The Upper East Side
Whether you live there or avoid it like the plague, the city's Old Money nexus has plenty of fascinating architecture and history. A tour takes special note of Temple Emanu-El, the Metropolitan Club, the Seventh Regiment Armory, and sites involving Stanford White, Henry Frick, and J. P. Morgan. • 1/13 at 1 P.M. Meet at the General Sherman statue, northwest corner of Fifth Ave. and 59th St. (212-439-1090); $10.

African Burial Ground
In advance of Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday, a trip to the City Hall–area African burial ground includes a long look at the city's black history. • 1/14 at 10:30 A.M. Meet inside Blimpie's, 38 Park Row (888-377-4455); $12.

Benefits

"Hope for New York Builders Ball"
A black-tie gala raises money for affordable housing in the city through Habitat for Humanity NYC, the Jubilee Community Corporation, and the Renovation Ministry. Rudy Giuliani and George Pataki are scheduled to attend, with Jack Kemp giving the keynote address. • 1/12 at 7 P.M. International House, 500 Riverside Dr., at 120th St. (www.buildersball.homestead.com); $75 to $500.

New York Festival of Song Benefit
A benefit concert for the organization features "At Harlem's Height," a series of songs celebrating the Harlem Renaissance and incorporating the poetry and prose of writers from Langston Hughes to W.E.B. DuBois. • 1/14 at 8 P.M. Aaron Davis Hall, Convent Ave. at 135th St. (concert info 212-650-7148; benefit tickets 646-230-8380); $35 concert only; benefit, including post-concert reception, $100.

Family Mitzvah Carnival Day
A benefit festival sponsored by the UJA-Federation encourages parents and children to participate in athletics and do good deeds—like making key chains and mezuzahs for new immigrants and decorating bookmarks for donated books. • 1/13, 2 to 4:30 P.M. Basketball City, Pier 63 at 23rd St. (212-836-1789); minimum gift to UJA-Federation $500; cover $36, $18 children.

Exhibit

"The Art of Lincoln Center"
Contact, Arcadia, and *The Heiress* are among the Lincoln Center productions whose posters are displayed in an open exhibit of the institution's artful advertising—much of it created by James McMullan. • 1/8–1/26. The Gallery at Lincoln Center, Concourse Level, Broadway at 66th St. (212-580-4673); free.

Events

"Snow Falling on Central Park"
Whether or not the real thing arrives in a timely fashion, lots of fake stuff will be trucked in to ensure loads of snowshoeing, skiing, snow sculpting, and other seasonal activities. • 1/12, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. East Meadow, Central Park near 99th St. and Fifth Ave. (212-201-PARK); free.

Fashion Brunch
Yuma Topeka's ready-to-wear line is the featured design at 2002's first monthly installment of this continuing series at the downtown eatery. • 1/13 at noon and 1:30 P.M. Marion's Continental, 354 Bowery (212-475-7621); $17.95 including show, full brunch, and breakfast cocktail.

Sports

NYRRC Thursday Night at the Races
Getting the chance to run on this track is considered its own reward in this first of a series of races for athletes over 19. • 1/10, 8 to 10 P.M. The Armory Track & Field Center, 216 Fort Washington Ave. at 168th St. (www.nyrrc.org); $10, $8 members.

Frostbite 10-Miler
Feel the chill in this brutal race through Central Park. T-shirts are available at the NYRRC at 9 E. 89th St. before the race. Awards and hot chocolate follow. • 1/13 at 9:30 A.M.; Central Park, 99th St. and East Dr. (212-860-4455 or www.nyrrc.org); pre-registration until 1/12: $17, $12 members; day-of: $22, $15 members.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF SCHOMBURG CENTER FOR RESEARCH IN BLACK CULTURE.

Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

Children's Events

The Bag People Are Back
We love January because it heralds the arrival of the Paper Bag Players. This year's new show, *Knock Knock Knock, Anybody Home?,* depicts a lost glove in the city, a frantic pocketbook, rock 'n' roll dinosaurs, and a lady who wants the biggest cookie in the world. For 44 years, the company has infused music, comedy, adventure, and movement into each show, with imaginative costumes and scenery made of ordinary paper and cardboard. A parental must. • 1/19–3/3 at Hunter College, Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. between Park and Lexington Aves. (212-772-4448 or www.thepaperbagplayers.org); $7.

Bedtime with Belugas
Sing your lullabies to the fishes before snuggling into a sleeping bag at the New York Aquarium. This seaside slumber party includes after-hours visits to Aquarium favorites, crafts projects, a snack, and breakfast. For kids 4–8; each must be accompanied by an adult. Preregistration required. • 1/12, from 7 P.M. to 10 A.M. the next morning; New York Aquarium, Surf Ave. and W. 8th St., Brooklyn (718-265-FISH or www.nyaquarium.com); $130.

Mini Stravinsky
The New York Chamber Symphony presents a kids' concert featuring the seven-instrument version of Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat.* Violinist Jack Rosenberg narrates. • 1/9 at 9:45 A.M. and 11 A.M.; Hunter College, Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (212-262-6927, ext. 18, or www.nycs.org).

A Royal Pain
King Farfan has a nasty toothache, and everyone in his kingdom is suffering as a result. Wanted: an audience of kids with courage to teach the bully king a lesson. *The Toothache of King Farfan*, a legendary fable from Spain performed in both English and Spanish, features more than twenty life-size puppets. From the Society of Educational Arts and Los Kabayitos Puppet & Children's Theatre. • Saturdays 1/12–26, 1 P.M. in English, 3 P.M. in Spanish; 107 Suffolk St., second floor (212-260-4080, ext. 14, or www.sea-ny.org); $10.50 grown-ups, $8.50 kids.

All You Have to Do Is Dream
Honor the memory of Martin Luther King Jr. at the Children's Museum of Manhattan with a special program that includes the "I Have a Dream" speech in the media center. • 1/19–21 at 11 A.M., noon, 2 P.M., 3 P.M., and 4 P.M.; Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St. (212-721-1223); $6.

Puppet Lessons
Puppet theater is an important community event in the African Mali culture. Work with an artist to make your own take-home puppet and learn about its historical significance. • 1/12 at 2 P.M.; Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway (212-966-1313); $5 grown-ups, $2.50 kids, free for kids 5 and younger.

We Shall Overcome
Explore the music, images, and power of a civil-rights march at the Brooklyn Children's Museum. Make your own freedom banner in a hands-on history workshop. • 1/13 from 1 P.M. to 4 P.M.; Brooklyn Children's Museum, 145 Brooklyn Ave. (718-735-4400 or www.brooklynkids.org); $4.

A Piece of Danish
Scandinavia House continues with its Saturday morning storytelling series, bringing to life the adventures of ancient vikings, mischievous elves, and fearless ogres. This Saturday's tales are a collection of stories and fables from Denmark. • 1/12 at 11:30 A.M.; Scandinavia House, 58 Park Ave., nr. 37th St. (212-879-9779 or www.amscan.org); free.

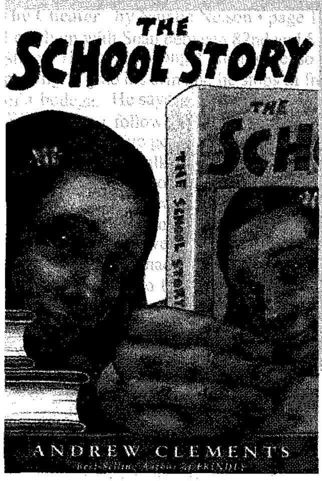
Reach for the Stars, in Queens
Discover the beauty of the universe with a real, live astronomer. Find Saturn's rings, the Orion Nebula, and the red-giant star Betelgeuse. Program includes a lecture on the basics, star maps, and outdoor viewing on a professional telescope. Dress warmly. Preregistration required. • 1/12 from 7 P.M. to 9 P.M. (snow date 1/19); Alley Pond Environmental Center, 228-06 Northern Blvd., Douglaston (718-229-4000); $10 grown-ups, $7 kids.

My Friend Anne
Through the Eyes of a Friend, a new show from Theatreworks/USA, is a show about the life of Anne Frank as told from the viewpoint of a fictional best friend. The performance includes archival footage and a Q&A session with the audience. • 1/12 at 12:30 P.M. and 1/13 at 10:30 A.M. and 12:30 P.M.; Auditorium at Equitable Tower, 787 Seventh Ave., nr. 51st St. (212-627-7373 or www.theatreworksusa.org); 20.

In Print

You Should Write a Book

After years of hearing kids say they want to write books, author Andrew Clements decided to explain how it's done. In **The School Story** (Simon & Schuster, $16), 12-year-old Natalie Nelson, a classic introvert, and her yenta best friend, Zoe Reisman, conspire to get Natalie's book published. The two Upper West Side private-schoolers take on grown-up identities and even rent office space to legitimize the venture and escape the slush pile, all with the help of a young teacher. "The characters are these wonderful composites of people I've known," Clements, a former New Yorker, says from his Massachusetts home. "You get a blend you don't see much of anywhere else." And speaking of blending, another new book, **Am I Weird or Is This Normal?** (Fireside, $13), by Manhattan mother-daughter team Marlin S. Potash and Laura Potash Fruitman, seeks to resolve the teenage-girl mysteries of the three s's: sex, school, and self-awareness. It's the millennial *Our Bodies, Ourselves,* with a streetwise road map to doing the right thing, even when mom and daughter disagree. S.A.



Solutions to last week's puzzles

A	■	E	■	Y	■	P	■	F	■	S	■	P	■	A
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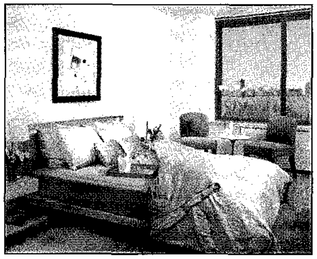

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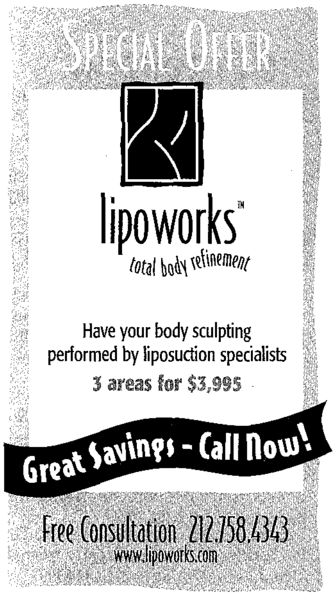
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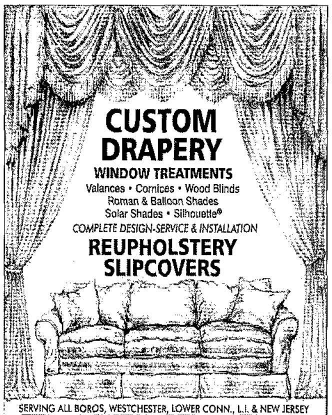

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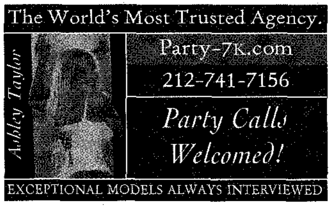
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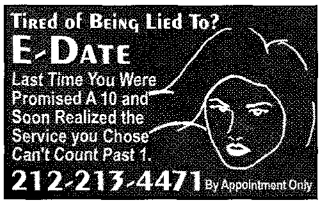
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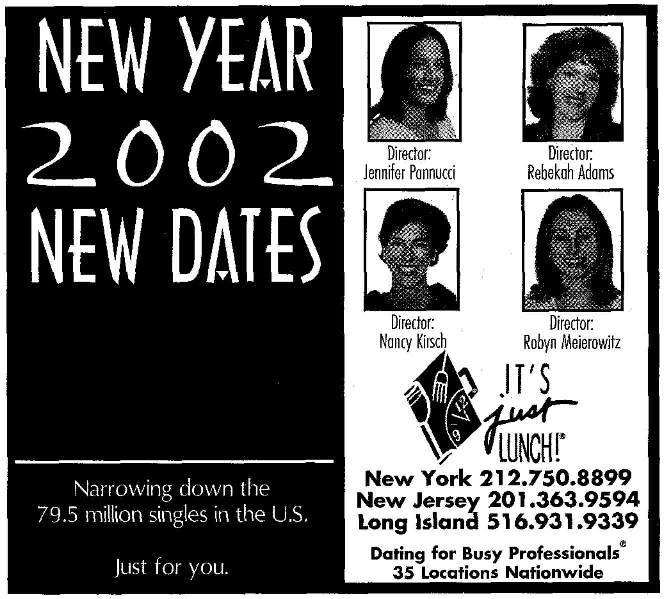

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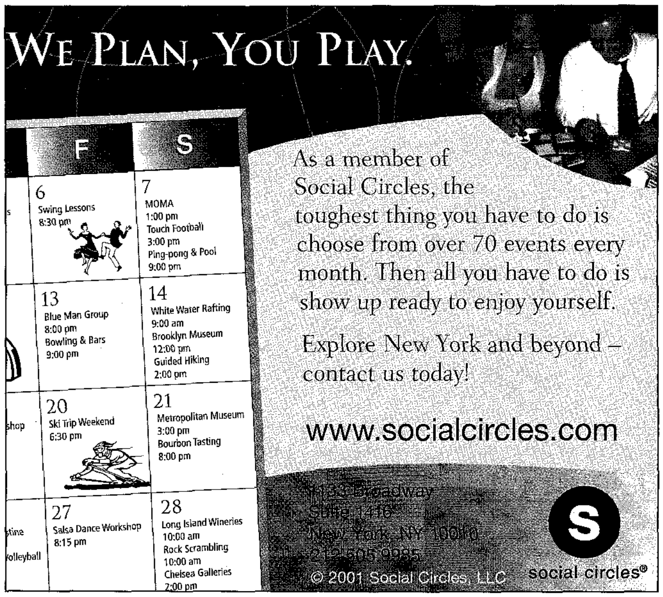

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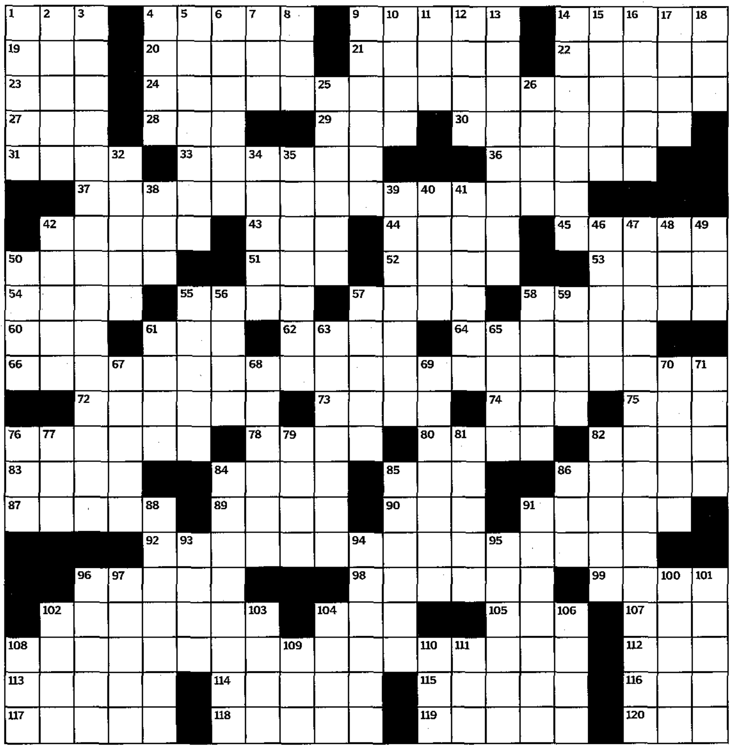

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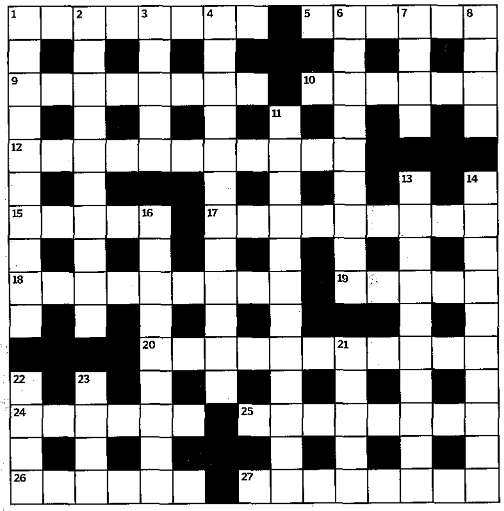
118 Miles per hour
119 Raggedy boy dolls
120 Patricia Neal's Oscar film

DOWN

1 "Wheel of Fortune" host
2 Future oak
3 When do you tell stories?
4 The "A" in DNA
5 Love affair
6 Ric of rock
7 Astronaut's "all things go"
8 "Norma ——"
9 Yearly
10 Volvo competitor
11 Twice CXXV
12 Finders' exclamations
13 Ship's left
14 Parcel-service delivery
15 "The Wizard of Oz" composer
16 Driver's about-face
17 Sets the dog on
18 Comic-strip shriek
25 Lineups, as of troops
26 Like a cared-for lawn
32 "—— new?"
34 Weskits
35 Seductive one
38 Ending for Brooklyn or Manhattan
39 Buys into a poker game
40 Modern gaslight
41 Detained after school
42 Fergie's given name
46 Yesterday's tomorrow
47 What is your favorite play?
48 Miner's quest
49 Recite
50 For fear that
55 Hospital divisions
56 What "video" means
57 Woman's brimless hat
58 Bank repositories
59 Nagy of Hungary
61 Magic stick
63 Fully filled, with "with"
65 Staircase unit
67 Conference site, 1945
68 Pertaining to blossoms
69 Gone from the plate
70 Alex Haley's TV epic
71 Chinese: prefix
76 Restorative resort
77 Corn core
79 "Passages" author Sheehy
81 Drink noisily
82 "—— Luck," '70s sitcom
84 Restrictive Sunday ordinances
85 Less idle
86 Rum quaff, with "tai"
88 Roves in search of plunder
91 Not disarranged
93 ——-dieu (kneeling bench)
94 Bennett Cerf's "—— Stop Me"
95 Loud firecracker
96 Much-quoted former Yankees catcher
97 Elizabeth or Eve
100 Au revoir
101 Given a grade
102 Allot cards
103 Quick cut
104 Have —— in one's bonnet
106 Citrus drinks
108 Mini-explosion
109 J.F.K.'s predecessor
110 Hoop group: abbr.
111 Longing

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Mercury



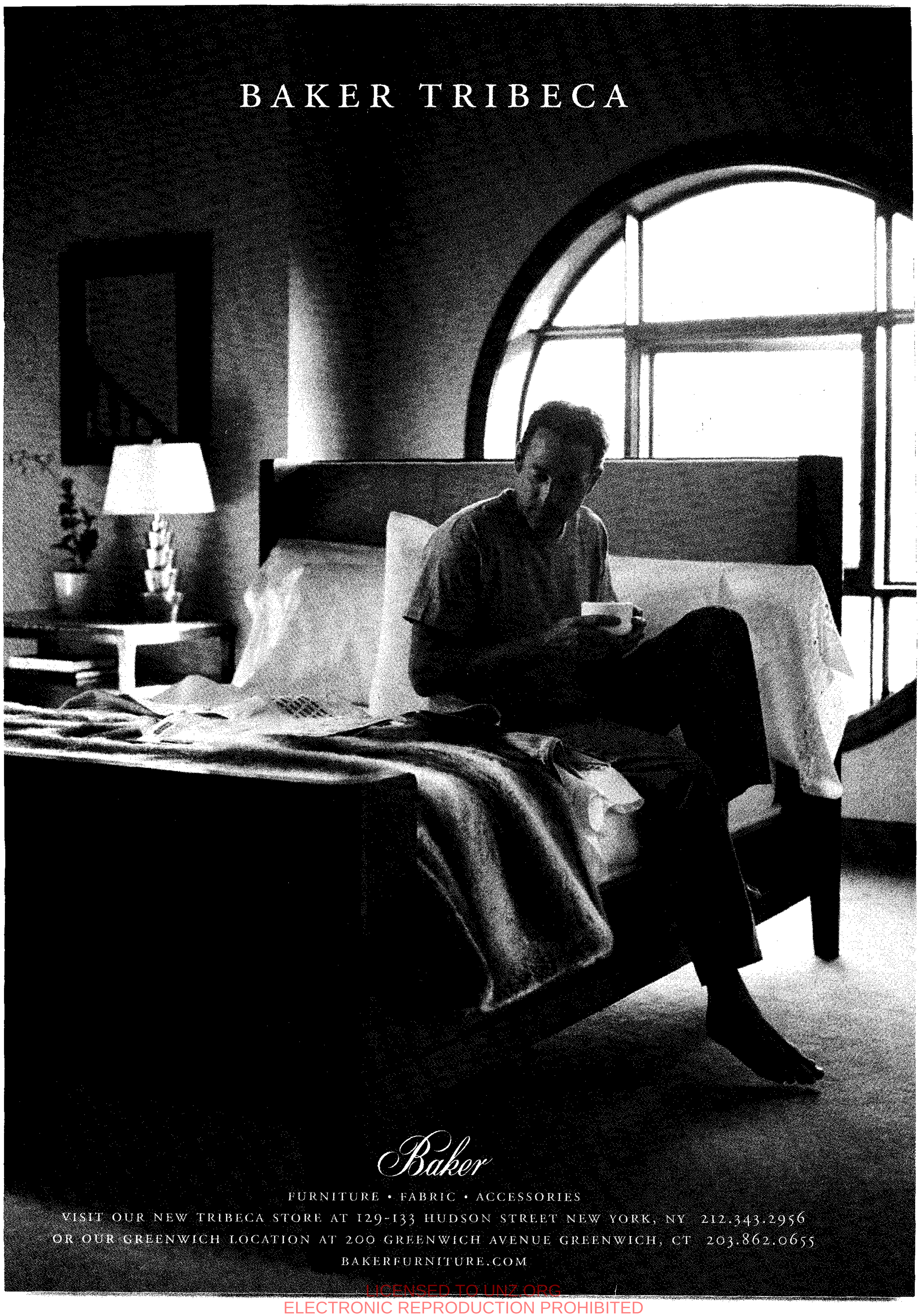
ACROSS

1,5 They weigh most, as bachelor found out! (8,6)
9 VIP is so stiff when embracing me. (8)
10 Shallow dish which holds a relish. (6)
12 Lovers of confectionery containing essence. (11)
15 Goes ahead and wires. (5)
17 An artist who needles people? (9)
18 Once, having failed medical, shouted out. (9)
19 Dirty man used curly kale initially, and said why. (5)
20 Parisian's refusal to risk touring US city shows indifference. (11)
24 Man ordered tray of cordial. (6)
25 Clothing soldiers curse. (8)
26 Attempt to stop in, following the fashion? (6)
27 Love going on duty and working religiously. (8)

DOWN

1 To live with a street merchant is novel! (10)
2 Mood when taking article to church shows moderation. (10)
3 Machine key to enter part of plant. (5)
4 Getting on with examination meant revising from good books. (3,9)
6 Where a paid informer can be found. (9)
7 Escape to somewhere green by the weekend. (4)
8 On the way up we swelter. (4)
11 Part of salad valued by companion stuffing farm birds? (6,6)
13 Put a record on, something sure to disturb! (10)
14 Don't go off any bars yet to be refurbished. (4,6)
16 Wasn't moving for men only beat up journalist. (9)
21 See donkey captured by a lariat. (5)
22 Try to get mum a short version of 4 down. (4)
23 For Georgia and me it's adventurous enough! (4)

SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES APPEAR ON PAGE 97; FOR A PEEK AT THIS WEEK'S ANSWERS, VISIT NYMETRO.COM/NYM/PUZZLE.



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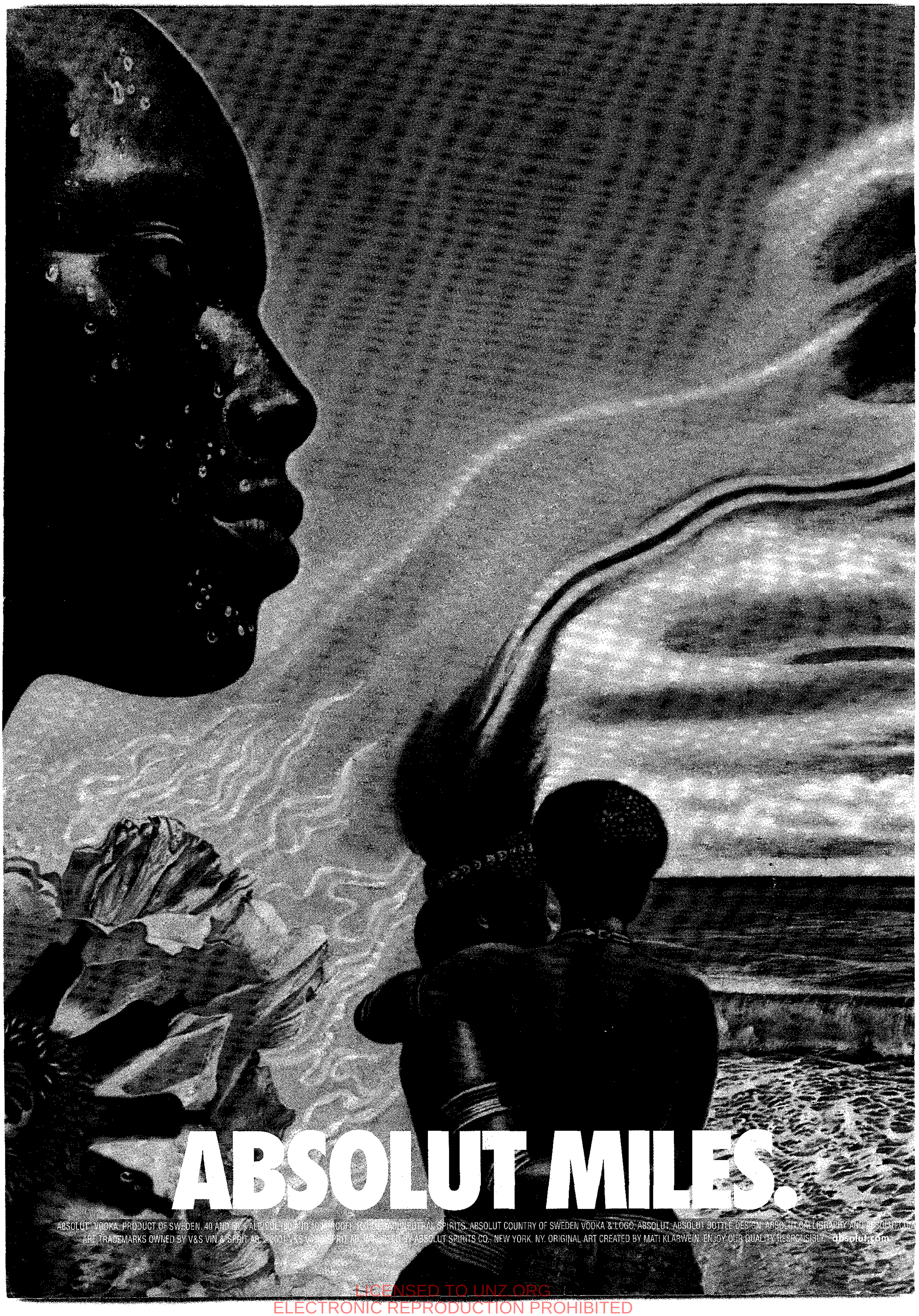
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